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MUND SPENCER.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDMUND SPENSER.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

FROM THE TEXT OF MR. UPTON, &c.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Goe, little Booke! thyself present,
As child whose parent is unkent,
To him that is the President
Of Noblenesse and Chivalrie-----
And, asked who thee forth did bring?
A shepeheard's swaine say did thee sing,
All as his straying flocke he fedde:
And when his Honor hath thee redde,
Crave pardon for thy hardy-head------
And when thou art past jeopardie,
Come tell me what was said of mee,
And I will send more after thee. SPENSER TO HIS BOOKE.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF J. BELL,
BRITISH LIBRARY, STRAND,
BOOKSELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.
1787.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDMUND SPENSER.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

FAERY QUEENE.

FROM MR. UPTON'S TEXT.

When SPENSER saw the fame was spredd so large
Through Faery Land of their renowned Queene,
Loth that his Muse should take so great a charge,
As in such haughty matter to be seene,
To seeme a shepeheard then he made his choice,
But Sidney heard him sing, and knew his voice----
So SPENSER was by Sidney's speaches wonne,
To blaze her fame, not fearing future harmes----
So SPENSER now, to his immortal prayse,
Hath wonne the laurell quite from all his feres.

VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY J. BELL, BOOKSELLER TO HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.
1787.

EDMUND SPENSER.

As the reign of Queen Elizabeth is one of the most shining parts of our history, and an age of which Englishmen are accustomed to speak with a particular pride and delight; it is remarkable for having been fruitful in eminent geniuses of very different kinds. Among the Romans, the age of Augustus is observed to have produced the finest wits; but the preceding one the greatest men: but this was a period of time distinguished for both; and, by a wonderful conjunction, we find learning and arms, wisdom and polite arts, arising to the greatest heights together.

In this happy reign flourished Edmund Spenser, the most eminent of our poets till that time, unless we except Chaucer, who was, in some respects, his master and original. The accounts of his birth and family are but obscure and imperfect; and it has happened to him, as to many other men of wit and learning, to be much better known by his Works than by the history of his life. He was born in London, and had his education at Pembroke-Hall in Cambridge. Tho' in the dedications of one or two of his Poems, we find him claiming affinity with some persons of distinction, yet his fortune and interest seem, at his first setting out, to have been very inconsiderable: for after he had continued in the College for some time, and laid that foundation of learning, which, *joined to his natural genius*, qualified him for

rising to so great an excellency afterwards, he stood for a Fellowship in competition with Mr. Andrews afterwards Bishop of Winchester; but without success. This disappointment, together with the narrowness of his circumstances, forced him from the university: and we find him next taking up his residence with some friends in the North, where he fell in love with his Rosalind, whom he so finely celebrates in his Pastoral Poems, and of whose cruelty he has written such pathetical complaints.

As poetry is frequently the offspring of love and retirement, it is probable his genius began first to distinguish itself about this time: for the Shepherd's Calendar, which is so full of his unprosperous passion for Rosalind, was the first of his Works of any note. This he addressed, by a short dedication in verse, to Sir Philip Sidney, concealing himself under the humble title of *Immerito*. Sir Philip was then in the highest reputation for his wit, gallantry, and polite accomplishments; and indeed seems to have been the most universally admired and beloved of any one gentleman of the age in which he lived. As he was himself a very good writer, and especially excelled in the fabulous or inventive part of poetry, it is no wonder he soon became sensible of our Author's merit: he was one of the first who discovered it, and recommended it to the notice of the best judges of that time; and so long as this great man lived, Spenser never wanted a judicious friend and a generous patron.

After he had staid for some time in the North, he was prevailed upon, by the advice of some friends, to

his obscurity, and come to London, that he might
n the way of promotion. To this he alludes in his
h Eclogue, where Hobbinol (by which name is
nt his intimate friend Mr. Gabriel Harvey) per-
des Colin to leave the hilly country, as a barren
unthriving solitude, and remove to a better soil.
e first step he afterwards made towards preferment
, as I have said, his acquaintance with Sir Philip
ney; but whether that acquaintance began imme-
ely upon his addressing to him the Shepherd's
endar, as to me seems most probable, or some
e after, I will not determine. That which makes
omewhat uncertain, is a story of him, which I
ll only set down as I find it related, not knowing
far it may appear worthy of credit. It is said
was a stranger to Mr. Sidney (afterwards Sir
lip) when he had begun to write his Fairy Queen,
that he took occasion to go to Leicester-house,
to introduce himself, by sending in to Mr. Sid-
a copy of the Ninth Canto of the First Book
hat Poem. Mr. Sidney was much surprised with
description of Despair in that Canto, and is said
ave shewn an unusual kind of transport on the
overy of so new and uncommon a genius. After
had read some stanzas, he turned to his Steward,
bid him give the person that brought those
es fifty pounds; but upon reading the next stan-
he ordered the sum to be doubled. The Steward
no less surprised than his master, and thought
is duty to make some delay in executing so

sudden and lavish a bounty; but, upon reading one stanza more, Mr. Sidney raised his gratuity to two hundred pounds, and commanded the Steward to give it immediately, lest, as he read further, he might be tempted to give away his whole estate. From this time he admitted the Author to his acquaintance and conversation, and prepared the way for his being known and received at Court.

Tho' nothing could have been more happy for him than to be thus introduced, yet he did not immediately reap any great benefit by it. He was indeed created Poet Laureat to Queen Elizabeth; but for some time he wore a barren laurel, and possessed only the place without the pension. The Lord Treasurer Burleigh had not, it seems, the same taste of Spenser's merit with Sir Philip Sidney; and, whether out of neglect, or any particular resentment, or from whatever cause, he is said to have intercepted the Queen's favour to this unfortunate and ingenious man. As the most elegant minds have the quickest sense of repulses from the great and powerful, who should countenance and protect them, it is no wonder this misfortune sunk deep into our Author's spirit, and seems to have dwelt upon him for a great space of his life: accordingly, we find him in many parts of his Works pouring forth his heart in complaints of so hard and undeserved a treatment; which probably would have been less unfortunate to him, if his noble patron Sir Philip Sidney had not been so much absent from Court as he was obliged

: by his employments abroad, and by the share
ad in the Low-Country wars.

a poem called The Ruins of Time, which was
ten some time after Sidney's death, the Author
s to allude to the discouragement I have men-
ed in the following stanzas:

O pride of wrath! O spill of all good hearts!
To see that virtue should despised be
Of such as first were rais'd for virtue's parts,
And now broad spreading like an aged tree,
Let spire above the clouds their sacred plantation.
O let not those of whom the Muse is grieved,
Alive or dead, be by the tribe shent!

d in the poem called The Tears of the Muses, in
speech of Calliope, these lines are applied to per-
s of quality and estates, who are reproached for
r total disregard of learning:

Their great revenues all in sumptuous pride
They spend, that nought to learning they may spare;
And the rich fee which poets wont divide,
Now parasites and sycophants do share.

ut it is said that the Lord Treasurer, who per-
s at first only neglected Spenser, conceived after-
ds a hatred of him, for some reflections which he
rehended were made on him in his Mother Hub-
d's Tale. In this poem the Author has indeed, in
most lively manner, painted out the misfortune
ependance on court-favour: the lines which fol-
are, among others, very remarkable:

Full litle knowest thou, that hast not try'd,
What hell it is in suing long to bide,
To lose good days, that might be better spent,
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy Prince's grace, yet want her peers;
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;

To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares,
To eat thy heart thro' comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.

iis, as it was very much the Author's case, might
)bably be the particular passage in that poem
.ich gave offence; for even the sighs of a miserable
n are sometimes resented as an affront by him
t is the occasion of them.

At the end of Book VI. of the Fairy Queen, the
ıthor plainly alludes to this misfortune; where,
:aking of Detraction, described as a monster, he
ıcludes with the following stanza:

Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,
Hope to escape his venemous despite,
More then my former writs, all were they clearest
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite
With which some wicked tongues did it backebite,
And bring into a mighty pere's displeasure,
That never so deserved to endite.
Therefore do you, my Rhimes, keep better measure,
And seeke to please; that now is counted wise mens' threasure.

I think I ought not here to omit a little story which
ms founded on the grievance I have mentioned,
l is related by some as a matter of fact commonly
orted at that time. It is said the Queen, upon his
senting some poems to her, ordered him a gratuity
an hundred pounds; but that the Lord Treasurer
rleigh, objecting to it, said, with some scorn of
poet, "What! all this for a song?" The Queen
lied,—"Then give him what is reason." Spen-
waited for some time; but had the mortification
ind himself disappointed of the Queen's intended

ounty. Upon this he took a proper opportunity to resent a paper to Queen Elizabeth in the manner f a petition, in which he reminded her of the orers she had given, in the following lines:

> I was promis'd on a time
> To have reason for my rhime;
> From that time unto this season,
> I receiv'd nor rhime nor reason.

'his paper produced the desired effect; and the ueen, not without some reproof of the Treasurer, nmediately directed the payment of the hundred ounds she had first ordered.

But tho' our Author had no better interest with he Lord Treasurer, yet we find him, some time afr his appearance at Court, in considerable esteem rith the most eminent men of that time. In the year 579, he was sent abroad by the Earl of Leicester, s appears by a copy of Latin verses dated from eicester-house, and addressed to his friend Mr. Iarvey; but in what service he was employed is ncertain. The most considerable step he afterwards nade into business, was upon the Lord Grey of Vilton's being chosen Deputy of Ireland, to whom Ir. Spenser was recommended as Secretary. This irew him over into another kingdom, and settled im for some time in a scene of life very different rom what he had known before. There is no doubt ut he discharged his employment with very good kill and capacity, as may appear by his Discourse n the state of Ireland, in which there are many solid and judicious remarks, that shew him no less

qualified for business of the state, than for the tainments of the Muses. His life now seemed freed from the difficulties which had hithert plexed it, and his services to the Crown we warded by a grant from Queen Elizabeth of acres of land in the county of Corke. His hous in Kilcolman; and the river Mulla, which h more than once so beautifully introduced in his P ran thro' his grounds.

It was about this time that he contracted ar mate friendship with the great and learned Sir ter Raleigh, who was then a captain under the Grey. The poem called Colin Clout's Come Again, in which Sir Walter is described und name of the Shepherd of the Ocean, is a ber memorial of this friendship, which took i from a likeness of taste in the polite arts, agreeably described by our Author, after t toral manner, in the following lines:

> ———I sate, as was my trade,
> Under the foot of Mole, that mountain hore,
> Keeping my sheep amongst the cooly shade
> Of the green alders, by the Mulla's shore;
> There a strange shepherd chanc'd to find me out,
> Whether allured with my pipe's delight,
> Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
> Or thither led by chance, I know not right;
> Whom, when I asked from what place he came,
> And how he hight? himself he did ycleep
> The Shepherd of the Ocean by name,
> And said he came far from the main-sea deep.
> He sitting me beside, in that same shade
> Provoked me to play some pleasant fit,
> And when he heard the musick that I made,
> He found himself full greatly pleas'd at it.
> Yet, semuling my pipe, he took in hond
> *My pipe, before that semuled of many,*

And plaid thereon, for well that skill he con'd,
Himself as skilful in that art as any.

Sir Walter did him some services afterwards at Court, and by his means Queen Elizabeth became more particularly acquainted than before with our Author's writings.

He was here a more successful lover than when he courted Rosalind. The collection of his Sonnets are a kind of short history of the progress of a new amour, which we find ended in marriage, and gave occasion to an excellent Epithalamium, which no one could so well write as himself.

In this pleasant situation he finished his celebrated poem of the Fairy Queen, which was begun and continued at different intervals of time, and of which he at first published only the three first Books. To these were added three more in a following edition; but the last six Books (excepting the Two Cantos of Mutability) were unfortunately lost by his servant, whom he had in haste sent before him into England: for tho' he passed his life for some time very serenely here, yet a train of misfortunes still pursued him; and in the Rebellion of the Earl of Desmond he was plundered and deprived of his estate. This forced him to return to England, where his afflictions were doubled by the want of his best friend, the brave Sir Philip Sidney, who died some years before of the wounds he had received in an action near Zutphen in the Netherlands.

Spenser survived his beloved patron about twelve

years; but seems to have spent the latter part of that time with much grief of heart, under the disappointment of a broken fortune. It is remarkable that he died the same year with his powerful enemy the Lord Burleigh, which was in 1598. He was buried in Westminster-Abbey, near the famous Geoffry Chaucer, as he had desired. His obsequies were attended by the poets of that time, and others, who paid the last honours to his memory. Several copies of verses were thrown after him into his grave; and his monument was erected at the charge of the famous Robert Devereux, the unfortunate Earl of Essex; the stone of which it is made is much broken and defaced; the inscription on it is as follows:

"Heare lyes (expecting the second commainge of "our Saviour Christ Jesus) the body of Edmond "Spencer, the prince of poets in his tyme; whose "divine spirit needs noe other witness, then the "works which he left behind him. He was borne "in London in the yeare 1510, and died in the yeare "1596."

It is observable that this differs from Cambden's account of his death, who says it was in 1598, in the forty-first year of the Queen's reign. But this epitaph is, I doubt, yet less to be depended upon for the time of our Author's birth, in which there must have been a very gross mistake. It is by no means probable that he was born so early as 1510, if we judge only by so remarkable a circumstance as that of his standing for a Fellowship in compe-

dition with Mr. Andrews, who was not born till 1555. Besides, if this account of his birth were true, he must have been above sixty years old when he first published his Shepherd's Calendar, an age not the most proper for love-poetry; and in his seventieth year when he entered into business under the Lord Grey, who was created Deputy of Ireland in 1580. For these reasons I think we may certainly conclude, either that this inscription is false by the error of the carver, which may seem the more probable, because the spelling likewise is very bad even for that time, or that it was put in some time afterwards, when the monument perhaps was repaired, and is wholly different from the original one: which indeed is mentioned by Dr. Fuller, and others *, to have been in Latin. In a little Latin treatise, describing the monuments of Westminster in the year 1600, published, as is supposed, by Mr. Camben, I find the following account of it:

"Edmundus Spenser, Londinensis, Anglicorum "Poëtarum nostri seculi facilè Princeps, quod ejus "poëmata, faventibus Musis et victuro Genio con-"scripta, comprobant. Obiit immatura morte, anno "salutis 1598, & prope Galfredum Chaucerum "conditur, qui fœlicissime Poësin Anglicis Literis "primus illustravit. In quem hæc scripta sunt "epitaphia."

* Vid. Kope's Monumenta Westmonast.

"Hic prope Chaucerum situs est Spenserius, illi
"Proximus ingenio, proximus ut tumulo.
"Hic prope Chaucerum Spensere Poëta Poëtam
"Conderis, & versu quam tumulo propior;
"Anglica, te vivo, vixit plausitq; poësis;
"Nunc moritura timet, te moriente, mori."

The absurdity of supposing our Author born in 1510, appears yet further by the expression *immatura morte*, which is here used, and could not have been very proper, if applied to a man who had died at eighty-eight years of age. Winstanley and some others have transcribed this whole passage as his epitaph, not considering that the prose is only an eulogy on him, and not a monumental inscription. The reader will likewise observe that the verses are two distinct epitaphs, of which the first and second couplets are but the same thought differently expressed; in the last couplet, it is not improbable the author might have in his eye those celebrated lines written by Cardinal Bembo on Raphael d'Urbin:

"Ille hic est Raphael, timuit quo sospite vinci
"Rerum magna parens, & moriente mori."

I wish I could give the public a more perfect account of a man whose Works have so justly recommended him to the esteem of all the lovers of English poetry. Besides those pieces of his which have been preserved, we find he had written several others, of which we can now only trace out the *titles*. Among these, the most considerable were

Nine Comedies, in imitation of the comedies of his admired Ariosto, inscribed with the names of the Nine Muses. The rest, which are mentioned in his Letters, and those of his friends, are his Dying Pelicane, his Pageants, Stemmata Dudleyana, the Canticles Paraphrased, Ecclesiastes, Seven Psalms, Hours of our Lord, Sacrifice of a Sinner, Purgatory, A Se'nnight's Slumber, The Court of Cupid, and, The Hell of Lovers. It is likewise said he had written a treatise in prose, called The English Poet. As for the Epithalamion Thamesis, and his Dreams, both mentioned by himself in one of his Letters, I cannot but think they are still preserved, tho' under different names. It appears, from what is said of the Dreams by his friend Mr. Harvey, that they were an imitation of Petrarch's Visions; and it is therefore probable they are the same which were afterwards published under the several titles of Visions of the World's Vanity, Bellay's Visions, Petrarch's Visions, *&c.* And tho' by one of his Letters we find our Author had formed the plan of a poem called Epithalamion Thamesis, and designed, after a fashion then newly introduced, to have written it in English Hexameters; yet whoever observes the account he gives of it there, and compares it with Canto XI. of Book IV. of the Fairy Queen, will see reason to believe that he suspended his first thought, and wrought it afterwards into that beautiful episode of the marriage of the Thames and the Medway, which is so great an ornament to that

Book. And this will appear yet the more prol if it be considered that, with all its beauty, episode is no essential part of the poem, but : ther an excrescence, or a digression from it.

I find no account of the family which Sp left behind him; only that, in the few particul his life prefixed to the last folio edition of his W it is said that his great grandson, Hugolin Sp after the return of King Charles II. was rest by the Court of Claims, to so much of the lan could be found to have been his ancestor's. Wl this were true or not I cannot determine; but I I ought not to omit mentioning another very ren able passage, of which I can give the reader : better assurance; that a person came over fron land in King William's reign to solicit the affair, and brought with him letters of recomn ation as a descendent of Spenser. His name cured him a favourable reception; and he ap himself particularly to Mr. Congreve, by whc was generously recommended to the favour o late Earl of Halifax, who was then at the he the Treasury, and by that means he obtaine suit. This man was somewhat advanced in y and might be the same mentioned before, whc possibly recovered only some part of the est: first, or had been disturbed in the possession He could give no account of the Works of hi cestor which are wanting, and which are, there *in all* probability irrecoverably lost.

AN ESSAY

ON ALLEGORICAL POETRY,

With remarks on the writings of Mr. Edmund Spenser.

It is a misfortune, as Mr. Waller observes, which attends the writers of English Poetry, that they can hardly expect their works should last long in a tongue which is daily changing; that whilst they are new, envy is apt to prevail against them; and as that wears off, our language itself fails. Our poets, therefore, he says, should imitate judicious statuaries, that chuse the most durable materials; and should carve in Latin or Greek, if they would have their labours preserved for ever.

Notwithstanding the disadvantage he has mentioned, we have two ancient English poets, Chaucer and Spenser, who may, perhaps, be reckoned as exceptions to this remark: these seem to have taken deep root, like old British oaks, and to flourish in defiance of all the injuries of time and weather. The former is, indeed, much more obsolete in his style than the latter; but it is owing to an extraordinary native strength in both that they have been able thus far to survive amidst the changes of our tongue, and seem rather likely, among the curious at least, to preserve the knowledge of our ancient language, than to be in danger of being destroyed with it, and buried under its ruins.

Though Spenser's affection to his master Chaucer led him in many things to copy after him, yet those who have read both, will easily observe that these *two geniuses were of a very* different kind, Chaucer

excelled in his characters, Spenser in his descriptions. The first studied humour, was an excellent satirist, and a lively but rough painter of the manners of that rude age in which he lived; the latter was of the serious turn, had an exalted and elegant mind, a warm and boundless fancy, and was an admirable imager of virtues and vices, which was his particular talent. The embellishments of description are rich and lavish in him beyond comparison; and as this is the most striking part of poetry, especially to young readers, I take it to be the reason that he has been the father of more poets among us than any other of our writers; poetry being first kindled in the imagination, which Spenser writes to more than any one, and the season of youth being the most susceptible of the impression. It will not seem strange, therefore, that Cowley, as himself tells us, first caught his flame by reading Spenser; that our great Milton owned him for his original, as Mr. Dryden assures us; and that Dryden studied him, and has bestowed more frequent commendations on him than on any other English poet.

The most known and celebrated of his Works, tho' I will not say the most perfect, is the Fairy Queen; it is conceived, wrought up, and coloured with a stronger fancy, and discovers more the particular genius of Spenser than any of his other writings. The Author, in a letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, having called this poem a continued allegory, or dark conceit, it may not be improper to offer some Remarks on *Allegorical* Poetry in general, by which the beau-

tits of this Work may more easily be discovered by ordinary readers. I must, at the same time, beg the indulgence of those who are conversant with critical discourses; to what I shall here propose, this being a subject something out of the way, and not expressly treated upon by those who have laid down rules for the Art of Poetry.

An Allegory is a fable or story in which, under imaginary persons or things, is shadowed some real action or instructive moral; or, as I think it is somewhere very shortly defined by Plutarch, it is that "in which one thing is related, and another thing is understood." It is a kind of poetical picture, or hieroglyphic, which, by its apt resemblance, conveys instruction to the mind by an analogy to the senses, and so amuses the fancy, whilst it informs the understanding. Every allegory has, therefore, two senses, the literal and the mystical: the literal sense is like a dream or vision, of which the mystical sense is the true meaning or interpretation.

This will be more clearly apprehended by considering, that as a simile is but a more extended metaphor, so an allegory is a kind of continued simile, or an assemblage of similitudes drawn out at full length. Thus, when it is said that Death is the offspring of Sin, this is a metaphor, to signify that the former is produced by the latter, as a child is brought into the world by its parent. Again, to compare Death to a meagre and ghastly apparition, starting out of the ground, moving to-

wards the spectator with a menacing air, and sha
ing in his hand a bloody dart, is a representati
of the terrors which attend that great enemy
human nature. But let the reader observe,
Milton's Paradise Lost, with what exquisite fan
and skill this common metaphor and simile, a
the moral contained in them, are extended, a
wrought up into one of the most beautiful alleg
ries in our language.

The resemblance which has been so often o
served in general between poetry and painting
yet more particular in allegory, which, as I s
before, is a kind of picture in poetry. Horace h
in one of his Odes, pathetically described the ru
ous condition of his country after the Civil wa
and the hazard of its being involved in new disse
tions, by the emblem of a ship shattered w
storms, and driven into port with broken mas
torn sails, and disabled rigging, and in danger
being forced, by new storms, out to sea aga
There is nothing said in the whole ode but what
literally applicable to a ship; but it is genera
agreed, that the thing signified is the Roman Sta
Thus Rubens, who had a good allegorical gen
in painting, has, in his famous work of the Lu
emburg gallery, figured the government of Fran
on Lewis XIII.'s arriving at age, by a galley. T
King stands at the helm; Mary of Medicis, t
Queen-mother and Regent, puts the rudder in h
hand; Justice, Fortitude, Religion, and Pub
Faith, are seated at the oars; and other Virtu

; was universally looked upon to be the
part of poetry. The power of raising
r resemblances of things, giving them life
on, and presenting them as it were before
was thought to have something in it like
and it was probably for this fabling part,
first authors of such works were called
Makers, as the word signifies, and as it
y translated and used by Spenser; though
ned Gerard Vossius * is of opinion that it
er for the framing their verses. However,
rt of fiction or allegory, more than by the
: of their numbers, or what we now call
tion, the poets were distinguished from
s and philosophers, though the latter some-
vaded the province of the poet, and deli-
eir doctrines likewise in allegories or para-
d this, when they did not purposely make

Plutarch, in one of his discourses, gives a ve
good reason for the use of fiction in poetry, becau
" Truth of itself is rigid and austere, and cann
" be moulded into such agreeable forms as ficti
" can. For neither the numbers," says he, " n
" the ranging of the words, nor the elevation a
" elegance of the style, have so many graces
" the artful contrivance and disposition of t
" fable." For this reason, as he relates it aft
Plato, when the wise Socrates himself was promp
ed by a particular impulse to the writing of verse
being by his constant employment in the study
truth a stranger to the art of inventing, he cho
for his subject the Fables of Æsop, " not thinl
" ing," says Plutarch, " that any thing could l
" poetry which was void of fiction." The san
author makes use of a comparison, in anoth
place, which I think may be most properly a
plied to allegorical poetry in particular; that, "
" grapes on a vine are covered by the leaves wh
" grow about them, so, under the pleasant na
" tions and fictions of the poets, there are cou
" many useful morals and doctrines."

It is for this reason, that is to say, in regard
moral sense, that allegory has a liberty indulge
beyond any other sort of writing whatsoever;
often assembles things of the most contrary
in nature, and supposes even impossibilities;
a golden bough should grow among the
branches of a tree, as Virgil has described

Both of this effects. Allegory is indeed the Wild Land of poetry, peopled by imagination; its inhabitants are ostensibly apparitions; its woods, caves, wild beasts, rivers, mountains, and palaces, are produced by a kind of magical power, and are all visionary, and typical; and it abounds in such liberties as would be shocking and monstrous, if the mind did not attend to the mystic sense contained under them. Thus, in the Fables of Æsop, which are some of the most ancient allegories extant, the author gives reason and speech to beasts, insects, and plants; and, by that means, covertly instructs mankind in the most important incidents and concerns of their lives.

I am not insensible that the word Allegory has been sometimes used in a larger sense than that to which I may seem here to have restrained it, and has been applied indifferently to any poem which contains a covered moral, though the story or fable carries nothing in it that appears visionary or romantic. It may be necessary, therefore, to distinguish allegory into the two following kinds:

The first is, that in which the story is framed of real or historical persons, and probable or possible actions; by which, however, some other persons and actions are typified or represented. In this sense the whole Æneis of Virgil may be said to be an Allegory, if we consider Æneas as representing Augustus Cæsar, and his conducting the remains of his countrymen from the ruins of Troy to a new settle-

ment in Italy; as emblematical of Augustus's modelling a new government out of the ruins of the aristocracy, and establishing the Romans, after the confusion of the civil war, in a peaceable and flourishing condition. It does not, I think, appear that Homer had any such design in his poems, or that he meant to delineate his contemporaries, or their actions, under the chief characters and adventures of the Trojan war: and tho' the allusion I have mentioned in Virgil is a circumstance which the author has finely contrived to be coincident to the general frame of his story, yet he has avoided the making it plain and particular, and has thrown it off in so many instances from a direct application, that his poem is perfect without it. This, then, for distinction, should, I think, rather be called a Parallel than an Allegory; at least, in Allegories framed after this manner the literal sense is sufficient to satisfy the reader, tho' he should look no further; and without being considered as emblematical of some other persons or action, may of itself exhibit very useful morals and instructions. Thus the morals which may be drawn from the Æneis are equally noble and instructive, whether we suppose the real hero to be Æneas or Augustus Cæsar.

The second kind of Allegory, and which, I think, may more properly challenge the name, is that in which the fable or story consists for the most part of fictitious persons or beings, creatures of the poet's brain, and actions surprising, and

vithout the bounds of probability or nature. In
vorks of this kind, it is impossible for the reader
o rest in the literal sense, but he is of necessity
driven to seek for another meaning under these
wild types and shadows. The grotesque invention
claims, as I have observed, a licence peculiar to it-
self, and is what I would be understood, in this
discourse, more particularly to mean by the word
allegory. Thus Milton has described it in his
poem called Il Penseroso, where he alludes to the
squire's tale in Chaucer:

> Or call up him that left half told
> The story of Cambuscan bold,
> Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
> And who had Canace to wife,
> That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
> And of the wond'rous horse of brass,
> On which the Tartar king did ride;
> And if ought else great bards beside
> In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
> Of turneys and of trophies hung,
> Of forests and inchantments drear,
> Where more is meant than meets the ear.

It may be proper to give an instance or two, by which the distinction of this last kind of Allegory may more plainly appear.

The story of Circe, in the Odyssey, is an allegorical fable, of which there are perhaps more copies and imitations than of any other whatever. Her offering a cup, filled with intoxicating liquor, to her guests; her mingling poison with their food, and then, by magical arts, turning them into the shapes of swine; and Ulysses resisting her charms by the virtue of an herb called Moly, which he had

received from the god Mercury, and restoring
companions to their true persons, are all fict
of the last kind I have mentioned. The perso
the goddess is likewise fictitious, and out of
circle of the Grecian divinities; and the advent
are not to be understood but in a mystical se
The episode of Calypso, though somewhat of
same kind, approaches nearer to nature and
bability; but the story of Dido in the Æneis, the
copied from the Circe and Calypso; and forme
the same moral, namely, to represent a hero
structed by the allurements of pleasure, and at
breaking from them, and though Mercury like
assists in it to dissolve the charm, yet is not ne
sarily to be looked upon as an allegory; the
does not appear merely imaginary or emblemat
the persons are natural; and, excepting the dist
of time, which the critics have noted between the
Æneas and Dido (a circumstance which Virgil
being bound to historical truth, wilfully neglect
there is nothing which might not really have
pened. Ariosto's Alcina, and the Armida of T
are copies from the same original: these a
are plainly allegorical. The whole literal sen
the latter is a kind of vision, or a scene of im
nation, and is every where transparent, to shew
moral sense which is under it. The Bower of B
in the Second Book of the Fairy Queen, is, in
manner, a copy from Tasso; but the ornamen
description, which Spenser has transplanted o

re proper in his works, wholly allegorical, than superior in its nature to s. There is another copy natic way, in a mask, by whole plan of which is , with a very poetical spi- hough with different cha-

in one of the most ancient gories extant: Scylla, Char- s, in the same poem, are of re creatures purely allegori- in Virgil, which disturbed vers at their banquet, as they any certain moral, may prov- wn in by the poet only as an what is commonly called the a property as essential to epic Homer's giving speech to Iliad, and to the horses of inventions of the same kind, ed to fill the reader with asto- n, and with an apprehension n occasion which, by a bold is supposed to have produced fects.

times, for the sake of the mo- der its fictions, gives speech to es introduces creatures which

are out of nature, as goblins, chimeras, fairies, and the like; so it frequently gives life to virtues and vices, passions and diseases, to natural and moral qualities, and represents them acting as divine, human, or infernal persons. A very ingenious writer calls these characters *shadowy beings* *, and has with good reason censured the employing them in just epic poems. Of this kind are Sin and Death, which I mentioned before, in Milton, and Fame in Virgil. We find, likewise, a large group of these shadowy figures placed in the Sixth Book of the Æneis, at the entrance into the infernal regions; but as they are only shewn there, and have no share in the action of the poem, the description of them is a fine allegory, and extremely proper to the place where they appear:

Vestibulum ante ipsum, primisq; in faucibus Orci
Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curae,
Pallentes; habitant Morbi, tristisq; Senectus,
Et Metus, et malesuada Fames, ac turpis Egestas,
Terribiles visu Formae; Lethumq; Labosq;
Tum consanguineus Lethi Sopor, et mala Mentis
Gaudia, Mortiferumq; adverso in limite Bellum;
Ferreiq; Eumenidum Thalami, et Discordia demens,
Vipereum crinem vittis innixa cruentis.
In medio ramos annosaq; brachia pandit
Ulmus opaca, ingens; quam sedem Somnia vulgo
Vana tenere ferunt, foliisq; sub omnibus haerent.

Just in the gate, and in the jaws of Hell
Revengeful Cares, and sullen Sorrows dwell,
And pale Diseases, and repining Age,
Want, Fear, and Famine's unresisted rage;
Here Toils and Death, and Death's half-brother, Sleep,
Forms terrible to view, their centry keep;
With anxious Pleasures of a guilty mind,
Deep Frauds before, and open Force behind;

* Spectator, Vol. IV. No. 27

The Furies' iron beds, and Strife that shakes
Her hissing tresses, and unfolds her snakes:
Full in the midst of this infernal road
An elm displays its dusky arms abroad;
The God of Sleep here hides his heavy head,
And empty dreams on every leaf are spread. DRYDEN.

As persons of this imaginary life are to be excluded from any share of action in epic poems, they are yet less to be endured in the drama; yet we find they have sometimes made their appearance on the ancient stage. Thus, in a tragedy of Æschylus, Strength is introduced assisting Vulcan to bind Prometheus to a rock; and in one of Euripides, Death comes to the house of Admetus to demand Alcestis, who had offered herself to die to save her husband's life. But what I have here said of epic and dramatic poems does not extend to such writings, the very frame and model of which is designed to be Allegorical; in which, therefore, as I said before, such unsubstantial and symbolical actors may be very properly admitted.

Every Book of the Fairy Queen is fruitful of these visionary beings, which are invented and drawn with a surprising strength of imagination. I shall produce but one instance here, which the reader may compare with that just mentioned in Virgil, which it is no way inferior; it is in Book II. where Mammon conducts Guyon thro' a cave under ground to shew him his treasure:

At length they came into a larger space,
That stretcht itselfe into an ample playne;
Through which a beaten broad high-way did trace,
[illegible] Plutoe's grisly raynes:

By that wayes side there sate Infernall Payne,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife;
The one in hand an yron whip did strayne,
The other brandished a bloody knife;
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten life:

On th' other side in one consort there sate
Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate:
But gnawing Gealosy, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight;
And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
And found no place wher safe he shroud him might:
Lamenting Sorrow did in darknes lye;
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye:

And over them sad Horror with grim hew
Did alwaies sore beating his yron wings;
And after him owles and night-ravens flew,
The hatefull messengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolor telling sad tidings:
Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a cliffe,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That hart of flint asunder could have rifte;
Which having ended after him she flyeth swifte.

All these before the gates of Pluto lay; &c.

The posture of Jealousy, and the motion of F
in this description, are particularly fine. These
instances of Allegorical persons, which are sh
only in one transient view. The reader will ev
where meet with others in this Author, which
employed in the action of the poem, and which r
not be mentioned here.

Having thus endeavoured to give a general i
of what is meant by Allegory in poetry, and sh
what kind of persons are frequently employed i
I shall proceed to mention some properties wh
seem requisite in all well-invented fables of
kind.

There is no doubt but men of critical lear-

ought fit, might have given us rules orical writing, as they have done about other kinds of poetry; but they have rather chosen to let this forest remain wild, as if they thought there was something in the nature of the soil which could not so well be restrained and cultivated in inclosures. What Sir William Temple observes about rules in general, may perhaps be more particularly applicable to this; that "they may "possibly hinder some from being very bad poets, "but are not capable of making any very good "one." Notwithstanding this, they are useful to help our observation in distinguishing the beauties and the blemishes in such works as have been already produced. I shall therefore beg leave to mention four qualities which I think are essential to every good Allegory; the three first of which relate to the Fable, and the last to the Moral.

The first is, that it be lively and surprising. The Fable, or literal sense, being that which most immediately offers itself to the reader's observation, must have this property, in order to raise and entertain his curiosity. As there is, therefore, more invention employed in a work of this kind than in mere narration, or description, or in general amplifications on any subject, it consequently requires a more than ordinary heat of fancy in its first production. If the Fable, on the contrary, is flat, spiritless, or barren of invention, the reader's imagination is not affected, nor his attention engaged,

though the instruction conveyed under it be ever so useful or important.

The second qualification I shall mention is elegance, or a beautiful propriety and aptness in the Fable to the subject on which it is employed. By this quality the invention of the poet is restrained from taking too great a compass, or losing itself in a confusion of ill-sorted ideas. Such representations as that mentioned by Horace, of dolphins in a wood, or boars in the sea, being fit only to surprise the imagination, without pleasing the judgment. The same moral may likewise be expressed in different Fables, all of which may be lively and full of spirit, yet not equally elegant, as various dresses may be made for the same body, yet not equally becoming. As it therefore requires a heat of fancy to raise images and resemblances, it requires a good taste to distinguish and range them, and to chuse the most proper and beautiful, where there appears an almost distracting variety. I may compare this to Æneas searching in the wood for the golden bough; he was at a loss where to lay his hand, till his mother's doves, descending in his sight, flew before him, and perched on the tree where it was to be found.

Another essential property is, that the Fable be every where consistent with itself. As licentious as Allegorical fiction may seem in some respects, it is, nevertheless, subject to this restraint. The poet is, indeed, at liberty in chusing his story, and

them, he is obliged to sustain them in their proper characters, as well as in more regular kinds of writing. It is difficult to give particular rules under this head; it may suffice to say, that this wild nature is, however, subject to an economy proper to itself; and tho' it may sometimes seem extravagant, ought never to be absurd. Most of the Allegories in the Fairy Queen are agreeable to this rule; but in one of his other poems the Author has manifestly transgressed it; the poem I mean is that which is called Prothalamion. In this the two birds are figured by two beautiful swans sailing down the river Thames. The Allegory breaks before the reader is prepared for it; and we see them, at their landing, in their true shapes, without knowing how this sudden change is effected. If this had [illegible] only a simile, the poet might have dropped [illegible] pleasure: but as it is an Allegory, he ought [illegible] made it of a piece, or to have invented some p[illegible] means of coming out of it.

The last property I shall mention is, that [illegible] Allegory be clear and intelligible; the [illegible] designed only to clothe and adorn the M[illegible] not to hide it, should, methinks, r[illegible] erics we admire in some of the ancient [illegible] which the folds are not too many, nor t[illegible] at so judiciously ordered, that the shape an[illegible] of the limbs may be seen thro' them.

It must be confessed, that many of th[illegible] ables appear to us, at this distance of ti[illegible] y

perplexed and dark; and if they had any Moral at all, it is so closely couched, that it is very difficult to discover it. Whoever reads the Lord Bacon's Wisdom of the Ancients, will be convinced of this. He has employed a more than ordinary penetration to decipher the most known traditions in the Heathen mythology; but his interpretations are often far-fetched, and so much at random, that the reader can have no assurance of their truth. It is not to be doubted that a great part of these fables were allegorical, but others might have been stories designed only to amuse, or to practise upon the credulity of the vulgar; or the doctrines they contained might be purposely clouded, to conceal them from common knowledge. But tho', as I hinted in the former part of this discourse, this may have been a reason among philosophers, it ought not to be admitted among poets. An Allegory which is not clear is a riddle, and the sense of it lies at the mercy of every fanciful interpreter.

Tho' the epic poets, as I have shewn, have sprinkled some Allegories thro' their poems, yet it would be absurd to endeavour to understand them every where in a mystical sense. We are told of one Metrodorus Lampsacenus, whose works are lost, that turned the whole writings of Homer into an Allegory: it was, doubtless, by some such means that the principles of all arts and sciences whatever were discovered in that single author; for nothing can *escape* an expositor who proceeds in his operations

like a Rosycrucian, and brings with him the gold he pretends to find.

It is surprising that Tasso, whose Jerusalem was, at the time when he wrote, the best plan of an epic poem after Virgil, should be possessed with this affectation, and should not believe his work perfect till he had turned it into a mystery. I cannot help thinking that the Allegory, as it is called, which he has printed with it, looks as if it were invented after the poem was finished. He tells us that the Christian army represents man; the city of Jerusalem civil happiness; Godfrey the understanding; Rinaldo and Tancred the other powers of the soul; and that the body is typified by the common soldiers; with a great deal more that carries in it a strong cast of enthusiasm. He is indeed much more intelligible when he explains the flowers, the fountains, the nymphs, and the musical instruments, to figure to us sensual pleasures under the false appearance of good; but for the rest, I appeal to any one who is acquainted with that poem, whether he would ever have discovered these mysteries if the poet had not let him into them? or whether even, after this, he can keep them long in his mind while he is reading it?

Spenser's conduct is much more reasonable. As he designed his Poem upon the plan of the Virtues by which he has entitled his several Books, he scarce ever loses sight of this design, but has almost every where taken care to let it appear. Sir William Tem-

ple, indeed, censures this as a fault, and says though his flights of fancy were very noble and yet his moral lay so bare that it lost the effect I confess I do not understand this: a moral is not clear is, in my apprehension, next to n ral at all.

It would be easy to enumerate other prop which are various, according to the different of Allegory, or its different degrees of perfe Sometimes we are surprised with an uncommo ral, which enobles the fable that conveys it; other times we meet with a known and ob truth, placed in some new and beautiful poi light, and made surprising by the fiction under it is exhibited. I have thought it sufficient to upon such properties only as seem to be the mo sential, and perhaps many more might be re under one or other of these general heads.

I might here give examples of this noble an cient kind of writing out of the Books of Holy and especially the Jewish Prophets, in which w a spirit of poetry surprisingly sublime and maje but these are obvious to every one's reading. East seems indeed to have been principally the r of these figurative and emblematical writings. John Chardin, in his Travels, has given us a tra tion of several pieces of modern Persian poetry, w shew that there are traces of the same genius rem ing among the present inhabitants of those count *But, not to* prolong this Discourse, I shall only

instance of a very ancient Allegory, which has the properties in it I have mentioned; I mean that Xenophon, of the Choice of Hercules, when he is urted by Virtue and Pleasure, which is said to have n the invention of Prodicus. This fable is full of rit and elegance, the characters are finely drawn, d consistent, and the moral is clear. I shall not ed to say any thing more of it, but refer the reader the second volume of the Tatler, where he will d it very beautifully translated.

After what has been said, it must be confessed it, excepting Spenser, there are few extraordinary stances of this kind of writing among the Mo-ns. The great mines of invention have been ened long ago, and little new ore seems to have en discovered or brought to light by latter ages. ith us the art of framing fables, apologues, and egories, which was so frequent among the writers antiquity, seems to be, like the art of painting on glass, but little practised, and in a great mea-re lost. Our colours are not so rich and transpa-nt, and are either so ill prepared, or so unskil-ly laid on, that they often sully the light which to pass though them, rather than agreeably tinc-re and beautify it. Boccallini must be reckoned e of the chief modern masters of Allegory; yet s Fables are often flat and ill chosen, and his in-ntion seems to have been rather fruitful than ele-nt. I cannot, however, conclude this Essay on *llegory, without observing,* that we have had the

the persons make their appearance in different Books, yet this has very little effect in connecting them. Prince Arthur is, indeed, the principal person, and has therefore a share given him in every Legend; but his part

How readily has every one acquiesced in Dryden's opinion "That the action of this Poem is not one*;—that there is "no uniformity of design; and that he aims at the accom- "plishment of no action†." It might have been expected that Hughes, who printed Spenser's works, should not have joined so freely in the same censure; and yet he tells us "that the several books appear rather like so many sever "poems, than one entire fable: each of them having its p "culiar Knight, and being independent of the rest††."

Just in the same manner did the critics and commenta formerly abuse old Homer; his Iliad, they said, was noth else but a parcel of loose songs and rhapsodies concer the Trojan war, which he sung at festivals; and these ballads were first collected, and stitched, as it were, tog by Pisistratus ||; being parts without any coherence lation to a whole, and unity of design.

As this subject requires a particular considera desire the reader will attend to the following vind of Homer and Spenser, as they have both falle one common censure.

In every poem there ought to be simplicity an and in the epic poem the unity of the action shou be violated by introducing any ill-joined or heter parts. This essential rule Spenser seems to me have followed; for what story can well be shorte simple, than the subject of his Poem?—A Br.t sees in a vision the Fairy Queen; he falls in goes in search after this unknown fair; and at l her.—This fable has a beginning, a middle, a The beginning is, the British prince saw in Fairy Queen, and fell in love with her; the

* Dryden's dedication of the translation of Virgil's Ae
† See his dedication of the translation of Juvenal.
†† In the preface to his edition.
|| hence called

finding whom he sought.

ir curiosity is raised, and we want a more cir-
nformation of many things.—Who is this
? what adventures did he undergo? who was
:en? where, when, and how, did he find her?
uestions arise, that require many solutions.
of this Poem has not only simplicity and unity,
:and important. The hero is no less than the
, Prince arthur: (who knows not Prince Ar-
ime when this hero commenced his adventures
y exactly. In the reign of Uther Pendragon,
nce Arthur, Octa, the son of Hengist, and
Eosa, thinking themselves not bound by the
1 they had made with Aurelius Ambrosius,
e disturbances, and infest his dominions: this
cal period of time which Spenser has chosen:

hat good King Uther now doth make
arre upon the paynim brethren, hight
l Oza, whom hee lately brake
:ayr Verolame——— B. III. C. iii. st. 52

pic poet desire a better historical foundation
Poem on? Hear, likewise, what he himself
subject; "I chose the history of K. Arthur,
t for the excellency of his person, being made

practice of Homer and Virgil: but as it is plai
Author never designed it by those rules, I thi
ought rather to be considered as a poem of a part
lar kind, describing, in a series of Allegorical ad
tures or episodes, the most noted virtues and vices.

wizard, Archimago, the common enemy of Fairy kni
whom no chains as yet could hold: in short, him ab
we have seen eclipsing all the other heroes, and, ir
end, accompanied with the fairy knights, making hi
lemn entry into the presence of Gloriana, the Fairy Qu
and thus his merits would have entitled him to that
which, by magnificence or magnanimity, the perfe
of all the rest of the virtues, he justly had acquired.

It seems, by some hints given us by the Poet, th
intended likewise an heroic poem, whose title was
King Arthur, and the chief subject of the poem the
of the King and Queen of Fairy Land (now governe
Arthur and Gloriana) against the Paynim king: the
captains employed were to be those Fairy knights, w
already he had brought us acquainted with; and the
torical allusions undoubtedly would point, in the all
rical view, at the wars that Q. Elizabeth waged with
King of Spain, as the Fairy knights would typically
present her warlike courtiers. This seems plain from
St. George says to Una's parents, in B. I. C. xii. St.

> I Bownden am streight after this emprize-----
> Backe to retourne to that great Faery Queene,
> And her to serve sixe yeares in warlike wize
> 'Gainst that proud Paynim king that works her teene,

And plainer still from what the Poet says in his own
son, in B. I. C. xi. St. 7.

> Fayre Goddesse, lay that furious fitt asyde,
> Till I of warres and bloody Mars do sing;
> And Bryton fields with Sarazin blood bedyde,
> 'Twixt that great Faery Queene and Paynim king.

Dryden tells us, in his preface to the translation of J
nel, that he had some thoughts of making choice, for
subject of an heroic poem, King Arthur's conquests
the Saxons: and hinting at the same design in the
face to his Fables, says, " That it was not for this

[meaning Sir R. Blackmore] that he drew the
an epic poem on King Arthur." Milton like-
the same intention, as he intimates in a Latin
Mansus.

ndo indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
unque etiam sub terris bella moventem;
licam invictae sociali foedere mensae:
animos heroas; et, O mihi spiritus adsit,
jam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.

e shown that the action of the Fairy Queen is
great, and important; but it is required that
hould be probable. A story will have probabi-
hangs well together, and is consistent; and,
he tales are speciously told, the probability of
not be destroyed though they are tales of wiz-
tches, monstrous men and monstrous women;
ut downright miscreants, question wonderful
do you imagine that Homer, Virgil, Spenser,
, ever thought of writing an epic poem for
s and infidels? But if, after all, the reader can-
nsuspecting credulity swallow all these mar-
les, what should hinder the poet, but want of
so contriving his fable, that more might be
meets the [illegible] ear? cannot he say one thing

inferior ornaments; and
more majestic in the whole, the latter may
surprizing and agreeable in its parts.

It must be confessed that the religion of Greece a
Rome was particularly adapted to whatever figurat
turn the poet intended to give it; and even philosoph
mixed mythology with the gravest subjects of theolo
Hesiod's Generation of the Gods, is properly the
neration of the world, and a history of natural philo
phy: he gives life, energy, and form, to all the visi
and invisible parts of the universe, and almost to all
powers and faculties of the imagination: in a word,
poem is "a continued allegory." When every part, the
tore, of the universe was thought to be under the pa
cular care of a tutelar deity; when not only the s
moon, and planets, but mountains, rivers, and gro
nay, even virtues, vices, accidents, qualities, &c. w
the objects of veneration and of religious dread, there
no violation given to public belief, if the poet chan
his metaphor, or rather continued it, in an allegory. He
Homer, instead of saying that Achilles, had not wis
checked him, would have slain Agamemnon, conti
the metaphor, and consistent with his religion, b
Minerva, the goddess of Wisdom, down from heave
purpose to check the rage of the angry hero. O
same system is founded the well-known fable of
cus; and the picture of Cebes is a continued al
containing the most interesting truths relating to
life.

As it is necessary that the poet should give h
all that variety which is consistent with its natur
sign, so his allegory might be enlarged and vari
pointing at historical events under concealed na
while his story is told consistent, emblematical
pically, some historical characters and real tr
might be signified. Thus, though in one se

, seem strange, indeed, since Spenser ap-
, have been well acquainted with the best
. of Antiquity, that he has not imitated them
structure of his story. Two reasons may be

y Land, yet in another you may be in the British
ions.

d here, methinks, a fair opportunity offers of laying
e the reader, at one view, some of the historical al-
ns that lie concealed in this mystical Poem. That
: are historical allusions in this Poem Spenser him-
tells us: "In that Faery Queene (says he, in his let-
r to Sir Walter Raleigh) I mean Glory, in my gene-
l intention; but in my particular, I conceive the most
xcellent and glorious person of our Soveraine the
Queene, and her kingdome in Faery Land." So in his
roduction to the Second Book, St. 4.

Of Faery Lond yet if he more inquire
By certaine signes here set in sundry place
He may it find-----
And thou, O fairest princesse under sky,
In this faire mirrhour maist behold thy face;
And thine owne realmes in land of Faery,
And in this antique image thy great ancestry.

, likewise, in his Introduction to the Third Book, St. 5.

But, O dredd soveraine,
Thus far forth pardon, sith that ch[illegible] witt
Cannot your glorious pourtrait figure playne,
That I in coloured showes may shadow itt,
And antique praises unto present persons fitt.

his subject I formerly mentioned in a letter to Mr. We[illegible],
oncerning a new edition of Spenser; and from th[illegible]
r I shall here borrow what is to my present purp[illegible],
lding somethings, and altering others.

What reader is ignorant that kingdoms are [illegible]
naged by their arms and ensigns? When, the[illegible],
ppose the Lion, Una's defender, to be the Defe[illegible]
e Faith, our English King, I make no question but th[illegible]
ill be as readily allowed me, as when I suppose the Ro[illegible]
en, the Danish arms, to stand for the Dane himself.

given for this: the first is, that at the time wl
wrote, the Italian poets, whom he has chieft

> *We shall the Saxone, selves all peaceably*
> *Enjoy the crowne*——
> *There shall a Raven far from rising sunne*
> *With his white wings upon them fiercely fly.*
>
> B. III. C. iii. 2

Thus, in the Ruines of Time,

> *What now is of th' Assyrian Lyonesse,*
> *Of whom no footing now on earth appeares?*
> *What of the Persian Beares outrageousnesse,*
> *Whose memory is quite worne out with yeares?*
> *Who of the Grecian Libbard now ought heares*
> *That over-ran the East with greedy powre,*
> *And left his whelps their kingdoms to devoure?*

The Assyrian Lionesse images the Assyran and Cl
empire. Daniel vii. 4. *The first was like a Lion* [t
syrian and Chaldean empire.] *A second like a Be*
Persian.] *Another like a Leopard* [Alexander K
Macedon.] His Whelps, his captains who divided
themselves the vast empires that he had conquered
considering arms and ensigns, imaging kingdo
knights, I found out, as I thought, the clew, di
me to the allusion of *the Babe's bloody hands*; the
ture of the second day, assigned to Sir Guyon
called *the bloudy handed babe*, and hence *Ruddyn*
II. C. iii. St. 2. And this will appear from Sp
words in his View of Ireland. "The Irish under O
"*Launderg-abo*, that is, *the bloody hand*, which is
"badge." The rebellion of the Oneals seems to b
ged in this episode: they all drank so deep of the
and venom of Acrasia, that their blood was infect
secret filth. B. II. C. ii. St. 4. The ungovernab.e
ot the Oneals hurried them into constant insurr
as may be seen in Cambden's Account of the R
of the Irish Oneals. But to make this historical
still clearer, I will cite a passage from Cambden
life Q. Elizabeth, *anno* 1567. "Thus did Sha
"*come to his bloody end*; a man he was who had

no were the first revivers of this art among
s, were in the highest vogue, and were

with blood, and dealt in all the pollutions of
nbraces.—The children he left by his wife
and Shan; but he had several more by O-
ife, and others of his mistresses." His
has introduced in B. II. C. i. St. 35. &c.
B. V. C. vii. St. 16. points out a British
ticularly the king mentioned in B. III. C. iii.
lla, who is attended by a Lion, in B. V. C. ix.
Elizabeth, and the lady brought to the bar
cots. Her two paramours, faithless Blanda-
ridel, are the Earls of Northumberland and
l. Blandamour is plainly the Earl of North-
ecause the Poet calls him, in B. V. C. i. St.
t-Spurre youth,' which was the well-known
young Percy in the reign of King Henry IV.
es of his Poem he has given us the very
at any disguise; thus he mentions Sir Bour-
. xii. St. 52 and Belge, B. V. C. x. St. 6.
vertly Irene is expressed, which in the Notes
pposed to be the same as Ierne. Philip
n is often characterised. Arthegal is Arthur
f Wilton; the Earl of Essex is imaged in
Dr. Whitgift, his some time tutor, in the
ner; Sir Satyrane is Sir John Perrot, whose
though honest, yet was too coarse and
court: *esse quam videri bonus malebat.* It
known that he was a son of Henry VIII.;
ainly alluded to in B. I. C. vi. St. 21, 22. But
torical characters here delineated, the most
ns that of Sir Walter Raleigh, whom we
most in every adventure of the gentle Squire
d whose name [ὁ τίμιος] points out Spen-
red friend. Unfortunate man! to fall under
are of Belphoebe, the Virgin Queen! How
sume to carry on a criminal amour with any
ends of honour?

universally read and admired: but the chief
was, probably, that he chose to frame his Fal
ter a model which might give the greatest sc
that range of fancy which was so remarkab

> Is this the faith? she said—and said no more,
> But turn'd her face, and fled away for evermore.
>
> B. IV. C. vii

This lady he afterwards married: she was a daug
Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, and it seems to me t
story is shadowed in B. IV. C. vii. where 'Amoret
'by greedy Lust.' The calumny and slander tha
her is imaged in St. 23. &c. This same lady, likewis
pically shown in Serena, though he designedly perple
story, and makes her beloved by Sir Calepine, as he
Amoret beloved by Sir Scudamore. If the reader can
through these disguises, he will see nothing but th
letter. Serena is carried to the hermit's cell, togeth
the gentle Squire, to be healed of their wounds, ir
on them by the rancorous tooth of Calumny and S
'Tis not to be supposed that Sir P. Sidney was for
whom I think we may discover in the Knight of
tesy. Perhaps Marinel, who has his name from t
was intended to represent, in some particulars, th
High Admiral the Lord Howard. I cannot find an
Fairy knight to whom properly might be applie
Spenser says in his Sonnet prefixed to this Poem;

> Thy praises everlasting monument
> Is in this verse engraven semblably,
> That it may live to all posterity.

By this expression, "in this verse engraven sembl
he cannot mean "in this Sonnet;" for the word *sem*
I think, has reference to that historical resemblan
these imaginary beings in Fairy Land bore to tho
heroes of Queen Elizabeth's court. There are othe
sions of a like complicated nature. Belvoir Castle (so
from the fair and extensive view of the country all a
seems not obscurely intimated in B. VI. C. xii. St

lant. There is a bent in nature which is apt to termine men that particular way in which they

Into the Castle of Belgard her brought,
Whereof was Lord the good Sir Bellamoure.

llusions of a political nature require still a more delite touch; and as times and circumstances altered durg the first planning of the Poem and the publishing of , so the Poet was obliged, in this particular scheme, to ter likewise, and to complicate and perplex the allusiis. Methinks when I see Braggadochio, and his buffoon rant Trompart, repulsed by Belphoebe, I cannot help inking them proper types of the Duke of Anjou and of mier. Several of these kind of typical allusions are inted out, particularly in the notes of the Fifth Book; d these, I am persuaded, will appear very far-fetched any one who pays but little regard to the doctrine of pes, symbols, and figurative representations; while hers will rather wonder that the subject is not pursued ech further. It may reasonably be supposed, if Amoret d Florimel, in some particulars, are the types of Mary ueen of Scots, political reasons might oblige Spenser to use her under the character of Duessa in the Fifth Book, hich was published some years after the three First oks. Amoret was Belphoebe's sister, [B. III. C. vi.] d Queen Elizabeth addressed the Queen of Scots always ith the title of Sister. How is it then contrary to the corum of this Poem to suppose, that by the cruel treatent of Amoret by Busirane is meant, not only in the neral moral, the vile vassalage of Love and Beauty unr the tyranny of Lust, but, in the particular historical lusion, the cruel confinement and persecutions of the ueen of Scots by the direction chiefly of Burleigh? We all find, likewise, the historical allusions designedly erplexed, if we look for this persecuted Queen in the rsecuted Florimel. See what I have remarked in a Note n B. III. C. vii. St. 27. where I suppose the flight of lorimel imaged from the flight of the Queen of Scots: oth of them took refuge in a fisherman's boat; and one

are most capable of excelling; and though it is certain he might have formed a better plan, it is to be questioned whether he could have executed any other so well.

was treated as cruelly by her false protector Proteus, as the other by those false friends to whom she fled for protection. There are several of these typical and historical allusions (as I said above) pointed out in the Notes, and if the reader, with proper knowledge of the history of Queen Elizabeth's reign, delights in such mysterious researches, he may easily, with these hints given, pursue them further:

> ------ne let him then admire,
> But yield his sense to bee too blunt and bace,
> That n'ote without an hound fine footing trace.
>
> Introd. B. II. St. 4.

But, to proceed. Whatever ideas and conceptions the poet has, whether sublime or pathetic, or whether relative to humour or to ordinary life and manners, these he can convey only by the medium of words. It is necessary, therefore, that the poet's diction and expressions should have a kind of correspondency to his ideas; and as the painter represents objects by colours, so should the poet, by raising images and visions in the mind of the reader; he should know, likewise, how to charm the ear by the harmony of verse, as the musician by musical notes. Were I to allow, in the last of these excellencies, namely, in the power and harmony of numbers, the preference to Homer, Virgil, and Milton; yet our Poet stands unrivalled in the visionary art of bringing objects before your eyes, and making you a spectator of his imaginary representations.

I have often observed a great resemblance between Spenser and Homer, not only in the justness of their descriptions and images, but likewise in their diction, expressions, and construction. Homer's language, is not a confusion of many dialects; it is the old Ionian language

ason that, among
ed Ariosto, whom
genius than Tasso,

as the ground-work;
ons, and many an an-
e old Ionian, not then
not seeing this, have,
the poet shortened se-
m, whereas they were
to use; just as Spenser
nd obsolete words and
venerable cast of anti-
ost early writings, to af-
l though gently rebuked
ew, from no bad autho-
should be often changed
; and that a kind of ve-
even in phrases and ex-
omer for his example, but
whom Quintilian calls the
d though many of these an-
red by Virgil's transcribers
ve left us enough to judge
observation; and as Virgil
nser Chaucer.
jingling sound of like end-
:) I could with a better grace
r that kind of stanza which
ver this may be offered. In
the two Orlandos, *viz.* the
together with the Gerusalem
read, admired, and imitated.
n stanza of eight verses, which
me, and is said to be the inven-
anza the 1st, 2d, and 5th verses;
he 7th and 8th, rhyme to each
ur Poet wrote his translation of

who had formed a better plan, and from whc
has only borrowed some particular ornaments
it is but justice to say, that his plan is much

Virgil's Gnat, and his Muiopotmos, according
following instance;

> Of all the race of silver-winged flies
> Which doo possesse the empire of the aire
> Betwixt the centred earth and azure skies,
> Was none more fwotrable, nor more faire,
> (Whilst Heav'n did favour his felicities)
> Then Clarion, the eldest sonne and haire
> Of Muscaroll, and in his father's sight
> Of all alive did seeme the fairest wight.

When he fixed upon the plan of his epic poem, as
tended not to be a servile imitator, he added one
more to the above-mentioned stanza, and the c
verse, as more sonorous, he made an Alexandrine
feet. His stanza, therefore, consists of nine ve
the Heroic kind, in which the 1st and 3d: the 2d
5th, and 7th; the 6th, 8th, and 9th, rhyme to each
as in the following instance;

> Lo I, the man whose Muse whylome did maske,
> As time her taught, in lowly shepheards weeds,
> Am now enforst a farre unfitter taske,
> For trumpets sterne to change mine oaten reeds,
> And sing of knights and ladies gentle deeds;
> Whose praises having slept in silence long,
> Me all too meane the sacred Muse areeds
> To blazon broade emongst her learned throng:
> Fierce warres and faithful loves shall moralize my song.

This Alexandrine line Dryden often used, "in im
"(as he says) of Spenser, whom he calls his M
"because it adds a certain majesty to the verse, w
"is used with judgment, and stops the sense from
"flowing into another line." But Mr. Pope gi
"this merit to Dryden.

> Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
> The varying verse, the full resounding line,
> The long majestic march, and energy divine.

Imitat. of Hor. Ep

that of Ariosto. In the Orlando Fu-
y where meet with an exuberant inven-
with great liveliness and facility of de-
et debased by frequent mixtures of the

fettered himself with so many jingling ter-
one stanza, how often, of necessity, must
uity, and poetry, be sacrificed for the sake
In order, however, to make these fetters sit
me expedients were thought on; and first,
introduce hemistics, in imitation of Vir-
resent we have but a few of these broken
ose only in the Third Book, which I be-
ned to fill up, had he lived to have finished
ist as he filled up the following in B. III.
which stood thus in the first edition,

them herself eke with her went
the fugitive----

s completed in the second edition,

farre and nere.

dient he borrowed from the old poets, that
allowed to the Moderns; which was to
rds, though spelt the same, yet if of different
to rhyme to each other. Instances are
haucer and Gower.

you, al be hym lothe or lefe,
to pipin in an ivie lefe.

Ch. Knighte's Tale, 1840.

which is the sun hote,
eth upon erthe hote.

Gower, Lib. III. vol. lxviii. 2.

which is called or named the sun, that
pon the earth. However, it is scarce allow-
he liberty is too often taken, for two words
gnification thus to rhyme.

te whereof was a myle about,
n stone, and dichid all about.

Ch. Knighte's Tale, 1890.

comic genius, as well as many shocking indece
rums. Besides, in the huddle and distraction o
the adventures, we are for the most part onl
amused with extravagant stories, without bein
instructed in any moral. On the other hand, Spen
ser's Fable though often wild, is, as I hav

But consulting other editions besides Urry's, I foun
the following, and true reading,

> ----and ditched al without.

So in Spenser, B. I. C. xi. St. 59.

> Yet is Cleopolis for earthly fame----
> The fairest peece----
> That covet in th' immortal booke of Fame----

This error, that runs through all the old editions, is cor
rected from the Errata which Spenser printed at the en
of his first edition. Some errors of like nature are re
moved, by consulting different editions, and some other
from conjecture; but conjectural corrections are place
in the Notes. These faults are easily accounted for, b
supposing the roving eye of the printer caught with th
word either above or below, which kind of errors we
frequently erred in the first printing our Poet's poe
and as they are easily discovered by their inelegance
impropriety, so when an emendation easily offers itv
I as fairly offer it again to the reader. But there are
veral of these idle rhymes still left untouched and un
ticised, being plainly the manufacture of the Poet:
some instances in the First Book.

> And comming where the Knight in slomber lay----
> Then seemed him his lady by him lay. B. I. C. i.

> Shamefully at her rayling all the way----
> And still amidst her rayling, she did pray
> That plagues and mischiefs and long misery,
> Might fall on her and follow all the way.
> B. I. C. ii

> And secret poyson through their inner partes----
> She lightly sprinkled on his weaker partes.

d, always emblematical; and this may very xcuse likewise that air of romance in which followed the Italian author. The perpetual of knights, giants, castles, and enachnt- and all that train of legendry adventures, d indeed appear very trifling, if Spenser had ound a way to turn them all into Allegory, or less masterly hand had filled up his draught; it is surprising to observe how much the strength he painting is superior to the design. It ought be considered, too, that at the time when our uthor wrote, the remains of the old Gothic chival-

Another liberty he takes, which would be quite unpardonable, if not authorised by the old poets, and that is of altering a letter.

> But temperance, said he, with golden squire
> Betwixt them both can measure out a meane,
> Nether to meet in pleasures whott desire----
>
> B. II. C. i. St. 58.

Squire is for square. So Dante uses lome for lume.

> Non fiere gli occhi suoi lo dolce lome? Inferno, C. x.

He sometimes, likewise, adds a letter, and sometimes takes away a letter. Instances of these licences see in a Note on B. IV. C. xi. St. 46. and on B. V. C. vi. St. 32. Sometimes he alters the spelling, as in B. II. C. xi. St. 12.

> Some mouth'd like greedy oystryges, some faste
> Like loathly toades, some fashioned in the waste
> Like swine----

Faste, i. e. *faced*. And constant care was taken by the Poet, though the printer does not always follow it, that the like endings should be spelt all alike, &c. &c.

ry were not quite abolished: it was not many year
before that the famous Earl of Surry, remarkable fo
his wit and poetry in the reign of King Henry VIII
took a romantic journey to Florence, the place o
his mistres's birth, and published there a challeng
against all nations in defence of her beauty. Jus
and turnaments were held in England in the time
Queen Elizabeth. Sir Philip Sidney tilted at on
these entertainments, which was made for the Fr
Ambassador, when the treaty of marriage wa
foot with the Duke of Anjou: and some of ou
torians have given us a very particular and f
account of preparations, by marking out lis
appointing judges, for a trial by combat,
same reign, which was to have decided the
considerable estate, and in which the whole
was perfectly agreeable to the fabulous de
in books of Knight-errantry. This might
story more familiar to his first readers; t
in armour, and ladies-errant are as an
gures to us, as the court of that time wou
we could see them now in their ruffs and

There are two other objections to th
Fairy Queen which, I confess, I am m
answer. I need not, I think, be scru
tioning freely the defects of a Poem
was never supposed to be perfect,
allowed to be admirable.

The first is, that the scene is lai

tors are Fairies. The reader may see
ry race and history in Book II. at the
nto X.; but if he is not prepared before-
e may expect to find them acting agreeably
ommon stories and traditions about such fan-
ings. Thus Shakespeare, who has introduced
n his Midsummer-Night's Dream, has made
speak and act in a manner perfectly adapted to
supposed characters; but the Fairies in this
n are not distinguised from other persons. There
is misfortune, likewise, attends the choice of such
rs, that having been accustomed to conceive of
m in a diminutive way, we find it difficult to raise
r ideas, and to imagine a Fairy encountering with
monster or a giant. Homer has pursued a contrary
ethod, and represented his heroes above the size
nd strength of ordinary men: and it is certain that
he actions of the Iliad would have appeared but ill
proportioned to the characters, if we were to have
imagined them all performed by pigmies.

But as the actors our Author has chosen are only
fancied beings, he might possibly think himself at
liberty to give them what stature, customs, and man-
ners, he pleased. I will not say he was in the right
in this; but it is plain that by the literal sense of
Fairy Land he only designed an Utopia, an imagi-
nary place; and by his Fairies, persons of whom he
might invent any action proper to humankind, with-
out being restrained, as he must have been if he had

chosen a real scene and historial characters. As the mystical sense, it appears both by the Work self, and by the Author's explanation of it *, that Fairy Land is England, and his Fairy Queen Qu Elizabeth, at whose command the adventure of e Legend is supposed to be undertaken.

The other objection is, that having chosen an torical person, Prince Arthur, for his principal h who is no Fairy, yet is mingled with them, he not, however, represented any part of his histo he appears here, indeed, only in his minority, performs his exercises in Fairy Land as a pri gentleman; but we might at least have expected the fabulous accounts of him, and of his victo over the Saxons, should have been worked into a beautiful vision or prophesy; and I cannot t Spenser would wholly omit this, but am ap believe he had done it in some of the follow Books which were lost.

In the moral introductions to every Book, r of which have a great propriety and elegance Author has followed the example of Ariosto. only beg leave to point out some of the pri beauties in each Book, which may yet more cularly discover the genius of the Author.

If we consider the First Book as an entire itself, we shall find it to be no irregular cont there is one principal action, which is com

* Vid. Letter to Sir Walter Raleigh

XII.; and the several incidents or episodes per, as they tend either to obstruct or promote he same may be said of some other of the following Books, though I think they are not so regular as this. The Author has shewn judgment in making his Knight of the Red Cross, or St. George, no perfect character, without which many of the incidents could not have been represented. The character of Una, or Truth, is very properly opposed by those of Duessa, or Falsehood, and Archimago, or Fraud. Spenser's particular manner, which (if it may be allowed) I would call his painter-like genius, immediately shews itself in the figure of Error, who is drawn as a monster, and that of Hypocrisy as a hermit. The description of the former of these, in the mixed shape of a woman and a serpent, surrounded with her offspring, and especially that circumstance of their creeping into her mouth on the sudden light which glanced upon them from the Knight's armour, incline one to think that our great Milton had it in his eye when he wrote his famous episode of Sin and Death. The artifices of Archimago and Duessa, to separate the Knight from Una, are well invented, and intermingled with beautiful strokes of poetry; particularly in that episode where the magician sends one of his spirits to fetch a false dream from the house of Morpheus:

> Amid the bowels of the earth full steep
> And low, where dawning day does never peep,
> His dwelling is------

Mr. Rhimer, as I remember, has, by way of

comparison, collected from most of the ancient and modern poets the finest descriptions of the Night; among all which he gives the preference to the English poets: this of Morpheus, or Sleep, being a poetical subject of the same kind, might be subjected to a like trial; and the reader may particularly compare it with that in Book XI. of Ovid's Metamorphoses, to which, I believe, he will not think it inferior.

The miraculous incident of a tree shedding drops of blood, and a voice speaking from the trunk of it, is borrowed from that of Polidorus, in Book III. of Virgil's Æneis. Ariosto and Tasso have both copied the same story, though in a different manner. It was impossible that the modern poets, who have run so much into the taste of romance, should let a fiction of this kind escape their imitation.

The adventures which befal Una, after she is forsaken by the Knight; her coming to the house of Abessa, or Superstition; the consternation occasioned by that visit; her reception among the savages; and her civilizing them, are all very fine emblems. The education of Satyrane, a young Satyr, is described on this occasion with an agreeable wildness of fancy.

But there is one episode in this Book which I cannot but particularly admire; I mean that in Canto V. where Duessa the witch seeks the assistance of Night

ivey the body of the wounded Pagan to be cu-
f Æsculapius in the regions below. The Au-
here rises above himself, and is got into a
of imitating the Ancients, different from the
st part of his Poem. The speech in which
a addresses Night is wonderfully great, and
d with that impious flattery which is the cha-
of Falsehood, who is the speaker:

O thou most auncient grandmother of all,
More old than Jove, whom thou at first didst breede,
Or that great house of Gods caelestiall;
Which wast begot in Demogorgon's head,
And sawest the secrets of the world unmade!

leussa came away hastily on this expedition,
orgot to put off the shape of Truth, which
ad assumed a little before, Night does not
her: this circumstance, and the discovery af-
rds, when she owns her for her daughter, are
emblematical. The images of Horror are
l in a very masterly manner; Night takes the
into her chariot, and being arrived where the
lay, they alight.

And all the while she stood upon the ground,
The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay,
As giving warning of th' unwonted sound,
With which her yron wheeles did them affray,
And her darke grisly looke them much dismay.
The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,
With drery shrickes did also her bewray;
And hungry wolves continually did howle
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.

y steal away the body, and carry it down thro'
cave Avernus, to the realms of Pluto. What
ngth of painting is there in the following lines!

——On every side them stood
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
Chattring their iron teeth, and staring wide,
With sprite eies; and all the hellish brood
Of fiends infernall flockt on every side,
To gaze on erthly wight, that with the Night durst ride.

Longinus, commending a description in Euripides of Phaeton's journey through the heavens, in which the turnings and windings are marked out in a very lively manner, says, That the soul of the poet seems to mount the chariot with him, and to share all his dangers. The reader will find himself in a like manner transported throughout this whole episode, which shews that it has in it the force and spirit of the most sublime poetry.

The first appearance of Prince Arthur, in this Book, is represented to great advantage, and gives occasion to a very finished description of a martial figure. How sprightly is that image and simile in the following lines!

Upon the top of all his loftie crest,
A bounch of heares discolourd diversly,
With sprinkled pearle and gold full richly dest,
Did shake, and seemed to daunce for jollity;
Like to an almond-tree ymounted hy
On top of greene Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily,
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At everie little breath that under heaven is blowne.

I must not omit mentioning the house of Pride, and that of Holiness, which are beautiful Allegories in different parts of this Book. In the former of these there is a minute circumstance which is very artificial; for the reader may observe, that the six counsellors which attend Pride in her progress, and

beasts which draw her chariot, are
: order in which the Vices they repre-
/ produce and follow each other. In
among the captives of Pride, the Poet
ed Nebuchadnezzar, Crœsus, Antio-
nder, and several other eminent per-
umstances of the utmost ignominy.
truly noble; for upon the sight of so
ous slaves, the Knight hastens from
d makes his escape.

ption of Despair in Canto IX. is that
d to have been taken notice of by Sir
y: but I think the speech of Despair,
distempered reasonings that are apt to
art of a man abandoned to this passion
ically represented, is much superior to
on.

ie Allegories in Canto X. it is impos-
distinguish that venerable figure of
on, in his hermitage on the top of a hill,
as an old man almost wasted away in

y lockes adowne his shoulders shed,
rost with spangles doth attire
/ braunches of an oke halfe ded.

and his companion inquire of him,

n hence the way that leadeth right
ost glorious house that glistreth bright
ing starres and ever-living fire?----

emely noble, as well as the old man's
n, from the top of the hill, the heavenly

Jerusalem, which was proper to animate the he against the combat in which he is presently aft engaged: his success in that combat, and his ma rying Una, are a very just conclusion of this Boo and of its chief Allegory.

It would be easy to point out many instance besides those I have mentioned, of the beauties this Book; yet these few will give the reader taste of that poetical spirit and genius for Allegu which every where shine in this Author. It wou be endless to take notice of the more minute bea ties of his epithets, his figures, and his similit which occur in almost every page. I shall on mention one or two as a specimen. That image Strength, in striking a club into the ground, whi is illustrated by the following simile, is very grea

As when almightie Love, in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
Furies forth his thundring dart with deadly food,
Enrold in flames, and smouldring dreriment,
Through riven cloudes and molten firmament,
The fiers threeforked engin making way,
Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay;
And shooting in the earth castes up a mount of clay.

His boystrous club, so buried in the ground,
He could not rearen up againe, &c.

As also that of a giant's fall;

That downe he tombled; as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift,
Whose hart-strings with keene steele nigh hewen be;
The mightie trunck, half rent with ragged rift,
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.

These are such passages as we may imagine c excellent Milton to have studied in this Auth

the way, it is remarkable that as
ds with such thoughts as are truly
is almost every where free from the
le conceits, and that low affectation
o much infected both our verse and
ls, and from which scarce any wri-
time, besides himself, was free.
rten my Remarks on the following
: beauties in them rise so thick, that
s them by without mentioning some.
Legend is framed on the Virtue of
which gives the Author opportunity
description all the most luxurious
sure, riches, and riot, which are op-
d consequently makes it one of the
Books of this whole Work. Sir
ero, and the poet has given him So-
abit of a palmer, for his guide and
Homer has supposed Minerva or
e shape of Mentor, to attend Tele-
travels, when he is seeking out his
. That shining description of Bel-
ntress, like Venus in Virgil, appear-
Æneas, is designed as a compli-
Elizabeth, and is therefore wrought
ost finished beauty. Her speech in
true glory which is only attained by
dy, is not only extremely proper to
this Book, but admirable, if we con-
sider

sider it as the sense of that Princess, and as a s
character of so active and glorious a reign.

> Abroad in armes, at home in studious kynd,
> Who seekes with painful toile shal Honor soonest fynd:
>
> In woods, in waves, in warres, she wonts to dwell,
> And will be found with perill and with paine;
> Ne can the man that moulds in ydle cell
> Unto her happy mansion attaine:
> Before her gate high God did sweate ordaine,
> And wakefull watches, ever to abide;
> But easy is the way, and passage plaine,
> To Pleasure's pallace; it may soon be spide,
> And day and night her dores to all stand open wide.

Such passages as these kindle in the mind a g
rous emulation, and are an honour to the a
poetry, which ought always to recommend wo
sentiments. The reader may see, in Canto V
character quite opposite to this, in that of Idle
who draws Sir Guyon for a while from his g
and lays him asleep in her island. Her song
which she charms him into a slumber,

> Behold, O Man! that toilsome paines doest take,
> The flowrs, the fields, and all that pleasaunt growes, &c.

is very artfully adapted to the occasion, and
contrast to that speech of Belphœbe I have
quoted.

The episode of Mammon, who in the pal
absence leads Sir Guyon into his cave, and te
him with a survey of his riches, very properl
versifies the entertainment in this Book, and
occasion to a noble speech against riches, an
mischievous effects of them. I have, in the
course on Allegory, taken notice of the fiends

placed in crowds at the entrance
he Author supposes the house of
nost contiguous to hell; and the
ón it expresses a very just moral:

nts self-consuming care,
keeping very watch and ward.

h is let into this place,

p, whose life doth fade away;
ll, clothed with cheerly sighs.

of it, and the slaves of Mammon
hundred furnaces, are all described in
y manner; as their sudden looking at
a circumstance very naturally repre-
walks through which Mammon after-
the Knight are agreeably varied. The
of ambition, and of the garden of Pro-
re good Allegories; and Sir Guyon's
a swoon on his coming into the open
ccasion to a fine machine of the appear-
n heavenly spirit in the next Canto, by
stance he is restored to the palmer.
t think the Poet so successful in his de-
of the house of Temperance, in which the
seems to be debased by a mixture of too
images, as Diet, Concoction, Digestion,
e, which are represented as persons: but
rical description of Memory, which fol-
after, is very good.
Cth Canto, in which the Author has made
ment of the old British history, is a very

amusing digression, but might have been more fully introduced. Homer or Virgil would not l suffered the action of the poem to stand still w the hero had been reading over a book, but w have put the history into the mouth of some pr person to relate it. But I have already said that Work is not to be examined by the strict rul epic poetry.

The last Canto of this Second Book being signed to shew the utmost trial of the Virtue of T perance, abounds with the most pleasurable ideas representations which the fancy of the poet c assemble together; but from the 58th stanza t end, it is for the most part copied, and many w stanzas translated from the famous episode of mida in Tasso. The reader may observe, tha Italian genius for luxury appears very much ir descriptions of the garden, the fountain, anc nymphs; which, however, are finely amplified improved by our English poet. I shall give bu instance in the following celebrated stanza, whic gratify the curiosity of those who may be willi compare the copy with the original, I shall set d in Italian.

Vezzosi Augelli, infra le verdi fronde,
Temprano a prova lascivette Note;
Mormora l'Aura, e fa le foglie e l'onde
Garrir, che variamente ella percote.
Quando taccion gli Augelli, Alto risponde;
Quando cantan gli Augei, piu lieve scote.
Sia caso o d'arte, hor accompagna, ed hora
Alterna i versi lor la Musica ora.

Spenser has two stanzas on this thought, the last of which only is an imitation of Tasso, but with finer turns of the verse, which are so artificial, that he seems to make the music he describes.

> Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound
> Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
> Such as att once might not on living ground,
> Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
> Right hard it was for wight which did it heare
> To read what manner musicke that mote bee,
> For all that pleasing is to living eare
> Was there consorted in one harmonee;
> Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree:
>
> The joyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,
> Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet;
> Th' angelicall soft trembling voyces made
> To th' instruments divine respondence meet;
> The silver-sounding instruments did meet
> With the base murmure of the water's fall;
> The water's fall, with difference discreet,
> Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
> The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

Sir Guyon and the palmer, rescuing the youth who who was held captive by Acrasia in this delightful mansion, resembles that of the two warriors recovering Rinaldo from the charms of Armida in the Italian poem.

In the Third Book, the character of Britomartis, a lady-errant, who is the heroine, and performs the chief adventure, resembles Ariosto's Bradamante, and Tasso's Clorinda; as they are all copies of the Camilla in Virgil.

Among the chief beauties in this Book, we may reckon that episode in which Britomartis goes to the cave of Merlin, and is entertained with a prophetical account of her future marriage and offspring.

This thought is remotely taken from Virgi
more immediately from Ariosto, who has repr
ed Bradamante on the like occason making a v
the tomb of Merlin, which he is forced fo
purpose to suppose to be in Gaul; where she
in like manner, in a vision, the heroes and ca
who were to be her descendents.

The story of Marinel, and that of the bi
Belphœbe and Amoret, in which the man
Ovid is well imitated, are very amusing. That
plaint against Night, at the end of Canto IV

> Night! thou foule mother of annoyaunce sad,
> Sister of heavie Death, and nourse of Woe, &c.

though it were only considered as detached
the rest, might be esteemed a very fine piece of
try. But there is nothing more entertaining i
whole book than the prospect of the garde
Adonis, which is varied from the Bower of Bl
the former book, by an agreeable mixture of
losophical fable. The figure of Time, walki
this garden, spoiling the beauty of it, and cu
down the flowers, is a very fine and signif
Allegory.

I cannot so much commend the story of
Squire of Dames, and the intrigue between Pa
and Hellenore: these passages savour too mu
the coarse and comic mixtures in Ariosto: but
mage of Jealousy, at the end of Canto X. gr
to a savage, throwing himself into a cave, an
ing there without ever shutting one eye, un

:lift just threatening to fall, is strongly d, and very poetical. There is likewise variety of fancy in drawing up and distin- g, by their proper emblems, the visionary , in the Mask of Cupid, which is one of the mbellishments of this Book.

he story of Cambel and Canace, in Book IV. uthor has taken the rise of his invention from quire's Tale in Chaucer, the greatest part of ı was lost. The battle of Cambel with the three ıren, and the sudden parting of it by that beau- . machine of the appearance of Concord, who by ıch of her wand charms down the fury of the riors, and converts them into friends, is one of most shining passages in this Legend. We may l to this the fiction concerning the girdle of Flo- nel, which is a good Allegory; as also the de- ıiption of Atè, or Discord; that of Care, working :e a smith, and living amidst the perpetual noise 'hammers; and especially the Temple of Venus, hich is adorned with a great variety of fancy. The ayer of a lover in this temple, which begins,

Great Venus! queene of beauty and of grace,

taken from Lucretius's invocation of the same ddess in the beginning of his poem, and may be ckoned one of the most elegant translations in our nguage. The continuation of the fable of Mari :l, though not so strictly to the subject of this Le :nd, gives occasion to the Poet to introduce th lmirable *episode of the marriage* of the Tham

might appear not unworthy even of Homer himself. Jupiter is alarmed, and sends Mercury to know the reason of this strife, and to bring the offender before him. How Homer-like are those lines, after he has concluded his speech among the gods?

> So having said, he ceast; and with his brow
> (His black eye-brow, whose doomefull dreaded beck
> Is wont to wield the world unto his vow,
> And even the highest powers of heaven to check)
> Made signe to them in their degrees to speake.

And afterwards;

> ---------With that he shooke
> His nectar-deawed locks, with which the skyes
> And all the world beneath for terror quooke,
> And eft his burning levin-brond in hand he tooke.

The simile, likewise, in which the gods are represented looking on Mutability with surprise,

> ---------Like a sort of steeres,
> Mongst whom some beast of strange and forraine race
> Unwares is chaunc't, far straying from his peeres, &c.

is very much in the simplicity of that old father of heroic poetry. Mutability appeals from Jupiter to Nature, before whom she obtains a hearing. The Poet on this occasion has, with a most abundant fancy, drawn out to a review the four Seasons, the Months, Day, and Night, the Hours, Life and Death; Change asserts her dominion over them all, and over the heavens themselves: all creatures are represented looking up in the face of Nature, in expectation of the sentence. The conclusion is great, and contains a noble moral; that though all things are varied, and shift their forms, they d

not perish, but return to their first beings; and that Mutability only shall be at last entirely destroyed, and the time shall come in which Change shall be no more.

I have not yet said any thing concerning Spenser's Versification, in which, though he is not always equal to himself, it may be affirmed that he is superior to all his cotemporaries, and even to those that followed him for some time, except Fairfax, the applauded translator of Tasso. In this he commendably studied the Italians, and must be allowed to have been a great improver of our English numbers: before his time music seems to have been so much a stranger to our poetry, that, excepting the Earl of Surry's Lyrics, we have very few examples of verses that had any tolerable cadence. In Chaucer there is so little of this, that many of his lines are not even restrained to a certain number of syllables. Instances of this loose verse are likewise to be found in our Author, but it is only in such places where he has purposely imitated Chaucer, as in the Second Eclogue, and some others. This great defect of harmony put the wits in Queen Elizabeth's reign upon a design of totally changing our numbers, not only by banishing rhyme, but by new-moulding our language into the feet and measures of the Latin poetry. Sir Philip Sydney was at the head of this project, and has accordingly given us some Hexameter and Pentameter verses in his Arcadia: but the experiment soon failed; and

Perhaps, too, there is a certain age r
for Pastoral writing; and though the s
should arise afterwards to greater exc
may grow less capable of this: accordi
poem called Colin Clout's Come Ho
which was written a considerable tim
find him less a shepherd than at first:
been drawn out of his retirement, had
Court, and been engaged in an employ
brought him into a variety of business an
ance, and gave him a quite different se
and though this poem is not without i
yet what I would here observe is, that
toral kind it is not so simple and unn
consequently, not so perfect, as the E
which I have perhaps given the reason.

But I am sensible that what I have m
a beauty in Spenser's Pastorals, will no
all readers, and that the simplicity wh
in them may be thought to have too m
merum rus. If our Author has erred
has at least erred on the right hand. Th
of Pastoral writing seems indeed not to
by the critics, and there is room for the
to differ in their opinions about it: those
argue for the simplicity of Pastoral, n
the very idea of this kind of writing i
sentation of a life of retirement and
made agreeable by all those pleasures
ments which the fields, the woods, and

ite: that, therefore, as the images, simi-
lusions, are to be drawn from the scene, so
ents and expressions ought no where to
: City or the Court, but to have such a
ain elegance only, as may appear proper
and characters of the persons introduced
ms; that this simplicity, skilfully drawn,
he picture more natural, and, consequent-
easing; that even the low images in such
ation are amusing, as they contribute to
reader, and make him fancy himself
ach a place, and among such persons as
ed; the pleasure in this case being like
sed by Milton of one walking out into

long in popl[illegible] pent,
[illegible] the air,
[illegible] to breathe
[illegible]

different kind, it is a wonderful amusem imagination to be sometimes transpor were, out of modern life, and to wand pleasant scenes which the Pastoral poets p us, and in which we are apt to fancy ou instated for a time in our first innocence piness.

Those who argue against the strict sir Pastoral writing, think there is somethir in the characters and sentiments of mere to support this kind of poetry, if not improved by the assistance of art; or, at we ought to distinguish between what is what is rustic, and take care that while w shepherds, we do not make them clowns: mistake to imagine that the life of shepher pable of any refinement, or that their senti not sometimes rise above the country. this, they tell us that we conceive too l of this kind of life, by taking it from tl dern shepherds, who are the meanest a sort of people among us: but in the fir the world it was otherwise; that persor and dignity honoured this employment; herds were the owners of their own fl that David was once a shepherd, who l terwards a king, and was himself, too, sublime of poets. Those who argue f kind of pastoral, recommended Theocri best model; and those who are for

Virgil, by raising it to a higher pitch,
ved it. I shall not determine this con-
but only observe that the Pastorals of
are of the former kind.

or the same reason that the language of the
l's Calendar, which is designed to be rural,
than that of his other poems. Sir Philip
however, though he commends this Work
Apology for Poetry, censures the rusticity
style as an affectation not to be allowed.
Author's professed veneration for Chaucer
led him into this; yet there is a difference
g the Pastorals, and the reader will observe,
he language of the Fifth and Eighth is more
ete than that of some others; the reason of
h might be, that the design of those two Ec-
es being Allegorical satire, he chose a more an-
ated dress, as more proper to his purpose: but
ever faulty he may be in the excess of this, it is
in that a sprinkling of the rural phrase, as it
ours the scene and characters, has a very great
ty in Pastoral poetry; and of this any one may
onvinced, by reading the Pastorals of Mr. Phi-
which are written with great delicacy of taste,
e very spirit and manner of Spenser.

aving said that Spenser has mingled satire in
e of his Eclogues, I know not whether this may
be another objection to them: it may be doubt-
whether any thing of this kind should be admitted
isturb the tranquility and pleasure which should

has represented the arts of ill courtie
scription of a good courtier, which
off by the contrary characters, it
Author had in his view Sir Philip Si
this seems to be a very just as w
picture.

There are several other pieces
which appear not unworthy of the s
pecially that admirable Epithalami
marriage; his Hymns; his Daphn
Elegies on Sir Philip Sidney: but th
to the reader's own observation, and
thing of the Sonnets, a species of po
disused, that it seems to be scarce
us at this time. Here, again, we fi
copying the Italians. The Sonnet
rally, of one thought, and that alv
a single stanza of fourteen lines, o
our Heroics, the rhyme being inte
nately; and in this it differs from
which are not confined to any num
stanzas. The famous Petrarch is the
kind of little odes, and has filled a v
them in honour of his Laura, wit
in love, as himself tells us *, for tw
and whose death he lamented, with

* Tennemi amor anni vent'uno ardendo
Lieto nel foco, e nel duol pien di speme;
Poi che Madonna, e'l mio cor seco inseme
Gaitro al Ciel, dieci altri anni piangendo,

ten years afterwards. The uncommon ardour of passion, as well as the fineness of his wit and guage, established him the master of love-poetry ng the Moderns. Accordingly we find his man- of writing copied soon after by the wits of Spain, nce, and England, and the Sonnet grown so much o fashion, that Sidney himself, who had written a at number on his beloved Stella, has pleasantly ified his cotemporaries in the following one, which, r the sprightliness of it, and the beautiful turn in s close, the reader may not be displeased to find ere inserted,

You that do search for every purling stream,
Which from the root of old Parnassus flows,
And every flower, not sweet perhaps, which grows
Near thereabouts, into your poems wring;
You that do dictionaries' method bring
Into your rhimes, running in rattling rows;
You that poor Petrarch's long-deceased woes
With new-born sighs and wit disguised sing,
You take wrong ways: those far-fetch'd helps be such
As do bewray a want of inward touch,
And sure at length stoll'n goods do come to light:
But if, both for your love and skill, your name
You seek to nurse at the full breasts of Fame,
Stella behold, and then begin to indite..

I have the rather set down the foregoing lines, because the thought they are turned upon is likewise the rule for this kind of writings, which are only recommended by their natural tenderness, simplicity, and correctness. Most of Spenser's Sonnets have this beauty. Milton has writ some, both in Italian and English, and is, I think, the last who has given us any example of them in our own language.

As for the poem called Britain's Ida, tho' it has

formerly appeared with our Author's works, and therefore now reprinted, I am apt to believe, no withstanding the opinion of its first publisher, th it is not Spenser's.

I shall only add a few words concerning the ed tion in which these several pieces now appear. is hoped the reader will find it much more corr than some former editions. The Shepherd's Cale dar had been so extremely corrupted, that it is n in a manner wholly restored. Care has been tak not only to collect every thing of this Author whi has appeared before, and to preserve the Text enti but to follow likewise, for the most part, the o spelling. This may be thought, by some, t strict and precise; yet there was a necessity for not only to shew the true state of our language, Spenser wrote it, but to keep the exact sense, whi would sometimes be changed by the variation of syllable or a letter. It must be owned, howeve that Spenser himself is irregular in this, and oft writes the same word differently, especially at t end of a line, where, according to the practice of th age, he frequently alters the spelling for the sake the rhyme, and even sometimes only to make t rhyme appear more exact to the eye of the reade In this the old editions are not every where followe but when the sense is rendered obscure by such a terations, the words are restored to their proper o thography.

Glossary *, which is here added, contains the part of the old or obscure words, some of or the satisfaction of the curious, are illus- their etymologies: yet I must observe, that ay of explaining the language of an author, need of great caution; for words are often time from their original sense, as tides from ear away their first tincture by the length of rse, and by mingling with the fresh waters in with them. Spenser's old words are of a rivation, from the Latin, Saxon, Runick, and German languages; many of these he from Chaucer, and many others are of his ing. He likewise uses the same word in dif- ses; so that it would not be sufficient to ex- n by the help of dictionaries only, without g him to be his own interpreter. The liber- taken is indeed very great, and the poetical such as lengthening or contracting words, lding or droping a syllable, (a practice he have learned from the Italians) would be nable in a writer of less merit: yet with all fections, it must be said that his diction is, nost part, strong, significant, and harmo- nd much more sublime and beautiful than any English poet who had written before

* See Advertisement, p. 92.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN this edition of Spenser's Work's, the Text
Faery Queene is printed from the 4to of 1758,
Upton, Prebendary of Rochester, and Rector o
Rissington in Gloucestershire, who informs th
in his Preface, p. 40, 41, *that he* " *Never*
" *one scheme in publishing this Poem, and th*
" *to print the Context* as the author gave it;
" *reserve for the Notes all kind of conjecture*
" *dations.—The reader will be pleased to*
" *ber, that the* spelling *is not the* Editor's,
" Poet's; *nor will he be surprised to see it*
" *ferent from his own times, if he is at all acq*
" *with our old English writers, who so*
" *consulted etymology, sometimes vulgar pr*
" *ation, and oftentimes varied from themsi*
" spelling the same word.--*Spenser was so*
" *to preserve the old spelling, that in the Er*
" *orders* renowned *to be spelt* renowmed.'
indeed this attention to Spenser's own spellin
indispensably necessary, " *not only to shew*
" *state of our language as Spenser wrote i*
" *keep the exact sense, which would somet*
" *changed by the variation of a syllable or a*
as Mr. Hughes very properly observes, Pr
12mo *eidtion, p.* 111.—*To Mr. Upton's s*
therefore, we have adhered; and, in the g
have also followed his pointing, from w

iations are made, excepting in cases where the thor's meaning and sense was either obscured or verted by the use of false points, of which many amples will be found, if the reader compares this ith the edition by Mr. Upton, or indeed any prior litions of Spenser.—The small letter after the point r full stop, when that occurs in the middle of the verse, has been rejected, and the capital letter restored, for which we have the authority of some of the folios, as well the later edition of Spenser by Hughes: the practice, indeed, is neither useful to the reader nor ornamental to the book.—In order, as far as was practicable, to preserve an equality amongst the volumes as to thickness, it was found necessary to annex the Glossary *to the eigth and last volume of this edition; and as this glossary is taken partly from that of Hughes, and partly from that of Upton, including the words omitted in either, it will be found more comprehensive, as to the number of words explained, than any former Glossary to Spenser's Works.*

Jan. 1778.

A LETTER OF THE AUTHOR'S,

Expounding his whole intention in the course of t Worke; which, for that it giueth great light to Reader, for the better understanding is hereunto a nexed.

To the Right Noble and Valorous

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNT.

Lord Wardein of the Stanneryes and her Maiest lieftenaunt of the Country of Cornewayll.

SIR, knowing how doubtfully all Allegories m be construed, and this booke of mine, which I h entituled The Faery Queene, being a continued Al gory, or darke conceit, I haue thought good, as w for auoyding of gealous opinions and misconstr tions, as also for your better light in reading there (being so by you commanded) to discouer unto y the general intention and meaning, which in the wh course thereof I have fashioned, without express of any particular purposes, or by-accidents, ther occasioned. The general end, therefore, of all booke is to fashion a gentleman or noble person vertuous and gentle discipline: which for that I co ceiued shoulde be most plausible and pleasing, be coloured with an historical fiction, the which the m part of men delight to read, rather for variety of m ter, then for profite of the ensample, I chose the h storye of King Arthure, as most fitte for the ex

. Homere, who in the persons of Agamem-
Ulysses hath ensampled a good gouenour
tuous man, the one in his Ilias, the other in
seis; then Virgil, whose like intention was
the person of Æneas; after him Ariosto
d them both in his Orlando; and lately
sseuered them again, and formed both parts
rsons, namely, that part which they in phi-
all Ethice, or Vertues of a private man, co-
nis Rinaldo; the other named Politice, in his
. By ensample of which excellente poets,
o pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king,
of a braue knight, perfected in the twelue
norall vertues, as Aristotle hath deuised;
is the purpose of these first twelue bookes:
finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps
ed to frame the other part of polliticke ver-
nis person, after that hee came to be king.
I know this methode will seem disordeynynt

is Xenophon preferred before Plato, for th
in the exquisite depth of his iudgment,
commune-wealth, such as it should be; bu
in the person of Cyrus, and the Persians,
a gouernment such as might best be: so n
profitable and gratious is doctrine by ensa
by rule. So haue I laboured to doe in the
Arthure: whom I conceiue, after his long
by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin de
be brought up, so soone as he was borne c
Igrayne, to haue seene in a dream or visio
ry Queene, with whose excellent beauty ra
awaking resolued to seeke her out; and s
Merlin armed, and by Timon throughly i
he went to seeke her forth in Faerye Lan
Faery Queene I meane Glory in my gener
on, but in my particular I conceiue the n
lent and glorious person of our soueraine t
and her kingdom in Faery Land. And y
places els, I do otherwise shadow her. Fo
ing she beareth two persons, the one of a
queene or empresse, the other of a most ve
beautifull lady, this latter part in some p
expresse in Belphœbe, fashioning her name
to your owne excellent conceipt of Cynthi
and Cynthia being both names of Diana.
person of Prince Arthure I sette forth ma
in particular, which vertue for that (accor
ristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of a
and contcineth in it them all, therefore in

urse I mention the deeds of Arthure applyable to
at vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of
xii other vertues, I make xii other knights the pa-
rones, for the more variety of the history: of which
hese three bookes contayn three.

The first of the Knight of the Red-crosse, in whom
expresse Holynes: The seconde of Sir Guyon, in
whome I sette forth Temperaunce: The third of Bri-
mmartis a lady-knight, in whome I picture Chastity.
But because the beginning of the whole work seemeth
hrupte, and as depending upon other antecedents, it
eeds that ye know the occasion of these three knights
ueerall aduentures. For the methode of a poet his-
torical is not such, as of an historiographer. For an
historiographer discourseth of affayres orderly as
hey were donne, accounting as well the times as the
ctions; but a poet thrusteth into the middest, euen
here it most concerneth him, and there recoursing
the thinges forepaste, and diuining of thinges
come, maketh a pleasing analysis of all.

The beginning therefore of my history, if it were
be told by an historiagrapher, should be the twelfth
ooke which is the last, where I deuise that the Faery
Queene kept her annual feaste xii days; uppon which
xii seuerall dayes, the occasions of the xii seueral ad-
ventures hapned, which being undertaken by xii se-
ueral knights, are in these xii books seuerally hand-
ed and discoursed. The first was this. In the
beginning of the feast, there presented himselfe a
tall clownishe younge man, who falling before the

Queene of Faeries desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feast she might not refuse; which was that hee might haue the atchieuement of any aduenture, which during that feaste should happen. That being graunted, he rested him on the floore, unfitte through his rusticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white asse, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the arms of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfe's hand. Shee falling before the Queene of Faeries, complayned that her father and mother, an ancient king and queene, had bene by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brasen castle, who thence suffered them not to yssew: and therefore besought the Faery Queene to assygne her some one of knights to take upon him that exployt. Presently that clownish person upstarting, desired that adventure: whereat the Queene much wondering, as lady much gainesaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the lady told him, that that armour which she brought would serue (that is the armour of a Christian man specified St. Paule, v. Ephes.) that he could not stand that enterprise: which being forthwith put on with dew furnitures thereunto, he seemed liest man in al that company, and was well the lady. And eftesoones taking on him hood, and mounting on that straunge went forth with her on that aduenture ginneth the first booke, viz.

entie knight was pricking on the playne, &c.

id day there came in a palmer bearing an bloody hands, whose parents he com- iue bene slayne by an enchauntresse call- : and therefore craued of the Faery ipoint him some knight to performe that vhich being assigned to Sir Guyon, he :nt forth with that same palmer: which ning of the second booke, and the whole eof. The third day there came in a o complained before the Faery Queene, ichaunter called Busirane had in hand a idy called Amoretta, whom he kept in is torment, because she would not yield iure of her body. Whereupon Sir Scu- lover of that lady presently tooke on him re. But being unable to performe it by : hard enchauntments, after long sorrow, et with Britomartis, who succoured him, d his love.

occasion hereof, many other aduentures led, but rather as accidents, then intend- he loue of Britomart, the ouerthrow of ie misery of Florimell, the vertuousness e, the lasciuiousnes of Hellenora; and ke.

uch, Sir, I haue briefly ouerronne your understanding to the wel-head tory, that from thence gathering the intention of the conceit, ye may as

in a handful gripe al the discourse, which othe wise may happily seem tedious and confused. humbly crauing the continuance of your honourat fauour towards me, and th' eternall establishme of your happines, I humbly take leaue.

23. Ian. 1589.

Yours most humbly affectionate,

ED. SPENSEI

To the most high mightie and magnificent

EMPRESSE

renowmed for pietie vertue and all gratious government

ELIZABETH

By the grace of God

QVEENE OF ENGLAND FRAVNCE

AND IRELAND AND OF VIRGINIA

Defendour of the faith &c.

Her most humble servant

EDMVND SPENSER

Doth in all humilitie

DEDICATE PRESENT AND CONSECRATE

THESE HIS LABOVRS

To live with the eternitie of her fame.

VERSES

TO THE AUTHOR OF

THE FAERY QUEENE.

A Vision upon this concept of The Faery

ME thought I saw the graue, where La
Within that temple, where the vestall fla
Was wont to burne, and passing by that
To see that buried dust of liuing fame,
Whose tumbe faire Loue, and fairer Ver
All suddeinly I saw the Faery Queene;
At whose approch the soul of Petrarke v
And from thenceforth those Graces were
For they this Queene attended, in whose
Obliuion laid him down on Laura's hers
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bl
And grones of buried ghostes the heuens
Where Homer's spright did tremble all f
And curst th' accesse of that celestial the

ANOTHER OF THE SAME

THE prayse of meaner wits this Worke
brings,
As doth the cuckoe's song delight when
If thou hast formed right true Vertue's f
Vertue herselfe can best discerne, to w
written bin.

If thou hast beautie praysd, let her sole lookes diuine
Iudge ought therein be amis, and mend it by her eine.
If chastitie want ought, or temperaunce her dew,
Behold her princely mind aright, and write thy Queene anew.
Mean while she shall perceiue how far her vertues [sore
Aboue the reach of all that liue, or such as wrote of yore;
And thereby will excuse and fauour thy good will
Whose vertue cannot be exprest, but by an angel's quill.
Of me no lines are lou'd, nor letters are of price,
Of all which speak our English tongue, but those of thy deuice.

TO THE LEARNED SHEPHEARD.

COLLYN, I see by thy new taken taske,
Some sacred fury hath enricht thy braynes,
That leades thy Muse in haughty verse to maske,
And loath the layes that long to lowly swaynes;
That lifts thy notes from shepheards unto kinges,
So like the liuely lark that mounting singes.

Thy louely Rosalinde seemes now forlorne,
And all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight,
Thy chaunged hart now holdes thy pypes in scorne,
Those prety pypes that did thy mates delight;
Those trusty mates, that loued thee so well,
Whom thou gau'st mirth, as they gaue thee the bell.

Yet as thou earst with thy sweet roundelayes,
Didst stirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers,
So moughtst thou now in these refyned layes,
Delight the daintie eares of higher powers;
And so mought they, in their deep scanning skill,
Alow and grace our Collyn's flowing quill.

And faire befall that Faery Queene of thine,
In whose faire eyes Loue linckt with Vertue sittes,
Enfusing by those bewties fyers deuine
Such high conceits into thy humble wittes,
As raised hath poore pastors oaten reedes.
From rustic tunes, to chaunt heroique deedes.

So mought thy Red-crosse knight with happy hand
Victorious be in that faire island's right,
Which thou dost vayle in type of Faery Land,
Eliza's blessed field, that Albion hight; [foes,
That shields her friendes, and warres her mightie
Yet still with people, peace, and plentie, flowes.

But (iolly Shepeheard) though with pleasing style
Thou feast the humour of the courtly trayne,
Let not conceipt thy setled sence beguile,
Ne daunted be through enuy or disdaine:
Subject thy dome to her empyring spright,
From whence thy Muse and all the world takes light.

HOBYNOLL.

Thamis streame, that from Ludd's stately
aying tribute to the ocean seas, [towne,
hy Nymphes and Syrens of renowne
, whyle this Bryttane Orpheus playes:
sweet bankes there liues that sacred crowne,
hand strowes palme and neuer-dying bayes;
it once with thy soft murmuring sowne
her with this worthy poet's prayes;
ıath taught hye drifts in shepherdes weedes,
pe conceites now singes in Faeries deedes.

R. S.

Muses march in triumph and with prayses,
desse here hath giuen you leaue to land,
ldes this rare dispenser of your graces
wne his brow unto her sacred hand.
findes dew in that most princely doome,
ie sweete breast are all the Muses bredde;
hat great Augustus erst in Roome
aues of fame adorne his poet's hedde.
the guerdon of your Faery Queene,
the fairest that the world hath seene.

H. B.

stout Achilles heard of Helen's rape
ıat reuenge the states of Greece deuisd,
ıg by sleight the fatall warres to scape,
an's weedes himselfe he then disguisde;
deuise Ulysses soon did spy,
ıught him forth the chaunce of warre to try.

When Spenser saw the fame was spredd so lar
Through Faery Land of their renowned Queen
Loth that his Muse should take so great a cha
As in such haughty matter to be seene,
To seeme a shepeheard then he made his choic
But Sidney heard him sing, and knew his voic

And as Ulysses brought faire Thetis sonne
From his retyred life to menage armies;
So Spenser was by Sidney's speaches wonne,
To blaze her fame, not fearing future harmes;
For well he knew his Muse would soone be ty
In her high praise, that all the world admired.

Yet as Achilles in those warlike frayes
Did win the palme from all the Grecian peere
So Spenser now, to his immortal prayse,
Hath wonne the laurell quite from all his feres
What though his taske exceed a humaine witt,
He is excused, sith Sidney thought it fitt.

W

To looke upon a worke of rare deuise,
The which a workman setteth out to view,
And not to yield it the deserued prise,
That unto such a workmanship is dew,
Doth either prove the iudgment to be naught,
Or else doth shew a mind with enuy fraught.

, whereto the p
ow the goodness of the wyne,
the hoast to have a synge.

ew my iudgment to be such
. of colours blacke and white,
my minde from enuie's tuch,
es to any man his right,
ce this workmanship is such,
n can set it forth too much.

hang a garland at the dore,
hew the goodness of the ware,
ath beene the custome herctofore;
nes very hardly broken are:
. your tast shall tell you this is trew,
ce you giue your hoast his utmost dew.

IGNOTO.

SONNETS

SENT WITH

THE FAERY QUEENE

To several persons of Quality by the Author.

To the right honourable Sir Christopher Hatton, Lor
High Chancellor of England, &c.

THOSE prudent heads that with their counsels wis
Whylom the pillours of th' earth did sustain,
And taught ambitious Rome to tyrannise,
And in the neck of all the world to rayne,
Oft from those graue affaires were wont abstaine,
With the sweet lady Muses for to play:
So Ennius, the elder Africane,
So Maro oft did Cæsar's cares allay:
So you great Lord, that with your counsell sway
The burdeine of this kingdom mightily,
With like delightes sometimes may eke delay
The rugged brow of carefull Policy;
And to these ydle rymes lend little space,
Which for their title's sake may find more grace.

E. S

To the right honourable the Lord Burleigh, Lord Hig
Threasurer of England.

TO you, right noble Lord, whose carefull brest
To menage of most grave affaires is bent,
And on whose mightie shoulders most doth rest
The burdein of this kingdomes gouernment

compasse of the firmament
ghty shoulders is vpstayd;
se ydle rimes present,
lost time, and wit unstayd:
leeper sence be inly wayd,
vele, with which from commune vew
arts are hid, aside be layd,
raine they may appeare to you.
be, vouchsafe them to receaue,
ir faults out of your censure graue.

E. S.

onourable the Earl of Oxenford, Lord Chamberlayne of England, &c.

nost noble Lord, in gentle gree
ruit of an vnready wit,
y countenaunce doth craue to bee
m foule enuie's poisnous bit;
doe may thee right well befit,
ue glory of thine auncestry
y vele is therein writ,
e owne long liuing memory,
hem in true nobility;
the loue which thou doest beare
onian ymps, and they to thee;
nee, and thou to them most deare;
u art vnto thy selfe; so loue
nd honours thee, as doth behove.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Earle of Northumb

THE sacred Muses haue made alwaies clam
To be the nourses of nobility,
And registres of euerlasting fame,
To all that arms professe and cheualry;
Then by like right the noble progeny,
Which them succeed in fame and worth, an
T' embrace the seruice of sweete Poetry,
By whose endeauours they are glorifide;
And eke from all, of whom it is enuide,
To patronize the author of their praise,
Which gives them life, that els would soone hav
And crownes their ashes with immortall bai
To thée therefore, right noble Lord, I send
This present of my pains, it to defend.

To the right honourable the Earle of Cumber

REDOUBTED Lord, in whose corageous mi
The flowre of cheualry, now bloosming fair
Doth promise fruite worthy the noble kind,
Which of their praises haue left you the hai
To you this humble present I prepare,
For loue of vertue and of martiall praise,
To which though nobly ye inclined are,
As goodlie well ye shew'd in late assaies,
Yet brave ensample of long passed daies,

In which trew honor yee may fashiond see,
To like desire of honour may ye raise,
And fill your mind with magnanimitee.
Receiue it, Lord, therefore as it was ment,
For honour of your name and high descent.

E. S.

To the most honourable and excellent Lord, the Earl of Essex, Great Maister of the Horse to her Highnesse, and Knight of the noble Order of the Garter, &c.

MAGNIFICKE Lord, whose vertues excellent
Doe merit a most famous poet's witt
To be thy liuing praises instrument,
Yet doe not sdeigne to let thy name be writt
In this base Poem, for thee far vnfitt;
Nought is thy worth disparaged thereby:
But when my Muse, whose fethers, nothing flitt,
Doe yet but flagg, and lowly learne to fly,
With bolder wing shall dare alofte to sty
To the last praises of the Faery Queene,
Then shall it make more famous memory
Of thine heroicke parts, such as they beene:
Till then vouchsafe thy noble countenance
To these first labours needed furtherance.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Earle of Ormond and Os

RECEIUE, most noble Lord, a simple taste
Of the wilde fruit which saluage soyl hath br
Which being through long ware left almost w
With brutish barbarisme is overspredd,
And in so faire a land as may be redd,
Not one Parnassus, nor one Helicone
Left for sweete Muses to be harboured,
But where thy selfe hast thy brave mansione;
There indeede dwel faire Graces many one,
And gentle Nymphes, delights of learned wits,
And in thy person without paragone
All goodly bountie and true honour sits.
Such therefore, as that wasted soyl doth yield,
Receiue, dear Lord, in worth the fruit of barren fi
E

To the right honourable the Lord Ch. Howard, l H:gh Admiral of England, Knight of the noble der of the Garter, and one of her Maiestie's pr Counsel, &c.

AND ye, braue Lord, whose goodly personag
And noble deeds, each other garnishing,
Make you ensample to the present age
Of th' old heroës, whose famous offspring
The antique poets wont so much to sing,
In this same pageaunt have a worthy place,
Sith those huge castles of Castilian king,

inly threatned kingdomes to displace,
ing doves, ye did before you chace;
proud people, woxen insolent
many victories, did first deface.
ise's euerlasting monument
verse engrauen semblably,
may line to all posterity.

E. S.

ight honourable the Lord of Hunsdon, High Chamberlaine to her Majesty.

'NED Lord, that for your worthinesse
le deeds haue your deserued place
the fauour of that Emperesse,
id's sole glory and her sexes grace;
of right haue you a worthie place,
your neerness to that Faerie Queene,
your owne high merit in like cace;
h apparaunt proofe was to be seene,
at tumultuous rage and fearfull deene
erne rebels ye did pacify,
ir disloiall powre defaced clene,
rd of enduring memory.
rd, for euer in this lasting verse,
posteritie thy honour may reherse.

E. S.

To the most renowmed and valiant lord, the Grey of Wilton, Knight of the noble Order Garter, &c.

MOST noble Lord, the pillor of my life,
And patron of my Muse's pupillage,
Through whose large bountie poured on me rif
In the first season of my feeble age,
I now doe liue, bound your's by vassalage:
Sith nothing euer may redeeme, nor reaue
Out of your endlesse debt so sure a gage,
Vouchsafe in worth this small guift to receaue,
Which in your noble hands for pledge I leaue
Of all the rest that I am tyde t'account;
Rude rymes, the which a rustic Muse did weau
In savadge soyle, far from Parnasso mount,
And roughly wrought in an vnlearned loome:
The which vouchsafe, dear Lord, your favour
doome. E.

To the right honourable the Lord of Buckhurst, one her Maiestie's priuie Counsell.

IN vain I think, right honourable Lord,
By this rude ryme to memorize thy name,
Whose learned Muse hath writ her own record
In golden verse, worthy immortal fame:
Thou much more fit (were leasure to the same)
Thy gracious souerain praises to compile,
And her imperiall maiestie to frame,
In loftie numbers and heroicke stile.
But sith thou mayst not so, giue leaue a while

s power therein to spend,
defaults thy daintie pen may file,
ı ouersights amend:
vouchsafe it to maintaine
Zoilus backbitings vaine.

E. S.

onourable Sir Fr. Walsingham Knight, Secretary to her Maiesty, and of her boriuy Counsell.

ntuane poet's incompared spirit,
and now is set in highest place,
lecenas, for his worthy merit,
aunst to great Augustus grace,
g perhaps haue lien in silence bace,
o much admir'd of later age.
y Muse, that learns like steps to trace,
ike aide unto your patronage,
the great Mecenas of this age,
al that ciuel artes professe
that are inspir'd with martial rage,
es protection of her feeblenesse;
ye yield, perhaps ye may her rayse
tunes to sound your liuing praise.

E. S.

t noble lord and most valiant capsain, Sir rris Knight, Lord President of Mounster.

er gave more honourable prize
eet Muse hen did the martiall crew,

That their brave deeds she might immortalize
In her shrill trompp, and resound their praises do
Who then ought more to fauour her, then you
Most noble Lord, the honor of this age,
And precedent of all that armes auow?
Whose warlike prowesse and manly courage,
Tempred with reason and aduisement sage,
Hath fild sad Belgicke with victorious spoile,
In Fraunce and Ireland left a famous gage,
And lately shakt the Lusitanian soile?
Sith then each where thou hast dispredd thy fa
Loue him that hath eternized your name.

E

To the right noble and valorous knight Sir Walter leigh, Lord Wardein of the Stanneryes, and Li naunt of Cornewaile.

To thee, that art the sommer's nightingale,
Thy soueraine goddesses most deare delight,
Why doe I send this rusticke madrigale,
That may thy tunefull eare unseason quite?
Thou onely fit this argument to write,
In whose high thoughts Pleasure hath built her bo
And dainty Love learnd sweetly to endite.
My rimes I know unsauory and sowre,
To taste the streames, that like a golden show
Flow from thy fruitfull head, of thy loue's pra
Fitter perhaps to thonder martiall stowre,
When so thee list thy lofty Muse to raise:

that thou thy poeme wilt make knowne,
faire Cinthia's praises be thus rudely showne.
E. S.

ight honourable and most vertuous lady, the Countesse of Pembroke.

ISBRAUNCE of that most heroicke spirit,
mens pride, the glory of our daies,
now triumpheth through immortall merit
raue vertues, crowned with lasting baies,
nlie bliss and euerlasting praies;
st my Muse did lift out of the flore,
his sweet delights in lowlie lais,
, most noble Lady, to adore
dly image, liuing euermore
iuine resemblaunce of your face,
with your vertues ye embellish more,
iue beauty deck with heuenlie grace:
and for your own especial sake,
fe from him this token in good worth to take.
E. S.

vost vertuous and beautiful lady, the Lady Carew.

r I, without blot of endlesse blame,
irest Lady, leaue out of this place,
remembraunce of your gracious name,
ith that courtly garlond most ye grace,

And deck the world, adorne these ver
Not that these few lines can in them c
Those glorious ornaments of heauen
Wherewith ye triumph ouer feeble ey
And in subdued harts do tyrannise;
For thereunto doth need a golden qu
And siluer leaues, them righte to deu
But to make humble present of good
Which, when as timely meanes it pu
In ampler wise itselfe will forth displ

To all the gratious and beautifull Ladie

THE Chian peincter, when he was r
To pourtraict Venus in her perfect h
To make his worke more absolute, d
Of all the fairest maides to haue the v
Much more me needs to draw the sen
Of Beautie's Queene, the world's sol
To sharpe my sence with sundry bea
And steale from each some part of or
If all the world to seeke I ouerwent,
A fairer crew yet no where could I se
Then that braue Court doth to mine e
That the world's pride seems gathered
Of each a part I stole by cunning the
Forgiue it me, fair Dames! sith lesse ye

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I.

Containing

The Legend of the Knight of the Red-crosse, or of Holinesse.

I.

Lo I, the man whose Muse whylome did maske
As time her taught, in lowly shepheards weeds,
Am now enforst a farre unfitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine oaten reeds,
And sing of knights and ladies gentle deeds,
Whose praises having slept in silence long,
Me all too meane the sacred Muse areeds
To blazon broade emongst her learned throng:
Fierce warres and faithful loves shall moralize my [song.

II.

Help then, O holy Virgin! chiefe of Nyne,
Thy weaker novice to perform thy will;
Say forth out of thine everlasting scryne
The antique rolles which there lye hidden still,
Of Faerie knights and fayrest Tanaquill,
Whom that most noble Briton prince so long
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong: [tong.
O helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull

III.

And thou, most dreaded impe of highest Jove,
Faire Venus' sonne, that with thy cruell dart
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart,
Lay now thy deadly heben bowe apart,
And with thy mother mylde come to mine ayde;
Come both, and with you bring triumphant Mart,
In loves and gentle jollities arraid,
After his murdrous spoyles and bloodie rage allayd.

IV.

And with them eke, O Goddesse heavenly bright,
Mirrour of grace and majestie divine,
Great Ladie of the greatest Isle, whose light [shine
Like Phœbus' lampe throughout the world dei
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
And raise my thoughtes, too humble and too vile
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted stile;
The which to hear vouchsafe, O dearest dread
a while.

BOOK I. CANTO I.

The patron of true Holinesse
Foule Errour doth defeat;
Hypocrisie, him to entrappe,
Doth to his home entreate.

I.

LE knight was pricking on the plaine,
ı mightie armes and silver shielde,
old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
d markes of many' a bloody fielde;
s till that time did he never wield:
y steede did chide his foaming bitt,
ı disdayning to the curbe to yield:
knight he seem'd, and faire did sitt,
or knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

II.

his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,
e remembrance of his dying Lord,
se sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
d, as living, ever him ador'd:
s shield the like was also scor'd,
raine hope, which in his helpe he had.
aithfull, true he was in deed and word;
is cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
ning did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

III.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest glorious Queene of Faery Lo
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to h
Which of all earthly thinges he most did cra
And ever, as he rode, his hart did earne
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stearne.

IV.

A lovely ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly asse more white then snow;
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low;
And over all a blacke stole shee did throw,
As one that inly mournd: so was she sad,
And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had;
And by her in a line a milke-white lambe she

V.

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuos lore,
And by descent from royall lynage came
Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of y
Their scepters strecht from east to westerne s
And all the world in their subjection held,
Till that infernal feend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld;
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far

VI.

hind her farre away a dwarfe did lag,
hat lasie seemd, in being ever last,
r wearied with bearing of her bag
f needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
he day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
nd angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
id poure into his leman's lap so fast,
hat everie wight to shrowd it did constrain;
nd this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were [fain.

VII.

nforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
shadie grove not farr away they spide,
hat promist ayde the tempest to withstand,
hose loftie trees, yclad with sommer's pride,
id spred so broad, that heaven's light did hide,
ot perceable with power of any starr;
nd all within were pathes and alleies wide,
ith footing worne, and leading inward farre:
aire harbour that them seems, so in they entred arre.

VIII.

nd foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
ying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
hich therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
emd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
uch can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
he sayling pine, the cedar proud and tall,
he vine-propp elme, the poplar never dry,
he builder oake, sole king of forrests all,
he aspine, good for staves, the cypresse funerall,

IX.

The laurell, meed of mightie conquerours
And poets sage, the firre that weepeth still,
The willow, worne of forlorne paramours,
The eugh, obedient to the bender's will,
The birch for shaftes, the sallow for the mill
The mirrhe swette-bleeding in the bitter wou
The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,
The fruitfull olive, and the platane round,
The carver holme, the maple, seeldom inward s

X.

Led with delight they thus beguile the way,
Untill the blustring storme is overblowne;
When weening to returne, whence they did s
They cannot finde that path, which first was sh
But wander too and fro in waies unknowne
Furthest from end then, when they neerest we
That makes them doubt their wits be not their
So many pathes, so many turnings seene, [t
That which of them to take in diverse doub

XI.

At last resolving forward still to fare,
Till that some end they find, or in or out,
That path they take that beaten seemd most b
And like to lead the labyrinth about;
Which when by tract they hunted had throu
At length it brought them to a hollowe cave
Amid the thickest woods. The champion st
Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brav
And to the dwarfe a while his needless spere he

XII.

Be well aware," quoth then that ladie milde,
Lest suddaine mischiefe ye too rash provoke:
The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
Breedes dreadfull doubts: oft fire is without smoke,
And perili without show: therefore your stroke,
Sir Knight, with-hold, till further tryall made."
'Ah, Ladie," sayd he, "shame were to revoke
'The forward footing for an hidden shade:
'Vertue gives herself light through darknesse for [to wade.

XIII.

'Yea but," quoth she, "the peril of this place
'I better wot then you, though nowe too late
'To wish you backe returne with foul disgrace;
'Yet wisedome warnes, whilest foot is in the gate,
'To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.
'This is the Wandring Wood, the Errour's den,
'A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
'Therefore I read beware." "Fly, fly," quoth then
The fearefull dwarfe; "this is no place for living [men."

XIV.

But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthful knight could not for ought be staide,
But forth unto the darksom hole he went,
And looked in: his glistring armor made
A little glooming light, much like a shade,
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th' other halfe did woman's shape retaine,
Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine,

XV.

And as she lay upon the durtie ground,
Her huge long taile her den all overspred,
Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,
Pointed with mortall sting: of her there bred
A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
Sucking upon her poisonous dugs; each one
Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill-favored:
Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

XVI.

There dam upstart out of her den effraide,
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
About her cursed head, whose folds displaid,
Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile.
She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle,
Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe;
For light she hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in desert darkness to remaine,
Where plain none might her see, nor she see anyplai

XVII.

Which when the valiant elfe perceiv'd, he lept
As lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
From turning backe, and forced her to stay:
Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce, her speckled taile advau
Threatning her angrie sting him to dismay
Who nought aghast his mightie hand enha
The stroke down from her head unto her

glaunst.

XVIII.

ıted with that dint her sence was dazd,
ıg rage, herselfe she gathered round,
:once her beastlie bodie raizd
led forces high above the ground:
ing up her wrethed sterne arownd,
upon his shield, and her huge traine
ly about his body wound,
or foot to stirr he strove in vaine.
the man so wrapt in Errour's endlesse [traine.

XIX.

ıd to see his sore constraint, [bee;
" Now, now, Sir Knight, shew what ye
ı unto your force, and be not faint:
her, els she sure will strangle thee."
he heard, in great perplexitie,
l grate for griefe and high disdaine,
ıg all his force, got one hand free,
he grypt her gorge with so great paine,
to loose her wicked bands did her con- [straine.

XX.

he spewd out of her filthie maw
ɔoyson horrible and blacke,
t lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
ck so vildly, that it forst him slacke
ɜ hold, and from her turne him backe:
ull of bookes and papers was,
ɣ frogs and toads, which eyes did lacke,
g sought way in the weedy gras:
ırbreake all the place defiled has.

XXI.

As when old Father Nilus gins to swell
With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale,
His fattie waves doe fertile slime outwell,
And overflow each plaine and lowly dale;
But when his later spring gins to avale,
Huge heaps of mudd he leaves, wherein there l
Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly ma
And partly femall, of his fruitful seed:
Such ugly monstrous shapes elswhere may

XXII.

The same so sore annoyed has the knigh
That wel-nigh choked with the deadly sti
His foeces faile, ne can no lenger fight.
Whose corage when the feend perceivd
She poured forth out of her hellish sin
Her fruitful cursed spawne of serpent
Deformed monsters, fowle, and black
Which swarming all about his legs
And him encombred sore, but could

XXIII.

A gentle shepheard in sweete ever
When ruddy Phœbus gins to wel
High on an hill, his flocke to ve
Markes which doe byte their ha
A cloud of cumbrous gnattes d
All striving to infixe their feel
That from their noyance he n
But with his clownish hands
He brusheth oft, and oft doth

XXIV.

bestedd, and fearfull more of shame
the certeine perill he stood in,
ious unto his foe he came,
in minde all suddenly to win,
to lose, before he once would lin)
ke at her with more than manly force;
n her body, full of filthie sin,
er hatefull heade without remorse:
: of cole-black blood forth from her corse.

XXV.

red brood, soone as their parent deare
r so rudely falling to the ground,
full deadly all with troublous feare,
themselves about her body round,
their wonted entrance to have found.
ide mouth; but being there withstood,
:ked all about her bleeding wound,
:ed up their dying mother's bloud,
ıer death their life, and eke her hurt their [good.

XXVI.

stable sight him much amazd,
unkindly impes of heaven accurst
their dam; on whom while so he gazd,
ll satisfide their bloudy thurst,
lies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst,
'els gushing forth: well worthy end
as drunke her life, the which them nurst.
eth him no lenger labour spend, [contend.
ave slaine themselves, with whom he should

XXVII.

His lady, seeing all that chaunst from farre,
Approcht in hast to greet his victorie,
And saide, "Faire Knight, borne under happie starre,
" Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye,
" Well worthie be you of that armory,
" Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day,
" And proov'd your strength on a strong enimie,
" Your first adventure: many such I pray,
" And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it [may."

XXVIII.

Then mounted he upon his steede againe,
And with the lady backward sought to wend;
That path he kept which beaten was most plaine,
Ne ever would to any by-way bend;
But still did follow one unto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought:
So forward on his way (with God to frend)
He passed forth, and new adventure sought;
Long way he traveiled before he heard of ough

XXIX.

At length they chaunst to meet upon the wa
An aged sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray
And by his belt his booke he hanging had
Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly
Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad
And all the way he prayed as he went,
And often knockt his brest, as one tha

XXX.

ne the knight saluted, louting low,
faire him quited, as that courteous was;
after asked him, if he did know
straunge adventures which abroad did pas?
"my dear Sonne," quoth he, "how should, alas!
y old man, that lives in hidden cell,
lding his beades all day for his trespas,
dings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
th holy father fits not with such thinges to [mell.

XXXI.

: if of daunger, which hereby doth dwell,
d home-bredd evil, ye desire to heare,
a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
at wasteth all this countrie farre and neare."
such," said he, "I chiefly doe inquere;
d shall thee well rewarde to shew the place
which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare;
· to all knighthood it is foule disgrace
at such a cursed creature lives so long a space."

XXXII.

· hence," quoth he, "in wastfull wildernesse
ı dwelling is, by which no living wight
ıy ever passe, but thorough great distresse."
w," saide the ladie, "draweth toward night;
ıd well I wote, that of your later fight
all forwearied be: for what so strong,
t wanting rest will also want of might?
ıe sunne, that measures heaven all day long,
night doth baite his steedes the ocean waves
emong.

XXXIII.

Then with the sunne take, Sir, your timely rest,
And with new day new worke at once begin:
Untroubled night, they say, gives counsell best."
"Right well, Sir Knight, ye have advised bin,"
Quoth then that aged man; "the way to win
"Is wisely to advise. Now day is spent,
"Therefore with me ye may take up your in [tent;
"For this same night." The Knight was well con-
So with that godly father to his home they went.

XXXIV.

A little lowly hermitage it was,
Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
Far from resort of people that did pas
In traveill to and froe: a little wyde
There was an holy chappell edifyde,
Wherein the hermite dewly wont to say
His holy things each morne and eventyde;
Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

XXXV.

Arrived there, the little house they fill,
Ne looke for entertainement where none was;
Rest is their feast, and all thinges at their w
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With faire discourse the evening so they pa
For that olde man of pleasing wordes had
And well could file his tongue, as smooth
He told of saintes and popes, and everm
He strowd an Ave-Mary after and befo

gings then his guestes he riddes;
ll drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
ie goes, and there, amiddes
ookes, and artes of sundrie kindes,
ighty charmes to trouble sleepy mindes.

XXXVII.

ɜ out few words most horrible,
n read) thereof did verses frame,
and other spelles like terrible,
: blacke Plutoe's griesly dame;
Ieven, and spake reproachful shame
ɔd, the Lord of life and light.
ıan, that dar'd to call by name
ı, prince of darknes and dead night,
ytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

XXXVIII.

cald, out of deepe darknes dredd,
rights, the which, like litle flyes,

XXXIX.

He making speedy way through spessat ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deep,
To Morpheus' house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peep,
His dwelling is, there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
In silver deaw, his ever-drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spread.

XL.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnisht yvory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enimy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleepe.
By them the sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deep
In drowsie fit he findes; of nothing he takes keep.

XLI.

And more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling down
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sound
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne.
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard; but carelesse Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternal silence farre from enimyes.

XLII.

nger approching to him spake,
aste wordes retourned to him in vaine;
he slept, that nought mought him awake.
ely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,
he gan to streth; but he againe
im so hard, that forced him to speake.
hen in a dreame, whose dryer braine
ith troubled sights and fancies weake,
led soft, but would not all his silence breake.

XLIII.

e then gan more boldly him to wake,
atened unto him the dreaded name
e; whereat he gan to quake,
ng up his lompish head, with blame
rie, asked him, for what he came?
r," quoth he, "me Archimago sent,
at the stubborne sprites can wisely tame,
ls thee to him send for his intent
false Dreame, that can delude the sleepers.

XLIV. [sent."

obayde; and calling forth straight way
e Dreame out of his prison darke,
d it to him, and downe did lay
ie head, devoid of careful carke,
ences all were straight benumbd and starke.
e returning by the yvorie dore,
ted up as light as chearefull larke,
his little winges the Dreame he bore
unto his lord, where he him left afore;

XLV.

no all this while, with charmes and hidden ar
nd made a lady of that other spright,
nd fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes,
o lively, and so like in all mens sight,
That weaker sence it could have ravisht quight:
The maker selfe, for all his wondrous wit,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly slight.
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for Una

XLVI.

Now when that ydle Dreame was to him brought
Unto that elfin knight he bad him fly,
Where he slept soundly, void of evil thought,
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
In sort as he him schooled privily:
And that new creature, borne without her dev
Full of the maker's guyle, with usage sly
He taught to imitate that lady trew,
Whose semblance she did carrie under feigned

XLVII.

Thus well instructed to their worke they h
And comming where the knight in slombe
The one upon his hardie head him plaste
And made him dreame of loves and lustfu
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
Bathed in wanton blis and wicked joy:
Then seemed him his lady by him lay,
And to him playnd, how that false win
Her chaste hart had subdewd to learne I
sure's toy.

XLVIII.

xselfe, of beautie soveraigne queene,
ıs, seemde unto his bed to bring
ı he waking evermore did weepe
chastest flowre that aye did spring
braunch, the daughter of a king,
ıe leman to vile service bound:
he Graces seemed all to sing,
Hymen, dauncing all around;
shest Flora her with yvie girlond crownd.

XLIX.

:at passion of unwonted lust,
l feare of doing ought amiss,
up, as seeming to mistrust
et ill, or hidden foe of his;
ɔefore his face his ladie is,
cke stole hyding her bayted hooke;
alf blushing offred him to kis,
tle blandishment and lovely looke,
that virgin true which for her knight him [tooke.

L.

e dismayd to see so uncouth sight,
e enraged at her shamelesse guise,
ht have slaine her in his fierce despight;
e heat tempring with sufferance wise,
: his hand, and gan himselfe advise
his sense, and tempt her feigned truth.
g her hande in wemens pitteous wise,
she weepe, to stirre up gentle ruth
her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

LI.

And sayd, "Ah! Sir, my liege lord, and my l
" Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate,
" And mightie causes wrought in heaven abov
" Or the blind god, that doth me thus amate,
" For hoped love to winne me certaine hate?
" Yet thus perforce he bids me do or die.
" Die is my dew; yet rew my wretched state
" You, whom my hard avenging destinie
" Hath made judge of my life or death indifferen

LII.

" Your owne deare sake forst me at first to lea
" My father's kingdom," there she stopt with tea
Her swollen hart her speech seemd to bereave:
And then againe begun, " My weaker yeares,
" Captiv'd to fortune and frayle worldly feare
" Fly to your fayth for succour and ayd
" Let me not die in langour and long tears." [m
" Why, dame," quoth he, "what hath ye thu
" What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort n

LIII. [fra

" Love of yourselfe," she saide, "and deare con
" Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie n
" In secret anguish and unpittied plaint,
" Whiles you in carelesse sleepe, are drowned q
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted l
Suspect her truth; yet since no' untruth he
Her fawning love with foule disdainefull spi
He would not shend, but said, " Deare dam
" That for my sake nnknowne such griefe

grew.

LIV.

your selfe, it fell not all to ground:
so deare as life is to my hart,
your love, and hold me to you bound:
'aine fears procure your needlesse smart,
:ause is none; but to your rest depart."
ntent, yet seemed she to appease
ıefull plaintes, beguiled of her art,
ith words, that could not chose but please:
softly forth she turnd as to her ease.

LV.

· lay he musing at her mood,
:v'd to thinke that gentle dame so light,
defence he was to shed his blood.
ıll wearines of former fight
ockt asleep his irkesome spright,
ɔlous Dreame gan freshly tosse his braine
ıres, and beds, and ladies deare delight:
he saw his labour all was vaine,
nisformed spright he bake returnd againe.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO II.

The guileful great enchaunter parts
The Redcrosse knight from Truth;
In whose stead faire Falshood steps,
And workes him woefull ruth.

I

By this the northerne wagoner had set
His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre,
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
To all that in the wide deepe wandring arre:
And chearfull chaunticlere with his note shrill
Had warned once, that Phœbus' fiery carre
In hast was climbing up the easterne hill,
Full enyious that Night so long his roome did fill

II.

When those accursed messenger of hell,
That feigning Dreame, and that faire-forged sprig
Came to their wicked maister, and gan tell
Their bootelesse paines, and ill-succeeding nigh
Who all in rage to see his skilfull might
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine,
And sad Proserpine's wrath, them to affright:
But when he saw his threatening was but vaine
He cast about, and searcht his baleful bokes agai

III.

he tooke that miscreated faire,
alse other spright, on whom he spred
: body of the subtile aire,
ng squire, in loves and lustyhed
n daies that ever loosely led,
egard of armes and dreaded fight:
he tooke, and in a secrete bed,
ith darknes and misdeeming night,
ı together laid, to joy in vaine delight.

IV.

he runnes with feigned-faithfull hast
uest, who after troublous sights
ıes gan now to take more sound repast;
ldenly he wakes with fearful frights,
hast with feends or damned sprights,
n calls, "Rise, rise,, unhappy swaine,
e wex old in sleepe, whiles wicked wights
it themselves in Venus' shameful chaine:
e where your false lady doth her honor [staine."

V.

ıze he suddenly up start
d in hand, and with the old man went;
e him brought into a secret part,
t false couple were full closely ment
lust and leud embracement:
en he saw, he burnt with gealous fire;
Reason was with rage yblent,
d have slaine them in his furious ire,
was restreined of that aged sire.

VI.

Retourning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguish of his guilty sight,
He could not rest, but did his stout heart eat,
And wast his inward gall with deepe despight,
Yrkesome of life, and too long lingring night.
At last faire Hesperus in highest skie [light
Had spent his lampe, and brought forth dawnin
Then up he rose, and clad him hastily;
The dwarfe him brought his steed; so both away do

VII.

Now when the rosy-fingred Morning faire,
Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,
Had spread her purple robe through deawy ai
And the high hils Titan discovered,
The royall virgin shooke off drousyhed,
And rising forth out of her baser bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was f
And for her dwarfe, that wont to wait eacl
Then gan she wail and weepe to see that woef

VIII.

And after him she rode with so much sp
As her slowe beast could make; but all
For him so far had borne his light-foot
Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce dis
That him to follow was but fruitlesse
Yet she her weary limbes would neve
But every hil and dale, each wood ar
Did search, sore grieved in her gentl
He so ungently left her, whome sh

IX.

But subtill Archimago, when his guests
He saw divided into double parts,
And Una wandring in woods and forrests,
(Th' end of his drift) he praisd his divelish arts,
That had such might over true-meaning harts:
Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,
How he may worke unto her further smarts
For her he hated as the hissing snake,
And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

X.

He then devisde himselfe how to disguise;
For by his mighty science he could take
As many formes and shapes in seeming wise
As ever Proteus to himselfe could make:
Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell;
That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake,
And oft would flie away. O who can tell
The hidden powre of herbes, and might of magick [spell?

XI.

But now seemde best the person to put on
Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest.
In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
And silver shield; upon his coward brest
A bloody crosse, and on hes craven crest
A bounch of heares discoloured diversly.
Full iolly knight he seemde, and well addrest;
And when he sate uppon his courser free, [be.
Saint George himselfe ye would have deemed him to

XII.

But he, the knight whose semblaunt he did
The true Saint George, was wandred far aw
Still flying from his thoughts and gealous fe
Will was his guide, and griefe led him astra
At last him chaunst to meete upon the way
A faithless Sarazin, all armde to point,
In whose great shield was writ with letters g
Sansfoy: full large of limbe and every ioint
He was, and cared not for God or man a p

XIII.

Hee had a faire companion of his way,
A goodly lady clad in scarlot red,
Purfled with gold and pearle of rich assay,
And like a Persian mitre on her hed
Shee wore, with crowns and owches garnish
The which her lavish lovers to her gave:
Her wanton palfrey all was overspred
With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave
Whose bridle rung with golden bels and boss

XIV.

With faire disport, and courting dalliaun
She intertainde her lover all the way;
But when she saw the knight his speare
Shee soone left off her mirth and wanto
And bad her knight addresse him to th
His foe was nigh at hand. He, prickte
And hope to winne his ladies hearte th
Forth spurred fast: adowne his cours
The red bloud trickling staind the way:

XV.

st of the Red-crosse, when him he spide
o hote with rage dispiteous,
r couch his speare, and towards ride.
te they both, both fell and furious,
ted with their forces hideous
ls doe stagger, and amazed stand;
hemselves, too rudely rigorous,
with the stroke of their owne hand,
: rebutte, and each to other yealdeth land.

XVI.

two rams, stird with ambitious pride,
he rule of the rich-fleeced flocke,
ned fronts so fierce on either side
:, that with the terror of the shocke
both stand sencelesse as a blocke,
of the hanging victory:
hese twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
ng fierce, and holding idely
en reliques of their former cruelty.

XVII.

zin, sore daunted with the buffe,
his sword, and fiercely to him flies,
l it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff:
:rs equall puissaunce envies,
ugh their iron sides with cruell spies
ce to perce; repining courage yields
to foe; the flashing fier flies,
a forge, out of their burning shields,
ms of purple bloud newdie theverdantfields.

XVIII.

"Curse on that crosse," quoth then the Sarazin,
"That keeps thy body from the bitter fit;
"Dead long ygoe, I wote, thou hadest bin,
"Had not that charme from thee forwarned it;
"But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,
"And hide thy head." Therewith upon his crest
With rigor so outrageous he smitt,
That a large share it hewd out of the rest,
And glauncing downe his shield from blame him fair[ly blest

XIX.

Who thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
Of native vertue gan eftsoones revive;
And at his haughty helmet making mark,
So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,
And cleft his head. He tumbling downe alive,
With bloudy mouth his mother Earth did kis,
Greeting his grave: his grudging ghost did strive
With the fraile flesh; at last it flitted is
Whether the soules doe fly of men that live amis.

XX.

The lady, when she saw her champion fall,
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,
But from him fled away with all her powre;
Who after her as hastily gan scowre,
Bidding the dwarfe with him to bring away
The Sarazin's shield, signe of the conqueroure.
Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay,
For present cause was none of dread her to disma

XXI.

ıcke, with ruefull countenaunce
; mercy, Sir, vouchsafe to show
, subiect to hard mischaunce,
mighty will." Her humblesse low,
s and seeming glorious show,
ove his stout heroïche heart,
are dame, your suddein overthrow
ne; but now put feare apart,
who ye be, and who that tooke your
[part."

XXII.

es, then gan shee thus lament:
l woman, whom unhappy howre
de thrall to your commandement,
ngry heavens list to lowre,
false betraide me to your powre,
t now availeth that I was!)
: daughter of an emperour;
vide West under his rule has,
th set his throne where Tiberis doth
[pas.

XXIII.

rst flowre of my freshest age,
: unto the onely haire
ıighty king, most rich and sage;
ɔrince so faithfull and so faire,
ɔrince so meeke and debonaire:
ıoped day of spousall shone,
ord fell from high honor's staire
ls of hys accursed fone,
was slaine; that shall I ever mone.

XXIV.

" His blessed body, spoild of lively breath,
" Was afterward, I know not how, conveiad,
" And fro me hid; of whose most innocent death
" When tidings came to mee, unhappy maid,
" O how great sorrow my sad soule assaid!
" Then forth I went his woeful corse to find;
" And many yeares throughout the world I str
" A virgin widow, whose deepe-wounded min
" With love long time did languish, as the st

XXV.

" At last it chaunced this proud Sarazin
" To meete me wandring, who perforce me
" With him away; but yet could never win
" The fort that ladies hold in soveraigne
" There lies he now with foule dishonor:
" Who, whiles he livde, was called proud
" The eldest of three brethren; all three
" Of one bad sire, whose youngest is S
" And twixt them both was borne the b

XXVI.

" In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfor
" Now miserable I Fidessa dwell,
" Craving of you in pitty of my stat
" To doe none ill, if please ye not d
He in great passion all this while did
More busying his quicke eies her fa
Then his dull eares to heare what sh
And said, " Faire Lady! hart of fli
" The undeservedwoes and sorrowes

ıaunge of chear the seeming-simple maid
her eien, as shamefast, to the earth,
elding soft, in that she nought gain-said.
ı they rode, he feining seemly merth,
: coy lookes. So dainty, they say, maketh
[derth.

XXVIII.

me they thus together traveiled;
ıry of their way, they came at last
grew two goodly trees, that faire did spred
rmes abroad, with gray mosse overcast,
:ir greene leaves trembling with every blast,
calme shadowe far in compasse round:
ırefull shepheard, often there aghast,
:hem never sat, ne wont there sound
y oaten pipe, but shund th' unlucky ground.

XXIX

s good knight, soone as he them can spie,
coole shade him thither hastly got;

XXX.

Faire-seemely pleasaunce each to other makes,
With goodly purposes; thereas they sit,
And in his falsed fancy he her takes
To be the fairest wight that lived yit;
Which to expresse, he bends his gentle wit;
And thinking of those braunches greene to fram
A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,
He pluckt a bough, out of whose rifte there cam
Smal drops of glory bloud, that trickled down

XXXI.

Therewith a piteous yelling voice was heard,
Crying, "O spare with guilty hands to teare
"My tender sides, in this rough rynd embed
"But fly, ah! fly far hence away, for feare
"Lest to you hap that happened to me heare,
"And to this wretched lady, my deare love;
"O too deare love, love bought with death too d
Astond he stood, and up his heare hid hove.
And with that suddein horror could no m

XXXII.

At last whenas the dreadfull passion
Was overpast, and manhood well awake,
Yet musing at the straunge occasion,
And doubting much his sense, he thus bes
"What voice of damned ghost from Limb
"Or guilefull spright wandring in empty
"(Both which fraile men do oftentimes m
"Sends to my doubtful eares these speac
"And ruefull plaints, me bidding guilt
"to spare?"

XXXIII.

roning deep, "Nor damned ghost," quoth he,
guileful sprite to thee these words doth speake;
nce a man Fradubio, now a tree;
tched man, wretched tree! whose nature weake
uell witch, her cursed will to wreake,
thus transformd, and plast in open plaines,
re Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,
scorching sunne does dry my secret vaines;
though a tree I seeme, yet cold and heat me [paines."

XXXIV.

on, Fradubio, then, or man or tree,"
hen the knight; "by whose mischievous arts
thou mishaped thus, as now I see?
ft finds med'cine who his griefe imparts;
double griefs afflict concealing harts,
aging flames who striveth to suppresse,"
author then," said he, "of all my smarts,
ne Duessa, a false sorceresse,
many errant knights hath broght to wretch- [ednesse.

XXXV.

ime of youthly yeares, when corage hott
fire of love and ioy of chevalree
kindled in my breast, it was my lott
ove this gentle lady, whome ye see
not a lady, but a seeming tree;
whome as once I rode accompanyde,
haunced of a knight encountred bee,
had a like faire lady by his syde;
a faire lady, but did fowle Duessa hyde:

XXXVI.

" Whose forged beauty he did take i
" All other dames to have exceded fa
" I in defence of mine did likewise sta
" Mine, that did then shine as the mor
" So both to batteill fierce arraunged a
" In which his harder fortune was to
" Under my speare: such is the dye
" His lady, left as a prise martiall,
" Did yield her comely person to be at

XXXVII.

" So doubly lov'd of ladies unlike fai
" Th' one seeming such, the other suc
" One day in doubt I cast for to com
" Whether in beauties glorie did exc
" A rosy girlond was the victor's me
" Both seemde to win, and both seemd
" So hard the discord was to be agree
" Frælissa was as faire as faire mote
" And ever false Duessa seemde as fa

XXXVIII.

" The wicked witch now seeing all t
" The doubtfull ballaunce equally to
" What not by right, she cast to win
" And by her hellesh science raisd s
" A foggy mist that overcast the da
" And a dull blast, that breathing on
" Dimmed her former beauties shini
" And with foule ugly forme did her
" Then was sho fayre alone, when no

" place.

XXXIX.

de she out, " Fye, fye, deformed wight,
orrowed beautie now appeareth plai ie
before bewitched all mens sight;
er soone, or let her soone be slaine!"
ily visage viewing with disdaine,
s I thought her such as she me told,
ild have kild her; but with faigned paine
: witch did my wrathfull hand with-hold;
r, where she now is turnd to tree in mould.

XL.

rth I tooke Duessa for my dame,
the witch unweeting ioyd long time,
vist but that she was the same;
i day (that day is everie prime,
itches wont do penance for their crime)
t to see her in her proper hew,
her selfe in origane and thyme:
foule old woman I did vew,
r to have toucht her I did deadly rew.

XLI.

her partes mishapen, monstruous,
ld in water, that I could not see,
did seeme more foule and hideous
oman's shape man would beleeve to bee.
rth from her most beastly companie
fraine, in minde to slipp away,
appeared safe opportunitie;
ger great, if not assurd decay,
ore mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.

XLII.

" The divellish hag, by chauncye of my che
" Perceiv'd my thought, and drovnd in alegian
" With wicked herbes and ointments did bath
" My body all, through charmes and magicka
" That all my senses were bereaved quight;
" Then brought she me into this desert wast
" And, by my wretched lover's sight me pla
" Where now enclosd in wooden wals full fa
" Banisht from living wights, our weary dai

XLIII. [wa

" But how long time," said then the Elfin Kn
" Are you in this misformed hous to dwell?"
" We may not chaunge," quoth he, " this evill pl
" Till we be bathed in a living well;
" That is the terme prescribed by the spell."
" O how," sayd he, " mote I that well out fin
" That may restore you to your wonted well
" Time, and suffised Fates, to former kynd
" Shall us restore, none else from hence may u

XLIV. [by

The false Duessa, now Fidessa hight,
Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,
And knew well all was true: but the good kn
Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment,
When all this speech the living tree had spent,
The bleeding bough did thrust into the grou
That from the blood he might be innocent,
And with fresh clay did close the wooden wou
Then turning to his lady, dead with feare her fow

XLV.

ad he fownd with feigned feare,
ıg of that well she knew,
ıselfe with busie care to reare
lesse swowne. Her eylids blew,
ght, with pale and deadly hew,
gan lift; with trembling cheare
ε, (too simple and too trew)
ıt. At length all passed feare,
steede, and forward forth did beare.

BOOK I. CANTO III.

Forsaken Truth long makes her love,
And makes the lyon mylde;
Marryes blind Devotion's mart, and falls
In band of leaghour vyle.

I.

NOUGHT is there under heav'ns wide hollow
That moves more deare compassion of mind,
Then beautie brought t'unworthie wretchedne
ThroughEnvie's snares, orFortune'sfreakes u
I, whether lately through her brightnes blyn
Or through alleageance and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
Feele my hart prest with so great agony
When such I see, that all for pitty I could c

II.

And now it is empassioned so deepe,
For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
That my frayele eies these lines with teares do
To thinke how she through guyleful handeli
Though true as touch, though daughter of a
Though faire as ever living wight was fayre,
Though nor in word nor deed ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despayre,
And her dew loves deryv'd to that vile witches

III.

most haughtyn ladie, all this while
worthy, solitarie mayd,
all peoples preace, as in exile,
heese and wastfull deserts strayd,
a her knight, who subtily betrayd
that late vision which th' enchaunter wrought,
rabandond; she of nought afrayd,
gh woods and wastnes wide him daily sought,
ished tydinges hope of him unto her brought.

IV.

lay, nigh-weaire of the yrksome way,
her unhaste beast she did alight,
on the grasse her dainty limbes did lay
ecrete shadow, far from all mens sight;
m her fayre head her fillet she undight,
d layde her stole asyde; her angel's face
the great eye of heaven shyned bright,
d made a sunshine in the shady place:
never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

V.

ortuned out of the thickest wood
amping lyon rushed suddeinly,
nting full greedy after salvage blood;
me as the royall virgin he did spy,
th gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
have attonce devourd her tender corse;
t to the pray whenas he drew more ny,
bloody rage aswaged with remorse,
d with the sight amazd, forgat his furious forse.

VI.

Instead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O how can beautie maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pryde and prond submission
Still dreading death, when she had marked h
Her hart gan melt in great compassion,
And drizling tears did shed for pure affection

VII.

" The lyon, lord of everie beast in field,"
Quoth she, " his princely puissance doth abs
" And mightie proud, to humble weake do
" Forgetfull of the hungry rage which late
" Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate:
" But he, my lyon, and my noble lord,
" How does he find in cruell hart to hate
" Her that him lov'd and ever most adord,
" As the God of my life? why hath he m

VIII.

Redounding tears did choke th' end of h
Which softly ecchoed from the neighbo
And, sad to see her sorrowfull constrai
The kingly beast upon her gazing stoc
With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry
At last, in close hart shutting up her
Arose the virgin borne of heavenly b
And to her snowy palfrey got agayne,
To seeke her strayed champion if she

IX.

.e lyon would not leave her desolate,
ıut with her went along, as a strong gard
)f her chast person, and a faythfull mate
)f her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
ıtill when she slept he kept both watch and ward;
And when she wakt he wayted diligent,
With humble service to her will prepard:
From her fayre eyes he tooke commandement,
And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

X.

Long she thus traveiled through deserts wyde,
By which she thought her wandering knight shold [pas,
Yet never shew of living wight espyde.
Till that at length she found the trodden gras
n which the tract of peoples footing was,
Under the steepe foot of a mountaine hore;
The same she followes, till at last she has
a damzel spyde slow-footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore:

XI.

To whom approaching she to her gan call,
To weet if dwelling place were nigh at hand;
But the rude wench her answerd not at all;
She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand,
Till seeing by her side the lyon stand,
With suddein feare her pitcher downe she threw,
And fled away; for never in that land
Face of fayre lady she before did vew,
And that dredd lyon's looke her cast in deadly hew,

XII.

Full fast she fled, ne never look't behynd,
As if her life upon the wager lay:
And home she came, whereas her mother b
Sate in eternall sight: nought could she sa
But suddein catching hold, did her dismay
With quacking hands, and other signes of f
Who full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shut the dore. By this arrived there
Dame Una, weary dame, and entrance did re

XIII.

Which when none yielded, her unruly page
With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,
And let her in; where of his cruel rage
Nigh dead with feare and faint astonishme
Shee found them both in darksome corner
Where that old woman day and night did p
Upon her beads, devoutly penitent;
Nine hundred *Pater nosters* every day,
And thrise nine hundred *Aves*, she was not

XIV.

And to augment her painefull penaunce mo
Thrise every weeke in ashes shee did sitt;
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackeclo
And thrise-three times did fast from any bit
But now for feare her beads she did forgett,
Whose needlesse dread for to remove away
Faire Una framed words and count'naunce
Which hardly doen, at length she gan them
That in their cotage small that night she rest h

XV.

nt, and commeth drowsie night,
reature shrowded is in sleepe;
o her laies in weary plight,
ete the lyon watch doth keepe:
, she does lament and weepe,
ase of her deare-loved knight,
d grones, and evermore does steepe
est in bitter teares all night;
thinks too long, and often lookes for [light.

XVI.

deboran was mounted hye,
aie Cassiopeias chaire,
adly sleepe did drowned lye,
at the dore, and in would fare:
ist, and often curst and sware,
traunce was not at his call;
ke a heavy load he bare
lths and pillage severall,
l got abroad by purchas criminall.

XVII.

te a stout and sturdy thiefe,
e churches of their ornaments,
ens boxes of their due reliefe,
was to them for good intents:
ts of their rich vestiments
, when all men carelesse slept,
e priests of their habiliments;
he holy things in safety kept,
nning sleights in at the window crept.

XVIII.

And all that he by right or wrong could
Unto this house he brought, and did besto
Upon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abessa, daughter of Corceca slow,
Whith whom he whoredome usd that few di
And fed her fatt with feast of offerings,
And plenty, which in all the land did grov
Ne spared he to give her gold and rings;
And now he to her brought part of his stolen

XIX.

Thus long the dore with rage and threats he
Yet of those fearefull women none durst ri
(The lyon frayed them) him in to lett:
He would no lenger stay him to advize,
But open breakes the dore in furious wize,
And entring is; when that disdainfull beas
Encountring fierce, him suddein doth surp
And seizing cruell clawes on trembling bre
Under his lordly foot him proudly hath sup

XX.

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,
His bleeding hart is in the venger's hand,
Who streight him rent in thousand peeces
And quite dismembred hath: the thirsty l
Dronke up his life, his corse left on the str
His fearefull freends weare out the wofull
Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to understand
The heavie hap which on them is alight,
Affraid least to themselves the like mishappe

XXI.

and day the world discovered has,
up rose the lyon eke,
armer iourney forward pas,
owne, her wandring knight to seeke,
r passing that long-wandring Greeke
we refused deiye:
labours of this lady meeke,
im that from her still did flye;
from her hope when most she weened
[nye.

XXII.

arted thence, the fearfull twayne,
woman and her daughter dear,
nd finding Kirkrapine there slayne,
reat they gan to rend their heare,
r brests, and naked flesh to teare:
ey both had wept and wayld their fill
ey ran like two amazed deare,
ough malice and revenging will,
that was the causer of their ill.

XXIII.

aking, they gan loudly bray,
ouling and lamenting cry,
her rayling all the way,
sing of dishonesty,
flowre of faith and chastity;
dst her rayling she did pray
s and mischiefes, and long misery,
her, and follow all the way,
ndlesse error she might ever stray.

But subtill Archimag, that Una soug
By traynes into new troubles to have
Of that old woman tidings he besoug
If that of such a lady shee could telle

XXV.

Therewith she gan her passion to rene
And cry, and curse, and raile, and ren
Saying that harlott she too lately kne
That causd her shed so many a bitter
And so forth told the story of her fe:
Much seemed he to mone her hapless
And after for that lady did inquere;
Which being taught, he forwarde ga
His fair enchaunted steed, and eke his ch

XXVI.

Ere long he came where Una traveild
And that wilde champion wayting he
Whom seeing such, for dread hee du
Himselfe too nigh at hand, but turne
Unto an hil; from whence when she
By his like-seeming shield her knight
Shee weend it was, and towards him
Approching nigh she wist it was the s
And with faire fearfull humblesse to

XXVII.

weeping said, " Ah! my long-lacked lord,
here have ye bene thus long out of my sight?
ich feared I to have bene quite abhord,
ought have done that ye displeasen might,
at should as death unto my deare heart light:
since mine eie your ioyous sight did miss,
chearefull day is turnd to chearlesse night,
d eke my night of death the shadow is;
welcome now my light, and shining lampe of [blis."

XXVIII.

reto meeting said, " My dearest dame,
be it from your thought, and fro my wil,
thinke that knighthood I so much should
you to leave, that have me loved stil, [shame,
d chose in Faery Court of meere goodwil,
nere noblest knights were to be found on earth.
e earth shall sooner leave her kindly skil
bring forth fruit, and make eternal derth,
en I leave you, my liefe, yborn of heavenly berth.

XXIX.

d sooth to say, why I lefte you so long,
is for to seeke adventure in straunge place,
nere Archimago said a felon strong
many knights did daily worke disgrace:
t knight he now shall never more deface:
od cause of mine excuse; that mote ye please
ell to accept, and evermore embrace
y faithfull service, that by land and seas
ve vowd you to defend: now then your plaint
appease."

XXX.

His lovely words her seemd due recompence
Of all her passed paines: one loving howre
For many years of sorrow can dispence:
A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre.
Shee has forgott how many a woeful stowre
For him she late endurd: she speakes no more
Of past: true is, that true love hath no powre
To looken backe; his eies be fixt before.

XXXI.

Before her stands her knight, for whom she to[so s]
Much like as when the beaten marinere,
That long hath wandred in the ocean wide,
Ofte soust in swelling Tethys saltish teare,
And long time having tand his tawney hide
With blustring breath of heaven, that none can b
And scorching flames of fierce Orion's hound,
Soone as the port from far he has espide,
His chearful whistle merily doth sound,
And Nereus crownes with cups, his mates

XXXII.

[pledg arou
Such ioy made Una when her knight she foun
And eke th' enchaunter ioyous seemde no less
Then the glad marchant that does vew from gr
His ship far come from watrie wildernesse;
He hurles out vowes, and Neptuue oft doth bl
So forth they past, and all the way they spent
Discoursing of her dreadful late distresse,
In which he askt her what the lyon ment?
Who told her all that fell in iourney as she w

XXXIII.

ıd not ridden far, when they might see
cking towards them with hastie heat,
ongly armd, and on a courser free,
rough his fiersnesse fomed all with sweat,
: sharpe yron did for anger eat,
is hot ryder spurd his chauffed side:
:e was sterne, and seemed still to threat
evenge, which he in hart did hyde,
his shield *Sansloy* in bloody lines was dyde.

XXXIV.

igh he drew unto this gentle payre,
v the Red-crosse which the knight did beare,
t in fire and gan eftsoones prepare
e to batteill with his couched speare.
ıs that other, and did faint through feare
: th' untryed dint of deadly steele,
his lady did so well him cheare,
pe of new good hap he gan to feele:
his speare, and spurd his horse with yron [heele.

XXXV.

t proud paynim forward came so ferce,
l of wrath, that with his sharp-head speare,
h vainly crossed shield he quite did perce;
l his staggering steede not shronke for feare,
h shield and body eke he should him beare:
great was the puissance of his push,
om his sadle quite he did him beare;
bling rudely downe to ground did rush,
ım his gored wound a well of bloud did gush.

XXXVI.

Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,
He to him lept, in minde to reave his life,
And proudly said, " Lo, there the worthie meed
" Of him that slew Sansfoy with bloody knife:
" Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining stri
" In peace may passen over Lethe lake,
" When mourning altars, purgd with enimies li
" The black infernall furies doth aslake.
" Life from Sansfoy thou tookst, Sansfloy sh
XXXVII. [from thee take
Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,
Till Una cride, " O hold that heavie hand,
" Deare Sir, what ever that thou be in place:
" Enough is that thy foe doth vanquisht stand
" Now at thy mercy: mercy not withstand,
" For he is one the truest knight alive,
" Though conquered now he lye on lowly ha
" And whilest him Fortune favourd, fayre did
" In bloudy field; therefore of life him not depri
XXXVIII.

Her piteous wordes might not abate his rage;
But rudely rending up his helmet, would
Have slayne him streight: but when he sees h
And hoarie head of Archimago old,
His hasty hand he doth amased hold,
And, halfe ashamed, wondred at the sight:
For that old man well knew he, though unt
In charmes and magick to have wondrous p
ever wont in field, ne in round lists, to

XXXIX.

l said, "Why, Archimago, lucklesse syre,
Vhat do I see? what hard mishap is this,
'hat hath thee hether brought to taste mine yre?
'r thine the fault, or mine the error is,
astead of foe to wound my friend amis?"
answered nought, but in a traunce still lay,
l on those guilefull dazed eyes of his
: cloude of death did sit; which doen away,
eft him lying so, ne would no lenger stay,

XL.

to the virgin comes; who all this while
ased stands, herselfe so mockt to see
im, who has the guerdon of his guile,
so misfeigning her true knight to bee:
is she now in more perplexitie,
t in the hand of that same paynim bold,
m whom her booteth not at all to flie;
io by her cleanly garment catching hold,
: from her palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold.

XLI.

t her fiers servant, full of kingly aw
id high disdaine, whenas his soveraine dame
rudely handled by her foe he saw,
ith gaping iawes full greedy at him came,
id ramping on his shield, did weene the same
ive reft away with his sharp-rending clawes;
it he was stout, and lust did now inflame
s corage more, that from his griping pawes [drawes.
: hath his shield redeemd, and forth his swerd he

III.

Great troupes of people traveild thether ward
Both day and night, of each degree and pla
But few returned, having scaped hard
With balefull beggary or fould disgrace,
Which ever after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
Thether Duessa badd him bend his pace,
For she is wearie of the toilsom way,
And also nigh consumed is the lingring da

IV.

A stately pallace built of squared bricke,
Which cunningly was without morter laid,
Whose wals were high, but nothing stre
And golden foile all over them displaid,
That purest skye with brightnesse they dis
High lifted up were many loftie towres,
And goodly galleries far over laid,
Full of faire windowes and delightful bowr
And on the top a diall told the timely howr

V.

It was a goodly heape for to behould,
And spake the praises of the workman's wi
But full great pittie that so faire a mould
Did on so weake foundation ever sitt;
For on a sandie hill, that still did flitt
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That every breath of heaven shaked itt;
And all the hinder partes, that few could
Were ruinous and old, but painted cun

VI.

here, they passed in forth right,
to all the gates stood open wide;
;e of them was to a porter hight
venù, who entrance none denide:
) the hall, which was on every side
ı array and costly arras dight:
ɔrtes of people did abide
aiting long to win the wished sight
ıt was the lady of that pallace bright.

VII.

:hey passe, all gazing on them round,
ıe presence mount; whose glorious view
/le amazed sences did confound.
princes court none ever knew
esse richesse, and so sumptuous shew;
selfe, the nourse of pompous Pride,
saw; and there a noble crew,
ınd ladies stood on every side,
th their presence fayre the place much beau-
[tifide.

VIII.

ve all a cloth of state was spred,
h throne, as bright as sunny day,
. there sate, most brave embellished
all robes and gorgeous array,
ı queene, that shone as Tytan's ray,
ıg gold and perelesse pretious stone;
right blazing beautie did assay
ıe brightnesse of her glorious throne,
g her selfe, that too exceeding shone;

IX.

Exceeding shone, like Phœbus fairest child,
That did presume his Father's fyrie wayne,
And flaming mouthes of steedes unwonted wild
Through highest heaven with heedless hand to rayne;
Proud of such glory and advancement vayne,
While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,
He leaves the welkin way most beaten playne,
And, wrapt with whirling wheeles, inflames the skyen
With fire not made to burne, but fayrely for to shyne.

X.

So proud she shyned in her princely state,
Looking to heaven, for earth she did disdayne;
And sitting high, for lowly she did hate.
Lo underneath her scorneful feete was layne
A dreadfull dragon with an hideous trayne;
And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,
And in her selfe-lov'd semblance took delight;
For she was wondrous faire, as any living wight.

XI.

Of griesly Pluto she the daughter was,
And sad Proserpina, the queene of hell;
Yet did she thinke her pearelesse worth to pass
That parentage, with pride so did she swell;
And thundring Iove, that high in heaven doth dwell
And wield the world, she claymed for her syre,
Or if that any else did love excell;
For to the highest she did still aspyre,
Or if ought higher were then that, did it desyre.

usurpe with wrong and tyrannie
his scepter which she now did hold;
t her realme with lawes, but policie,
rong advisement of sire wizards old,
ith their counsels bad herkingdome did up-
[hold.

XIII.

as the Elfin Knight in presence came,
lse Duessa, seeming lady fayre,
ie leasher, Vanitie by name,
owme, and passage for them did prepaire;
dly brought them to the lowest stayre
high throne, where they on humble knee
g obeysaunce, did the cause declare
hey were come her roiall state to see,
ve the wide report of her great maiestie.

XIV.

of the eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe,
uncked them in her disdainefull wise;

XV.

Goodly they all that knight doe entertayne,
Right glad with him to have increast their crew;
But to Duess' each one himselfe did payne
All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew,
For in that court whylome her well they knew:
Yet the stout Faery mongst the middest crowd
Thought all their glorie vain in knightly vew,
And that great princesse too exceeding prowd,
That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

XVI.

Suddein upriseth from her stately place
The roiall dame, aud for her coche doth call:
All hurtlen forth, and she with princely pace,
As fair Aurora in her purple pall
Out of the east the dawning day doth call.
So forth she comes; her brightnes brode doth blaze.
The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,
Doe ride each other upon her to gaze:
Her glorious glitter and light doth all mens eies [amaze.

XVII.

So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,
Adorned all with gold and girlonds gay,
That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime,
And strove to match, in roiall rich array,
Great Iunoes golden chayre; the which, they say,
The gods stand gazing on when she does ride
To Ioves high hous through heavens bras-paved way,
Drawne of fayre pecocks, that excell in pride,
And full of Argus' eyes their tayles dispredden wide.

ie conditions to their Kindes applyde;
h the first, that all the rest did guyde,
iggish Idlenesse, the nourse of Sin;
slouthfull asse he chose to ryde,
n habit blacke and amis thin,
an holy monck the service to begin.

XIX.

his hand his portesse still he bare,
uch was worne, but therein little redd;
evotion he had little care,
wnd in sleepe, and most of his daies dedd;
ould he once uphold his heavie hedd,
en whether it were night or day.
:me the wayne was very evil ledd,
uch an one had guiding of the way,
ew not whether right he went or else astray.

XX.

orldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,
atly shunned manly exercise;

XXI.

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne;
His belly was upblowne with luxury,
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne;
And like a crane his necke was long and fyne,
With which he swallowd up excessive feast,
For want whereof poore people oft did pyne;
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spued up his gorge, that all did him deteast.

XXII.

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad,
For other clothes he could not wear for heate;
And on his head an yvie girland had,
From under which fast trickled downe the sweate:
Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His dronken corse he scarse upholden can;
In shape and life more like a monster than a man.

XXIII.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unhable once to stirre or go;
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,
That from his frend he seeldome knew his fo:
Full of diseases was his carcas blew,
And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow,
Which by misdiet daily greater grew.
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

XXIV.

: to him rode lustfull Lechery
earded goat, whose rugged heare,
lly eies, (the signe of gelosy)
: the person selfe whom he did beare,
gh, and blacke, and filthy, did appeare;
ly man to please fair ladies eye:
f ladies oft was loved deare,
irer faces were bid standen by.
oes know the bent of womens fantasy?

XXV.

ne gowne he clothed was full faire,
nderneath did hide his filthinesse;
his hand a burning hart he bare,
raine follies and new-fanglenesse;
ras false, and fraught with ficklenesse,
rned had to love with secret lookes,
ll could daunce, and sing with ruefulnesse,
tunes tell, and read in loving bookes,
usand other waies to bait his fleshly hookes.

XXVI.

mt man, that loved all he saw,
ted after all that he did love;
ld his looser life be tide to law,
l weake wemens hearts to tempt and prove,
their loyall loves he might them move:
lewdnes fild him with reprochfull pain
foule evill which all men reprove,
tts the marrow and consumes the braine.
: was Lechery, the third of all this traine.

XXVII.

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a mangell mayden all with gold,
Two iron coffers ling at her side,
With precious mettall full as they might hold,
And by his lap an heap of coine he told,
For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And unto hell himselfe for money sold:
Accursed usury was all his trade,
And right and wrong ylike in equal ballance w[illegible]

XXVIII.

His life was nigh unto death's dore ypaste,
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes, he w[illegible]
Ne scarfe good morsell all his life did taste,
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and richesse to compare:
Yet childe nor kinsman living had he none
To leave them to, but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
He led a wretched life, unto himselfe unknown.

XXIX.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might su[illegible]
Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store;
Whose need had end, but no end covetise;
Whose welth was want, whose plenty made [illegible]
Who had enough, yett wished ever more. [illegible]
A vile disease, and eke in foote and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full sore,
That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor sta[illegible]
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this faire b[illegible]

XXX.

nd next to him malicious Envy rode
pon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
etween his cankred teeth a venemous tode,
'hat all the poison ran about his jaw;
ut inwardly he chawed his owne maw
t neibors welth, that made him ever sad;
'or death it was when any good he saw,
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had;
But when he heard of harme he wexed wondrous glad.

XXXI.

All in a kirtle of discoloured say
He clothed was, ypaynted full of eies;
And in his bosome secretly there lay
An hateful snake, the which his taile uptyes
In many folds, and mortall sting implyes.
Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth to see
Those heapes of gold with griple Covetyse,
And grudged at the great felicitee
Of proud Lucifera and his owne companee.

XXXII.

He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,
And him no lesse than any like did use;
And who with gratious bread the hungry feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse;
So every good to bad he doth abuse.
And eke the verse of famous poets witt
He does backebite, and spitefull poison spues
From leprous mouth on all that ever writt.
Such one vile Envy was, that fifte in row did sitt.

XXXIII.

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrat
Upon a lion, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his hed:
His eyes did hurle forth sparcles fiery red,
And stared sterne on all that him beheld,
As ashes pale of hew, and seeming ded;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling through hasty rage when choler i

XXXIV.

His ruffin raiment all was staind with blood
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent;
Through unadvized rashnes woxen wood,
For of his hands he had no governement,
Ne car'd for blood in his avengement:
But when the furious fitt was overpast,
His cruel facts he often would repent;
Yet (wiful man) he never would forecast
How many mischieves should ensue his hee

XXXV.

Full many mischiefes follow cruell wrath:
Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,
Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife,
And fretting griefe, the enemy of life:
All these, and many evils moe, haunt ire,
The swelling splene, and frenzy raging rife,
The shaking palsey, and Saint Fraunces' fire
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly

XXXVI.

all upon the wagon beame
an with a smarting whip in hand,
h he forward lasht the laesy teme,
lowth still in the mire did stand.
s of people did about them band,
for joy, and still before their way
iist had covered all the land;
neath their feet all scattered lay
s and bones of men, whose life had gone [astray.

XXXVII.

ey merchen in this goodly sort,
e solace of the open aire,
sh flowring fields themselves to sport:
he rest rode that false lady faire,
Duessa, next unto the chaire
Lucifer', as one of the traine;
; i knight would not so nigh repaire,
straunging from their ioyaunce vaine,
owship seemd far unfitt forwarlike swaine.

XXXVIII.

solaced themselves a space,
aunce of the breathing fields yfed,
e retourned to the princely place;
n errant knight in armes ycled,
iish shield, wherein with letters red
Sansioy, they new arrived find:
vith fury and fiers hardyhed,
n hart to harbour thoughts unkind,
sh bloody vengeaunce in his bitter mind.

XXXIX.

Who when the shamed shield of slaine Sansfoy
He spide with that same Fary champion's page,
Bewraying him that did of late destroy
His eldest brother; burning all with rage
He to him lept, and that same envious gage
Of victor's glory from him snacht away:
But th' Elfin Knight, which ought that warlike wage
Disdaind to loose the meed he wonne in fray,
And him rencountring fierce reskewd the noble prey.

XL.

Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,
And clash their shields, and shake their swerds on high;
That with their sturre they troubled all the traine:
Till that great queene, upon eternall paine
Of high displeasure that ensewen might,
Commaunded them their fury to refraine;
And if that either to that shield had right,
In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight.

XLI.

" Ah! dearest dame," quoth then the paynim bold,
" Pardon the error of enraged wight,
" Whome great griefe made forgett the raines to hold
" Of Reason's rule, to see this recreaunt knight
" (No knight, but treachour full of false despight
" And shameful treason) who through guile hath
" The prowest knight that ever field did fight, [slayn
" Even stout Sansfoy, (O who can then refrayn?)
" Whose shield he bears renverst, the more to heap
disdayn.

XLII.

"And to augment the glorie of his guile,
"His dearest love, the farie Fidessa, loe
"Is there possessed of the traytour vile,
"Who reapes the harvest sowen by his foe,
"Sowen in bloodie field, and bought with woe:
"That brother's hand shall dearely well requight,
"So be, O Queene! you equall favour showe."
Him litle answerd th' angry Elfin Knight;
He never meant with words, but swords, to plead [his right:

XLIII.

But threw his gauntlet as a sacred pledg
His cause in combat the next day to try:
So been they parted both, with harts on edg
To be aveng'd each on his enimy.
That night they pas in ioy and iollity,
Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall,
For steward was excessive Gluttony,
That of his plenty poured forth to all:
Which doen, the chamberlain Slowth did to rest [them call.

XLIV.

Now whenas darksome Night had all displayd
Her coleblacke curtein over brightest skye,
The warlike youthes, on dayntie couches layd,
Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish eye,
To muse on meanes of hoped victory:
But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace
Arrested all that courtly company,
Uprose Duessa from her resting place,
And to the paynim's lodging comes with silent pace

XLV.

Whom broad awake she findes in troublous fitt
Fore-casting how his foe he might annoy,
And him amoves with speaches seeming fitt;
" Ah! deare Sansioy, next dearest to Sansfoy,
" Cause of my new griefe, cause of my new io
" Ioyous to see his ymage in mine eye,
" And greevd to thinke how foe did him destro
" That was the flowre of grace and chevalrye;
" Lo his Fidessa to thy secret faith I flye."

XLVI.

With gentle wordes he can her fayrely greet,
And bad say on the secrete of her hart;
Then sighing soft, " I learne that litle sweet
" Oft tempred is," quoth she, " with muchell sm
" For since my brest was launcht with lovely d
" Of deare Sansfoy, I never ioyed howre,
" But in eternall woe my weaker hart
" Have wasted, loving him with all my powre,
" And for his sake have felt full many an he

XLVII.

" At last, when perils all I weened past,
" And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,
" Into new woes unweeting I was cast,
" By this false faytor, who unworthie ware
" His worthie shield, whom he with guilefull sn
" Entrapped slew, and brought to shamefull gra
" Me silly maid away with him he bare,
" And ever since hath kept in darksome cave,
" For that I would not yield that to Sansfoy I g

XLVIII.

"But since faire sunne hath sperst that lowring [clowd,
"And to my loathed life now shews some light,
"Under your beames I will me safely shrowd
"From dreaded storme of his disdainfull spight:
"To you th' inheritance belonges by right
"Of brothers prayse, to you eke longes his love:
"Let not his love, let not his restlesse spright,
"Be unreveng'd, that calles to you above
"From wandring Stygian shores, where it doth end-

XLIX.

[lesse move."
Thereto said he, "Faire Dame! be nought dismaid
"For sorrowes past; their griefe is with them gone:
"Ne yet of present perill be affraide,
"For needlesse feare did never vantage none;
"And helplesse hap it booteth not to mone,
"Dead is Sansfoy, his vitall paines are past,
"Tho' greeved ghost for vengeance deep do grone:
"He lives that shall him pay his dewties last,
"And guiltie elfin blood shall sacrifise in hast."

L.

"O, but I feare the fickle freakes," quoth she,
"Of Fortune false, and oddes of armes in field."
"Why, Dame," quoth he, "what oddes can ever [bee
"Where both doe fight alike to win or yield?"
"Yea, but," quoth she, "he beares a charmed shield,
"And eke enchaunted armes, that none can perce;
"Ne none can wound the man that does them wield."
"Charmd or enchaunted," answerd he then fierce,
"I no whitt reck; ne you the like need to rehearse.

LI.

" But, fair Fidessa! sithens Fortune's guile,
" Or enimies powre, hath now captived you,
" Returne from whence ye came, and rest a whi
" Till morrow next, that I the elfe subdew,
" And with Sansfoyes dead dowry you endew.
" Ay me, that is a double death," she said,
" With proud foes sight my sorrow to renew
" Where ever yet I be, my secret aide
" Shall follow you." So passing forth, she himo

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO V.

The faithfull knight in equall field
Subdewes his faithlesse foe;
Whom false Duessa saves, and for
His cure to hell does goe.

I.

E noble hart, that harbours vertuous thought,
l is with childe of glorious great intent,
. never rest untill it forth have brought
eternall brood of glorie excellent.
ı restlesse passion did all night torment
: flaming corage of that Faery knight,
izing how that doughtie turnament
h greatest honour he atchieven might:
did he wake, and still did watch for dawning
[light.

II.

.ast the golden orientall gate
greatest heaven gan to open fayre,
l Phœbus fresh, as brydegrome to his mate,
ıe dauncing forth, shaking his deawie hayre,
l hurld his glistring beams through gloomy ayre:
ich when the wakeful elfe perceiv'd, streightway
:tarted up, and did him selfe prepayre
un-bright armes and battailous array,
with that pagan proud he combatt will that day.

III.

And forth he comes into the commune hall,
Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,
To weet what end to straunger knights may f
There many minstrales maken melody,
To drive away the dull melancholy,
And many bardes, that to the trembling chor
Can tune their timely voices cunningly,
And many chronielers, that can record
Old loves, and warres for ladies doen many a l

IV.

Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,
In woven maile all armed warily,
And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin
Does care for looke of living creature's eye.
They bring them wines of Greece and Araby
And daintie spices fetch from furthest Ynd,
To kindle heat of corage privily;
And in the wine a solemn oth they bind,
T' observe the sacred laws of armes that are a

V.

At last forth comes that far renowmed quee
With royall pomp and princely maiestie;
She is ybrought unto a paled greene,
And placed under stately canapee,
The warlike feates of both those knights
On th' other side in all mens open vew
Duessa placed is, and on a tree
Sansfoy his shield is hangd with bloody
Both those the lawrell girlonds to the vi

ıments of wrath and heavinesse:
ɛdy force each other doth assayle,
.e so fiercely, that they do impresse
ıted furrowes in the battred mayle:
walies to ward their blowes are weak and
VII. [fraile.
ɜin was stout and wondrous strong,
ed blowes like yron hammers great;
blood and vengeance he did long.
ht was fiers, and full of youthly heat,
ɔled strokes like dreaded thunders threat;
r praise and honour he did fight.
ken stryke, and beaten both doe beat;
ı their shields forth flieth firie light,
ects hewen deepe shew marks of either's
VIII. [might.
: for wrong, the other strives for right:
a gryson seized of his pray,

IX.

So th' one for wrong, the other s
And each to deadly shame would
The cruell steele so greedily doth
In tender flesh, that streames of b
With which the armes, that earst s
Into a pure vermillion now are dy
Great ruth in all the gazers harts
Seeing the gored woundes to gap
That victory they dare not wish t

X.

At last the paynim chaunst to ca
His suddein eye, flaming with wr
Upon his brother's shield, which
Therewith redoubled was his ragi
And said, " Ah! wretched sonn
" Doest thou sit wayling by bla
" Whylest here thy shield is hangd
" And, sluggish german, doest t
" To after-send his foe, that hin

XI.

" Goe, caytive Elfe! him quickl
" And soone redeeme from his lon
" Goe, guiltie Ghost! to him my
" That I his shield have quit fro
Therewith upon his crest he strok
That twise he reeled, readie twise
End of the doubtfull battaile deen
The lookers on, and lowd to him
The false Duessa, " Thine the shie

XII.

the Faerie heard his ladie speake,
iis swowning dreame he gan awake,
ckning faith, that earst was woxen weake,
:ping deadly cold away did shake:
'd with wrath, and shame, and ladies sake,
tonce he cast aveng'd to be,
h so' exceeding furie at him strake,
:ced him to stoupe upon his knee:
iot stouped so, he should have cloven bee.

XIII.

iim said, "Goe now, proud Miscreant!
:lfe thy message do to german deare;
: he wandring thee to long doth want:
say his foe thy shield with his doth beare."
th his heavie hand he high gan reare,
iave slaine; when lo a darksome clowd
n fell; he no where doth appeare,
sht is. The Elfe him calls alowd, [shrowd.
wer none receives; the darknes him does

XIV.

Duessa from her place arose,
him running sayd, "O prowest knight
ever ladie to her love did chose,
ow abate the terrour of your might,
quench the flame of furious despight,
bloodie vengeance: lo th' infernall powres,
ing your foe with cloud of deadly night,
borne him hence to Plutoes balefull bowres:
onquest your's, I your's, the shield and glory

XV.

Not all so satisfide, with greedy eye
He sought all round about, his thirsty blade
To bath in blood of faithlesse enimy,
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade:
He standes amazed how he thence should fade.
At last the trumpets triumph sound on hie,
And running heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victorie,
And to him brought the shield, the cause of ennmi

XVI.

Wherewith he goeth to that soveraine queene,
And falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes present of his service seene;
Which she accepts with thankes and goodly gree,
Greatly advauncing his gay chevalree:
So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
Whom all the people followe with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
That all the ayre it fils, and flyes to heaven brigh

XVII.

Home is he brought, and layd in sumptuous bed
Where many skilfull leaches him abide
To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.
In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,
And softly gan embalme on everie side;
And all the while most heavenly melody
About the bed sweet musicke did divide,
Him to beguile of griefe and agony;
And all the while Duessa wept full bitterly.

XVIII.

; when a wearie traveiler, that strayes
r muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,
ıweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,
ɔth meete a cruell craftie crocodile,
hich in false griefe hyding his harmeful guile,
ɔth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender tears;
ne foolish man, that pities all this while
s mourneful plight, is swallowed up unwares,
rgetfull of his owne, that mindes an other's cares.

XIX.

wept Duessa untill eventyde,
hat shyning lampes in Iove's high house were light;
ıen forth she rose, ne lenger would abide,
it comes unto the place where th' heathen knight
slombring swownd nigh voyd of vitall spright,
y cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day;
hom when she found, as she him left in plight,
wayle his wofull case she would not stay,
ıt to the easterne coast of heaven makes speedy way:

XX.

here griesly Night, with visage deadly sad,
ıat Phoebus chearefull face durst never vew,
ıd in a foule blacke pitchy mantle clad,
e findes forth coming from her darksome mew,
here she all day did hide her hated hew.
fore the dore her yron charet stood,
ready harnessed for iourney new,
ıd cole-blacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,
ıat on their rusty bits did champ, as they were wood.

XXI.

Who when she saw Duessa sunny
Adornd with gold and jewels shini
She greatly grew amazed at the sig
And th' unacquainted light began t
(For never did such brightnes ther
And would have backe retyred to l
Untill the witches speach she gan t
Saying, " Yet, O thou dreaded Da
" Abyde till I have told the messag

XXII.

She stayd, and foorth Duesse gan p
" O thou most auncient Grandmot
" More old than Iove, whom thou at f
" Or that great house of gods caele
" Which wast begot in Dæmogorg
" And sawst the secrets of the wor
" Why suffredst thou thy nephewe
" With Elfin sword, most shamefu
" Lo where the stout Sansioy doth

XXIII.

" And him before I saw with bitte
" The bold Sansfoy shrinck undern
" And now the pray of fowles in fi
" Nor wayld of friends, nor layd or
" That whylome was to me too de
" O what of gods then boots it to b
" If old Aveugles sonnes so evill h
" Or who shall not great Nightes cl
" When two of three her nephews a

XXIV.

p, then; up, dreary Dame, of darknes queene,
o gather up the reliques of thy race,
r else goe them avenge, and let be seene
hat dreaded Night in brightest day hath place,
nd can the children of fayre Light deface."
feeling speaches some compassion mov'd
art, and chaunge in that great mother's face:
pitty in her hart was never prov'd
them; for evermore she hated, never lov'd:

XXV.

I said, " Deare Daughter! rightly may I rew
he fall of famous children borne of mee,
nd good successes which their foes ensew;
ut who can turne the streame of Destinee,
r breake the chayne of strong Necessitee,
hich fast is tyde to Iove's eternall seat?
he sonnes of Day he favoureth, I see,
nd by my ruines thinkes to make them great:
o make one great by others losse is bad excheat.

XXVI.

et shall they not escape so freely all,
r some shall pay the price of others guilt;
nd he, the man that made Sansfoy to fall,
all with his owne blood price that he hath spilt.
at what art thou that telst of nephews kilt?"
that do seeme not I, Duessa ame,"
th she, " how ever now in garments gilt,
nd gorgeous gold arrayd, I to thee came;
uessa I, the daughter of Decepit and Shame.

XXVII.

Then bowing downe her aged backe, she kist
The wicked witch, saying, " In that fayre face
" The false resemblaunce of Deceipt I wist
" Did closely lurke; yet so true-seeming grace
" It carried, that I scarse in darksome place
" Could it discerne, though I the mother bee
" Of Falshood, and roote of Duessaes race.
" O welcome, Child! whom I have longd to see
" And now have seene unwares. Lo now I go wi
[the

XXVIII.

Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
And with her beares the fowle wel-favourd wit
Through mirkesome aire her ready way she ma
Her twyfold teme (of which two blacke as pit
And two were browne, yet each to each unlich
Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp,
Unlesse she chaunst their stubborne mouthsto
Then foming tarre, their bridles they would
And trampling the fine element would fiercel

XXIX.

So well they sped, that they be come at len
Unto the place whereas the paynim lay
Devoid of outward sence and native stren
Coverd with charmed cloud from vew of
And sight of men, since his late luckeles
His cruell wounds with cruddy blood co
They binden up so wisely as they may,
And handle softly, till they can be heal
lay him in her charett, close in nigh

r darke griesly looke them much dismay.
essenger of death, the ghastly owle,
rery shriekes did also her bewray;
ngry wolves continually did howle
abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.

XXXI.

: turning backe in silence softe they stole,
ought the heavy corse with easy pace
vning gulfe of deepe Avernus hole:
: same hole an entraunce dark and bace
moake and sulphur hiding all the place,
ds to hell: there creature never past
acke retourned without heavenly grace;
adfull furies, which their chaines have brast,
mned sprights sent forth to make ill men [aghast.

XXXII.

same way the direfull dames doe drive
nournefull charett, fild with rusty blood,

XXXIII.

They pas the bitter waves of Acheron,
Where many soules sit wailing woefully,
And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,
Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
And with sharp shrilling shrieks doth bootlesse cry,
Cursing high Iove, the which them thither sent.
The house of endlesse Paine is built thereby,
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

XXXIV.

Before the threshold dreadfull Cerberus
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thousand adders venemous,
And lilled forth his bloody flaming tong:
At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
And felly gnarre, until Dayes enemy
Did him appease; then downe his taile he hong,
And suffered them to passen quietly;
For she in hell and heaven had power equally.

XXXV.

There was Ixion turned on a wheele,
For daring tempt the queene of Heaven to sin;
And Sisyphus an huge round stone did reele
Against an hill, ne might from labour lin;
There thirsty Tantalus hong by the chin,
And Tityus fed a vultur on his maw;
Typhœus ioynts were stretched on a gin,
Theseus condemnd to endlesse slouth by law
And fifty sisters water in leake vessels draw

XXXVI.

They all beholding worldly wights in place,
Leave off their worke, unmindfull of their smart,
To gaze on them; who forth by them do pace,
Till they be come unto the furthest part,
Where was a cave ywrought by wondrous art,
Deepe, darke, uneasy, dolefull, comfortlesse,
In which sad Æsculapius far apart
Emprisond was in chaines remediless,
For that Hippolytus' rent corse he did redresse.

XXXVII.

Hippolytus a iolly huntsman was,
That wont in charett chace the foming bore;
He all his peeres in beauty did surpas,
But ladies love as losse of time forbore:
His wanton stepdame loved him the more;
But when she saw her offred sweets refusd,
Her love she turnd to hate, and him before
His father fierce of treason false accusd,
And with her gealous termes his open eares abusd.

XXXVIII.

Who all in rage his sea-god syre besought
Some cursed vengeaunce on his sonne to cast:
From surging gulf two monsters streight were brought,
With dread whereof his chafing steedes aghast,
Both charett swifte and huntsman overcast.
His goodly corps, on ragged cliffs yrent,
Was quite dismembred, and his members chast
Scattered on every mountaine as he went,
That of Hippolytus was lefte no moniment.

XXXIX.

His cruell step-dame seeing what was donne,
Her wicked daies with wretched knife did end,
In death avowing th' innocence of her sonne:
Which hearing, his rash syre began to rend
His heare, and hasty tong, that did offend;
Tho gathering up the reliques of his smart
By Dianes meanes, who was Hippolyts frend,
Them brought to Aesculape, that by his art
Did heale them all againe, and ioyned every part

XL.

Such wondrous science in mans witt to rain
When Iove avized, that could the dead revive,
And fates expired could renew again,
Of endlesse life he might him not deprive,
But unto hell did thrust him downe alive,
With flashing thunder-bolt ywounded sore;
Where long remaining, he did alwaies strive
Himselfe with salves to health for to restore,
And slake the heavenly fire that raged evermore

XLI.

There auncient Night arriving, did alight
From her nigh-weary wayne, and in her armes
To Aesculapius brought the wounded knight;
Whom having softly disaraid of armes,
Tho gan to him discover all his harmes,
Beseeching him with prayer and with praise,
If either salves, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes,
A fordonne wight from dore of death mote rai
He would at her request prolong her nephew's d

XLII.

Dame," quoth he, "thou temptest me in vaine
are the thing which daily yet I rew;
the old cause of my continued paine
ı like attempt to like end to renew.
t enough that thrust from heaven dew
endlesse penaunce for one fault I pay,
hat redoubled crime with vengeance new
ı biddest me to eeke? can Night defray
wrath of thundring Iove that rules both night

XLIII. [and day?"

o," quoth she; "but sith that heaven's King
ı hope of heaven hath thee excluded quight,
fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing?
fearest not that more thee hurten might,
in the powre of everlasting Night?
o, then, O thou far-renowmed sonne
reat Apolo! shew thy famous might
edicine, that els hath to thee wonne
it pains, and greater praise, both never to be

XLIV. [donne."

ords prevaild; and then the learned leach
nniug hand gan to his wounds to lay,
ll things els the which his art did teach:
ı having seene, from thence arose away
other of dredd Darknesse, and let stay
les sonne there in the leaches cure;
ake retourning took her wonted way,
ne her timely race, whilst Phœbus pure,
terne waves his weary wagon did recure,

XLV.

The false Duessa, leaving noyous Night,
Returnd to stately pallace of Dame Pryde;
Where when she came, she found the Faery knight
Departed thence; albee (his woundes wyde
Not thoroughly heald) unready were to ryde.
Good cause he had to hasten thence away;
For on a day his wary dwarfe had spyde
Where in a dungeon deep huge nombers lay
Of caytive wretched thralls, that wayled night

XLVI.

A ruefull sight as could be seen with eie;
Of whom he learned had in secret wise
The hidden cause of their captivitie;
How, mortgaging their lives to Covetise,
Through wastfull pride and wanton riotis
They were by law of that proud tyrannes
Provokt with wrath, and Envyes false su
Condemned to that dongeon mercilesse,
Where they should live in wo, and dye i

XLVII.

There was that great proud king of
That would compell all nations to ad
And him as onely God to call upon
Till through celestiall doome, thro
Into an oxe he was transformd of
There also was King Crœsus, th
His hart too h[illegible]gh through his g
And proud A[illegible]nchus, the w
His cursed h[illegible]mself God.

XLVIII.

me before, great Nimrod was,
rld with sword and fire warrayd;
d Ninus far did pas
, of all the world obayd:
at mightie monarch layd
t above all in pride,
ve syre did fowle upbrayd,
nmon's sonne be magnifide,
l and man a shamefull death he dide.

XLIX.

in one heape were throwne,
beastes in butchers stall;
orner wide were strowne
s of the Romanes fall;
the grandsyre of them all;
and too lordly Lentulus;
stubborne Hanniball'
and sterne Marius;
at Pompey, and fires Antonius.

L.

ightie men were wemen mixt,
ine, forgetfull of their yoke:
mis, whose sides transfixt
blade her fowle reproches spoke;
, that her selfe did choke
rd, for wanting of her will;
eopatra, that with stroke
er selfe did stoutly kill;
noe the like, that did that dongeon fill:

LI.

Besides the endlesse routes of wretched thralles,
Which thether were assembled day by day,
From all the world after their wofull falles,
Through wicked pride, and wasted welthes decay,
But most of all, which in that dongeon lay,
Fell from high princes courtes or ladies bowres,
Where they in ydle pomp or wanton play
Consumed had their goods and thriftlesse howres
And lastly throwne themselves into these heavy [stowre

LII.

Whose case whenas the careful dwarfe had tould,
And made ensample of their mournfull sight
Unto his maister, he no lenger would
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
But early rose, and ere that dawning light
Discovered had the world to heaven wyde,
He by a privy posterne tooke his flight,
That of no envious eyes he mote be spyde;
For doubtlesse death ensewd if any him descryde

LIII.

Scarse could he footing find in that fowle way,
For many corses, like a great lay-stall,
Of murdred men which therein strowed lay,
Without remorse of decent funerall,
Which al through that great princesse pride did f
And came to shamefull end: and them besyde,
Forth ryding underneath the castell wall,
A donghill of dead carcases he spyde,
The dreadfull spectacle of that sad house of Pr

BOOK I. CANTO VI.

From lawlesse Lust by wondrous grace
Fayre Una is releas't;
Whom salvage nation does adore,
And learnes her wise beheast.

I.

ęn a ship, that flyes fayre under sayle,
den rocke escaped hath unwares,
ay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
ariner yet halfe amazed stares
ill past, and yet in doubt ne dares
at his fool-hapie oversight;
bly is distrest twixt ioy and cares
eadlesse corage of this Elfin knight,
; escapt to sad ensamples in his sight.

II.

l he was that his too hastie speed
yre Duess' had forst him leave behind;
et more sad that Una, his deare dreed,
ith had staynd with treason so unkind,
yme in her could never creature find:
r his love, and for her own selfe sake,
ndred had from one to other Ynd,
or to seeke, ne ever would forsake,
er unwares the fiers Sansloy did overtake:

III.

Who, after Archimagoes fowle defeat,
Led her away into a forest wilde,
And turning wrathfull fyre to lustfull heat,
With beastly sin thought her to have defilde,
And made the vassall of his pleasures vilde:
Yet first he cast by treatie and by traynes
Her to persuade that stubborne fort to yielde;
For greater conquest of hard love he gaynes,
That workes it to his will, then he that it constraines.

IV.

With fawning words he courted her a while,
And looking lovely, and oft sighing sore,
Her constant hart did tempt with diverse guile;
But wordes, and lookes, and sighs, she did abhore,
As rock of diamond stedfast evermore.
Yet for to feed his fyrie lustfull eye,
He snatcht the vale that hong her face before;
Then gan her beautie shyne as brightest skye,
And burnt his beastly hart t'enforce her chastitye.

V.

So when he saw his flattring arts to fayle,
And subtile engines bett from batteree
With greedy force he gan the fort assayle,
Whereof he weend possessed soone to bee,
And win rich spoile of ransackt chastitee.
Ah, Heavens! that doe this hideous act behold,
And heavenly virgin thus outraged see,
How can ye vengeance iust so long withhold,
And hurle not flashing flames upon that paynim bold?

VI.

e pitteous mayden, carefull, comfortlesse,
es throw out thrilling shrickes and shrieking cryes,
he last vaine helpe of wemens greate distresse)
d with loud plaintes importuneth the skyes,
e molten starres do drop like weeping eyes;
d Phœbus flying so most shameful sight,
s blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,
d hydes for shame. What witt of mortall wight
n now devise to quitt a thrall from such a plight?

VII.

mall Providence, exceeding thought,
here none appears can make her selfe a way:
wondrous way it for this lady wrought,
an lyons clawes to pluck the gryped pray.
er shrill outcryes and shriekes so loud did bray,
hat all the woodes and forestes did resownd:
troupe of Faunes snd Satyres far away
Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber sownd:

VIII.

Who, when they heard that pitteous strained voice,
haste forsooke their rurall meriment,
nd ran towards the far-rebownded noyce,
o weet what wight so loudly did lament.
nto the place they come incontinent;
hom when the raging Sarazin espyde,
rude, mishapen, moustrous rablement,
hose like he never saw, he durst not byde,
nt got his ready steed, and fast away gan ryde.

IX.

The wyld wood-gods, arrived in the place,
There find the virgin doolfull, desolate,
With ruffled rayments and fayre blubbred face,
As her outrageous foe had left her late,
And trembling yet through feare of former hate:
All stand amazed at so uncouth sight,
And gin to pittie her unhappie state;
All stand astoined at her beautie bright,
In their rude eyes unworthy of so woefull plight.

X.

She more amazd in double dread doth dwell,
And every tender part for feare does shake:
As when a greedy wolfe, through honger fell,
A seely lamb far from the flock does take,
Of whom he meanes his bloody feast to make,
A lyon spyes fast running towards him,
The innocent pray in hast he does forsake,
Which quitt from death, yet quakes in every lim,
With chaunge of feare to see the lyon looke so grim.

XI.

Such fearefull fitt assaid her trembling hart;
Ne word to speake, ne ioynt to move, she had;
The salvage nation feele her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her cont'nance sad;
Their frowning forheads with rough hornes yclad,
And rustick horror all asyde doe lay,
And gently grenning shew a semblance glad
To comfort her; and feare to put away,
Their backward-bent knees, teach her humbly to [obay.

XII.

loubtfull damsell dare not yet committ
ingle person to their barbarous truth,
till twixt feare and hope amazd does sitt,
learnd what harme to hasty trust ensu'th:
, in compassion of her tender youth,
wonder of her beauty soveayne,
wonne with pitty and unwonted ruth,
d, all prostrate upon the lowly playne,
kisse her feete, and fawne on her with count'nance [fayne.

XIII.

eir harts she ghesseth by their humble guise,
d yieldes her to extremitie of time;
from the ground she fearelesse doth arise,
d walketh forth without suspect of crime:
hey all as glad as birdes of ioyous pryme
hence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
houting, and singing all a shepheard's ryme,
d with greene braunches strowing all the ground,
worship her as queene, with olive girlond cround.

XIV.

nd all the way their merry pipes they sound,
hat all the woods with doubled eccho ring.
nd with their horned feet doe weare the ground,
aping like wanton kids in pleasant spring:
towards old Sylvanus they her bring;
ho with the noyse awaked commeth out
weet the cause, his weake steps governing,
d aged limbs, on cypresse staddle stout,
d with an yvie twine his waste is girt about.

XV.

Far off he wonders what them make:
Or Bacchus merry fruit they did in
Or Cybeles franticke rites have mad
They drawing nigh unto their god p
That flowre of fayth and beautie ex
The god himselfe viewing that mirr
Stood long amazd, and burnt in his
His owne fayre Dryope now he thin
And Pholoe fowle, when her to this he

XVI.

The wood-borne people fall before h
And worship her as goddesse of the
And old Sylvanus' selfe bethinkes r
To thinke of wight so fayre, but ga
In doubt to deeme her borne of eart
Sometimes Dame Venus' selfe he see
But Venus never had so so sober m
Sometimes Diana he her takes to be,
But misseth bow and shaftes, and

XVII.

By vew of her he ginneth to revive
His ancient love and dearest Cyparis
And calles to mind his pourtraiture
How fayre he was, and yet not fay
And how he slew with glauncing d
A gentle hynd, the which the lovely
Did love as life, above all worldly bl
For griefe whereof the lad n'ould af
But pynd away in anguish and selse

XVIII.

ooddy Nymphes, faire Hamadryades,
behold do thether runne apace,
ll the troupe of light-foot Naiades,
: all about too see her lovely face;
hen they vewed have her heavenly grace,
envy her in their malitious mind,
fly away for feare of fowle disgrace;
ll the Satyres scorne their woody kind, [find.
henceforth nothing faire but her on earth they

XIX.

d of such lucke the lukelesse lucky mayd
her content to please their feeble eyes,
d long time with that salvage people stayd,
gather breath in many miseryes:
ring which time her gentle wit she plyes
teach them truth, which worshipt her in vaine,
d made her th' image of idolatryes;
when their bootlesse zeale she did restrayne
n her own worship, they her asse would worship

XX. [fayne.

ortuned a noble warlike knight
iust occasion to that forrest came,
seeke his kindred, and the lignage right,
m whence he tooke his wel-deserved name:
had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame;
d fild far landes with glorie of his might;
ine, faithfull, true, and enimy of shame,
d ever lov'd to fight for ladies right,
: in vaine glorious frayes he litle did delight.

XXI.

A Satyres sonne, yborne in forrest wyld,
By straunge adventures as it did betyde,
And there begotten of a lady myld,
Fayre Thyamis, the daughter of Labryde
That was in sacred bandes of wedlocke ty
To Therion, a loose unruly swayne,
Who had more ioy to raunge the forrest
And chase the salvage beaste with busie p
Then serve his ladies love, and waste his

XXII.

The forlorne mayd did with loves longing
And could not lacke her lover's company
But to the wood she goes, to serve her tur
And seeke her spouse, that from her still
And followes other game and venery:
A Satyre chaunst her wandring for to fin
And kindling coles of lust in brutish eye
The loyall linkes of wedlocke did unbind
And made her person thrall unto his beast

XXIII.

So long in secret cabin there he held
Her captive to his sensuall desyre,
Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld.

XXIV.

l he taught the tender ymp was but
.nish cowardize and bastard feare;
embling hand he would him force to put
the lyon and the rugged beare,
from the she-beares teats her whelps to teare;
ke wyld roaring buls he would him make
ime, and ryde their backes, not made to beare;
the robuckes in flight to overtake,
everie beast for feare of him did fly and quake.

XXV.

eby so fearlesse and so fell he grew,
t his owne syre, and maister of his guise,
often tremble at his horrid vew,
. oft for dread of hurt would him advise
angry beastes not rashly to despise,
too much to provoke: for he would learne
: lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,
lesson hard) and make the libbard sterne
ve roaring, when in rage he for revenge did earne.

XXVI.

l for to make his power approved more,
ld beastes in yorn yokes he would compell;
: spotted panther, and the tusked bore,
: pardale swift, and the tigre cruell,
: antelope and wolfe, both fiers and fell,
l them constraine in equall teme to draw.
h ioy he had their stubborne harts to quell,
d sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw,
at his beheast they feared as a tyran's law.

XXVII.

His loving mother came upon a day
Unto the woodes, to see her little sonne,
And chaunst unwares to meet him in the way,
After his sportes and cruell pastime donne,
When after him a loyonesse did runne,
That roaring all with rage did lowd requere
Her children deare, whom he away did wonne;
The lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,
And lull in rugged armes withouten childish feare.

XXVIII.

The fearefull dame all quaked at the sight,
And turuing backe gan fast to fly away,
Until with love revokt from vaine affright,
She hardly yet persuaded was to stay,
And then to him these womanish words gan say;
" Ah, Satyrane! my dearling and my ioy,
" For love of me leave off this dreadfull play;
" To dally thus with death is no fitt toy: [boy."
" Go find some other play-fellowes mine own swet

XXIX.

In these and like delightes of bloody game
He trayned was, till ryper years he raught,
And there abode, whylst any beast of name
Walkt in that forrest, whom he had not taught
To fear his force; and then his courage haught
Desyrd of forreine foemen to be knowne,
And far abroad for straunge adventures sought,
In which his might was never overthrowne,
But through al Faery Lond his famous worth was
blowne.

XXX.

et evermore it was his maner faire,
After long labours and adventures spent,
Into those native woods for to repaire,
To see his syre and ofspring auncient;
And now he thether came for like intent,
Where he unwares the fairest Una found,
(Straunge lady, in so straunge habiliment)
Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,
Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did re-
[dound.

XXXI.

He wondered at her wisedome hevenly rare,
Whose like in womens wit he never knew;
And when her curteous deeds he did compare,
Her her admire, and her sad sorrowes rew,
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
And ioyd to make proofe of her cruelty
On gentle dame, so hurtlesse and so trew;
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And learnd her discipline of faith and verity.

XXXII.

But she, all vowd unto the Red-crosse knight,
His wandring perill closely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintaunce could delight;
But her deare heart with anguish did torment,
And all her witt in secret counsels spent,
How to escape. At last in privy wise
To Satyrane she shewed her intent,
Who, glad to gain such favour, gan devise
Howwith that pensive maid he best might thence arise.

XXXIII.

So on a day when Satyres all were gone
To do their service to Sylvanus old,
The gentle virgin, left behinde alone,
He led away with corage stout and bold.
Too late it was to Satyres to be told,
Or ever hope recover her againe:
In vain he seekes that having cannot hold.
So fast he carried her with carefull paine,
That they the woods are past, and come now t

XXXIV. [pl

The better part now of the lingring day
They traveild had, whenas they far espide
A weary wight forwandring by the way,
And towards him they gan in hast to ride,
To weete of newes that did abroad betyde,
Or tidings of her Knight of the Red-crosse;
But he them spying gan to turne aside
For feare, as seemd, or for some feigned losse
More greedytheyof newes fast towards him do cr

XXXV.

A silly man, in simple weeds forworne,
And soild with dust of the long dried way;
His sandales were with toilsome travell torne,
And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,
As he had traveild many a sommer's day
Through boyling sands of Arabie and Ynde,
And in his hand a Iacob's staffe, to stay
His weary limbs upon; and eke behind [
His scrip did hang, in which his needments h

XXXVI.

he knight approching nigh of him inquerd
idings of warre, and of adventures new;
ut warres nor new adventures none he herd.
'hen Una gan to aske if ought he knew,
r heard abroad, of that her champion trew
'hat in his armour bare a croslet red.
'Ay me! deare Dame!" quoth he, "well may I rew
'To tell the sad sight which mine eies have red;
'These eies did see that knight both living and eke [ded.

XXXVII.

That cruel word her tender hart so thrild,
That suddein cold did ronne through every vaine,
And stony horrour all her sences fild
With dying fitt, that downe she fell for paine.
The knight her lightly reared up againe,
And comforted with curteous kind reliefe;
Then wonne from death, she bad him tellen plaine
The further processe of her hidden griefe:
The lesser pangs can beare, who hath endur'd the [chiefe.

XXXVIII.

'hen gan the pilgrim thus; "I chaunst this day,
'This fatall day, that shall I ever rew,
'To see two knights, in travell on my way,
'(A sory sight) arraung'd in batteill new,
'Both breathing vengeaunce, both of wrathfull hew:
'My feareful flesh did tremble at their strife,
'To see their blades so greedily imbrew,
'That dronke with blood, yet thristed after life:
'What more? the Red-crosse knight was slain
with paynim knife."

XXXIX.

Ah! dearest Lord," quoth she, "how might that bee,
And he the stoutest knight that ever wonne?"
Ah! dearest Dame," quoth he, "how might I see
The thing that might not be, and yet was donne?"
"Where is," said Satyrane, "that paynim's sonne,
"That him of life, and us of ioy, hath refte?"
"Not far away," quoth he, "he hence doth wonne,
"Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left
"Washing his bloody wounds, that through the steele [were cleft."

XL.

Therewith the knight thence marched forth in hast,
Whiles Una, with huge heavinesse opprest,
Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;
And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,
Whereas that pagan proud himselfe did rest
In secret shadow by a fountaine side:
Even he it was that erst would have supprest
Faire Una; whom when Satyrane espide,
With foule reprochful words he boldly him defide;

XLI.

And said, "Arise thou cursed miscreaunt, [train
"That hast with knightlesse guile and trecherous
"Faire knighthood fowly shamed, and doest vaunt
"That good Knight of the Red-crosse to have slain:
"Arise, and with like treason now maintain
"Thy guilty wrong, or els thee guilty yield."
The Sarazin this hearing, rose amain,
And catching up in hast his three-square shield,
And shining helmet soone him buckled to the field;

XLII.

ng nigh him said, "Ah! misborn Elfe,
houre thy foes thee hither sent,
's wrongs to wreak upon thy selfe;
ıou blamest me for having blent
ıe with guile and traiterous intent:
ed-crosse knight, perdie, I never slew;
he beene where earst his armes were lent,
haunter vaine his errour should not rew;
his errour shalt, I hope, now proven trew."

XLIII.

they gan, both furious and fell,
:r blowes, and fiersly to assaile,
: bent his enimy to quell;
their force they perst both plate and maile,
: wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,
ould pitty any living eie:
ds of blood adowne their sides did raile;
; of blood could not them satisfie:
;red after death; both chose to win or die.

XLIV.

ıey fight, and full revenge pursue,
:ing each, themselves to breathen lett,
refreshed, battell oft renew.
two bores, with rancling malice mett,
y sides fresh bleeding fiercely frett,
ılesse both themselves aside retire,
ming wrath, their cruell tuskes they whett,
ple the earth, the whiles they may respire,
ce to fight againe, new breathed and entire.

XLV.

So fiersly, when these knights had breathed once,
They gan to fight retourne, increasing more
Their puissant force and cruell rage attonce
With heaped strokes more hugely then before,
That with their drery wounds and bloody gore
They both deformed, scarsely could bee known.
By this sad Una, fraught with anguish sore, [throu
Led with their noise, which through the aire
Arriv'd, wher they in erth their fruitles blood
[sow

XLVI.

Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin
Espide, he gan revive the memory
Of his leud lusts and late attempted sin,
And lefte the doubtfull battel hastily,
To catch her, newly offred to his eie;
But Satyrane with strokes him turning, staid,
And sternely bad him other business plie,
Then hunt the steps of pure unspotted maid:
Wherewith he al enrag'd these bitter speaches sai

XLVII.

" O foolish Faeries sonne, what fury mad
" Hath thee incenst to hast thy dolefull fate?
" Were it not better I that lady had,
" Then that thou hadst repented it too late?
" Most sencelesse man he that himselfe doth hat
" To love another: lo then for thine ayd
" Here take thy lover's token on thy pate."
So they to fight; the whiles the royall mayd
"led farre away, of that proud paynim sore afray

A.

XLVIII.

that false pilgrim which that leasing told,
ıg indeed old Archimage, did stay
ecret shadow all this to behold,
d much reioyced in their bloody fray;
t when he saw the damsell passe away,
left his stond, and her pursewd apace,
hope to bring her to her last decay.
ut for to tell her lamentable case,
nd eke this battel's end, will need another place.

THE FAERY QUEENE

BOOK I. CANTO VII.

The Red-cross knight is captive made,
By gyeant proud opprest:
Prince Arthure meets with Una, greatly with those newes distrest.

I.

WHAT man so wise, what earthly witt s
As to discry the crafty cunning traine
By which Deceipt doth maske in visour fi
And cast her coulours died deepe in grain
To seeme like Truth, whose shape she well c
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
The guiltlesse man with guile to entertain
Great maistresse of her art was that false
The false Duessa, cloked with Fidessaes

II.

Who when, returning from the drery Nig
She fownd not in that perilous hous of Pr
Where she had left the noble Red-crosse k
Her hoped pray, she would no lenger byde
But forth she went to seeke him far and w
Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie sa
To rest him selfe, foreby a fountaine syd
Disarmed all of yron-coted plate,
And by his side his steed the grassy fora

III.

eedes upon the cooling shade, and bayes
weatie forehead in the breathing wynd
h through the trembling leaves full gently playes,
rein the chearefull birds of sundry kynd
haunt sweet musick to delight his mynd.
witch approching gan him fayrely greet,
with reproch of carelesnes unkind
ayd, for leaving her in place unmeet,
fowle words temp ring faire; souregall with hony [sweet.

IV.

indnesse past, they gan of solace treat,
bathe in pleasaunce of the ioyous shade,
ch shielded them against the boyling heat,
with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,
ut the fountaine like a girlond made,
se bubbling wave did ever freshly well,
ver would through fervent sommer fade;
sacred nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
out of Dianes favor, as it then befell.

V.

cause was this: One day when Phoebe fayre,
h all her band, was following the chace,
nymph, quite tyrd, with heat of scorching ayre,
downe to rest in middest of the race;
goddesse wroth gan fowly her disgrace,
badd the waters, which from her did flow,
uch as she her selfe was then in place;
nceforth her waters wexed dull and slow,
all that drinke thereof do faint and feeble grow.

VI.

Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was,
And lying downe upon the sandie graile,
Dronke of the streame, as cleare as christall glas
Eftsoones his manly forces gan to fayle,
And mightie strong was turnd to feeble frayle.
His chaunged powres at first themselves not felt,
Till crudled cold his courage gan assayle,
And cheareful blood in fayntnes chill did melt,
Which like a fever fit through all his bodie swelt

VII.

Yet goodly court he made still to his dame,
Pourd out in loosnesse on the grassy grownd,
Both carelesse of his health and of his fame;
Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sownd,
Which through thewood loud bellowing didrebov
That all the earth for terror seemd to shake,
And trees did tremble. Th' elfe therewith asto
Upstarted lightly from his looser make,
And his unready weapons gan in hand to tak

VIII.

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
Or gett his shield, his monstrous enimy
With sturdie steps came stalking in his sigl
An hideous geaunt, horrible and hye,
That with his tallnesse seemd to threat the
The ground eke groned under him for dre
His living like saw never living eye,
Ne durst behold; his stature did exceed
The hight of three the tallest sonnes of mo

IX.

Earth his uncouth mother was,
; Aeolus his boasted syre,
breath, which through the world doth
mb did secretly inspyre, [pas,
idden caves with stormie yre,
iv'd; and trebling the dew time
wombes of wemen do expyre,
his monstrous masse of earthly slyme,
iptie wynd, and fild with sinfull cryme.

X.

at, through arrogant delight
scent whereof he was yborne,
presumption of his matchlesse might,
res and knighthood he did scorne.
narcheth to this man forlorne,
sse; his stalking steps are stayde
/ oke, which he had torne
:her's bowelles, and it made
:e, wherewith his foemen he dismayde.

XI.

e knight he spyd, he gan advaunce
ce and insupportable mayne,
im with dreadfull fury praunce;
and eke hopelesse, all in vaine
e, sad battaile to darrayne,
raste, and inwardly dismayde;
nt in every ioynt and vayne,
raile fountain, which him feeble made,
could he weeld his bootlesse single
[blade.

XII.

The geaunt strooke so maynly mercilesse,
That could have overthrowne a stony towre;
And were not hevenly grace that him did blesse
He had beene pouldred all as thin as flowre:
But he was wary of that deadly stowre,
And lightly lept from underneath the blow:
Yet so exceeding was the villein's powre,
That with the winde it did him overthrow,
And all his sences stoond, that still he lay full le

XIII.

As when that divelish yron engin, wrought
In deepest hell, and framd by furies skill,
With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
And ramd with bollet rownd, ordaind to kill,
Conceiveth fyre, the heavens it doth fill
With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth c
That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at w
Through smouldry cloud of duskish stin
smoke,
That th' only breath him daunts who hath esc

XIV.

So daunted when the geaunt saw the knigh
His heavie hand he heaved up on hye,
And him to dust thought to have battred c
Untill Duessa loud to him gan crye,
" O great Orgoglio! greatest under skye
" O hold thy mortall hand for ladies sak
" Hold for my sake, and doe him not to
" But vanquisht thine eternall bondslav
" And me thy worthy meed unto thy

XV.

cned, and did stay from further harmes,
ıe so goodly guerdon as she spake;
ıgly she came into his armes,
r as willingly to grace did take,
s possessed of his new-found make:
ɔ he tooke the slombred sencelesse corse,
: he could out of his swowne awake,
his castle brought, with hastie forse,
a dongeon deepe him threw without remorse.

XVI.

ıat day forth Duessa was his deare,
ghly honourd in his haughtie eye:
her gold and purple pall to weare,
ple crowne set on her head full hye,
r endowd with royall maiestye:
ɔr to make her dreaded more of men,
ɔples hartes with awful terror tye,
ıtrous beast, ybredd in filthy fen,
:, which he had kept long time in darksom den.

XVII.

ıe it was as that renowmed snake
great Alcides in Stremona slew,
ɔstred in the filth of Lerna lake,
many heades out-budding ever new,
ed him endlesse labour to subdew.
same monster much more ugly was;
n great heads out of his body grew,
ı brest, and back of scaly bras,
embrewed in blood his eyes did shine as glas.

His tayle was stretched ou
That to the hous of hevenly gods
And with extorted powre and borrow'd
The ever-burning lamps from thence i
And prowdly threw to ground, as thing
And underneath his filthy feet did tre
The sacred thinges, and holy heastes
Upon this dreadful beast, with seve
He sett the false Duessa, for more

XIX.

The wofull dwarfe, which saw hi
(Whiles he had keeping of his g
And valiant knight become a cay
When all was past, tooke up hi
His mightie armour, missing m
His silver shield, now idle mai
His poynant speare, that man
(The rueful moniments of he
And with them all departes, to

XX.

He had not travaild long, w
He wofull lady, wofull Un
Fast flying from the payni
Whilest Satyrane him fro
Who when her eyes she
And saw the signes that
She fell to ground for so
And lively breath her s
Yet might her pitteous h

XXI.

ger of so unhappie newes
e have dyde; dead was his hart within;
lly some little comfort shewes:
overing hart, he does begin
temples, and to chaufe her chin,
tender part does tosse and turne:
e the flitted life does win
tive prison to retourne;
her grieved ghost thus to lament and [mourne;

XXII.

instruments of dolefull sight,
this deadly spectacle behold,
ye lenger feed on loathed light,
find to gaze on earthly mould,
l Fates the careful threds unfould,
h my life and love together tyde?
he stony dart of sencelesse cold
ny hart, and pas through everie syde,
ternall night so sad sight fro my hyde.

XXIII.

ne day (the lampe of highest Iove,
: by him mens wandring wayes to guyde,
:knesse he in deepest dongeon drove)
h thy hated face for ever hyde,
up heaven's windowes shyning wyde;
y sight can nought but sorrow breed,
repentance, which shall long abyde.
no more on vanitie shall feed, [meed."
l up with death shall have their deadly

XXIV.

Then downe againe he fell unto the ground,
But he her quickly reared up again:
Thrise did she sinke adowne in deadly swound,
And thrise he her reviv'd with busie paine.
At last, when Life recover'd had the raine,
And over-wrestled his strong enemy,
With foltring tong, and trembling everie veine,
" Tell on," quoth she, " the woful tragedy,
" The which these reliques sad present unto mine eye.

XXV.

" Tempestuous Fortune hath spent all her spight,
" And thrilling Sorrow throwne his utmost dart:
" Thy sad tong cannot tell more heavy plight
" Then that I feele and harbour in mine hart:
" Who hath endur'd the whole can beare ech part.
" If death it be, it is not the first wound
" That launched hath my brest with bleeding smart.
" Begin, and end the bitter baleful stound;
" If lesse then that I feare, more favour I have found."

XXVI.

Then gan the dwarfe the whole discourse declare;
The subtile traines of Archimago old,
The wanton loves of false Fidessa fayre,
Bought with the blood of vanquisht paynim bold;
The wretched payre transformed to treen mould;
The house of Pryde, and perilles round about;
The combat which he with Sansioy did hould;
The lucklesse conflict with the gyaunt stout,
Wherein captiv'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

XXVII.

ırd with patience all unto the end,
rove to maister sorrowfull assay,
greater grew the more she did contend,
most rent her tender hart in tway,
ve fresh coles unto her fire did lay;
ater love, the greater is the losse.
ever lady loved dearer day,
ihe did love the Knight of the Red-crosse,
ose deare sake so many troubles her did tosse.

XXVIII.

when fervent sorrow slaked was,
arose, resolving him to find
ır dead; and forward forth doth pas,
the dwarfe the way to her assynd:
'ermore, in constant carefull mind,
d her wound with fresh renewed bale.
ost with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,
ver hills, and lowe adowne the dale,
ıdred many a wood, and measurd many a vale.

XXIX.

she chaunced by good hap to meet
lly knight, faire marching by the way,
ıer with his squyre, arayed meet:
tterand armour shined far away,
launcing light of Phoebus' brightest ray;
op to toe no place appeared bare,
eadly dint of steele endanger may:
rt his brest a bauldrick brave he ware,
hind, like twinkling stars, with stones most

XXX.

And in the midst thereof one pretious stone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,
Shapt like a ladies head, exceeding shone,
Like Hesperus emongst the lesser lights,
And strove for to amaze the weaker sights:
Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
In yvory sheath, ycarv'd with curious slights,
Whose hilts were burnisht gold, and handle strong
Of mother-perle, and buckled with a golden tong.

XXXI.

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightnesse and great terrour bredd;
For all the crest a dragon did enfold
With greedie pawes, and over all did spredd
His golden winges; his dreadfull hideous hedd,
Close couched on the bever, seemd to throw
From flaming mouth bright sparckles fiery redd,
That suddeine horrour to faint hartes did show;
And scalytayle was stretcht adowne his back full low.

XXXII.

Upon the top of all his loftie crest
A bounch of heares discolourd diversly,
With sprincled pearle and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seemd to daunce for iollity;
Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
On top of greene Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily,
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At everie little breath that under heaven is blowne.

XXXIII.

His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
Ne might of mortall eye be ever seene;
Not made of steele, nor of enduring bras,
(Such earthly mettals soon consumed beene)
But all of diamond perfect pure and cleene
It framed was, one massy entire mould,
Hewen out of adamant rocke with engines keene,
That point of speare it never percen could,
Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance would.

XXXIV.

The same to wight he never wont disclose,
But whenas monsters huge he would dismay,
Or daunt unequall armies of his foes,
Or when the flying heavens he would affray:
For so exceeding shone his glistring ray,
That Phoebus' golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beames doth over-lay;
And silver Cynthia wexed pale and faynt,
As when her face is staynd with magicke art's con-

XXXV. [straint.

No magicke arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloody wordes of bold enchaunters call,
But all that was not such as seemd in sight,
Before that shield did fade, and suddein fall;
And when him list the raskall routes appall,
Men into stones therewith he could transmew,
And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all;
And when him list the prouder lookes subdew,
He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

XXXVI.

Ne let it seeme that credence this exceedes;
For he that made the same was knowne right well
To have done much more admirable deedes:
It Merlin was, which whylome did excell
All living wightes in might of magicke spell:
Both shield, and sword, and armour, all hewrought
For this young prince, when first to armes he fell;
But when he dyde, the Faery Queene it brought
To Faerie Lond, where yet it may be seen if sought.

XXXVII.

A gentle youth, his dearely loved squire,
His speare of heben wood behind him bare,
Whose harmeful head, thrise heated in the fire,
Had riven many a brest with pikehead square
A goodly person, and could menage faire
His stubborne steed with curbed canon bit,
Who under him did trample as the aire,
And chauft that any on his backe should sit
The yron rowels into frothy fome he bit.

XXXVIII.

Whenas this knight nigh to the lady d
With lovely court he gan her entertain
But when he heard her aunswers loth
Some secret sorrow did her heart dist
Which to allay, and calme her storm
Faire-feeling words he wisely gan d
And for her humour fitting purpos
To tempt the cause it selfe for to b
Wherewith enmoud, these bleeding

say i

XXXIX.

worldes delight, or ioy of living speach,
st, so plungd in sea of sorrowes deep,
aped with so huge misfortunes, reach?
refull cold beginneth for to creep,
my heart his yron arrow steep,
s I thinke upon my bitter bale.
elplesse harmes yts better hidden keep,
ip up griefe where it may not availe;
left comfort is my woes to weepe and waile."

XL.

ady deare," quoth then the gentle knight,
iay I ween your griefe is wondrous great;
ndrous great griefe groneth in my spright,
thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat.
oefull Lady! let me you intrete
unfold the anguish of your hart:
s are maistred by advice discrete,
unsell mitigates the greatest smart:
never help who never would his hurts [impart."

XLI.

'quoth she, "great griefe will not be tould,
in more easily be thought then said."
o," quoth he; "but he that never would,
never: will to might gives greatest aid."
fe," quoth she, "does greater grow displaid,
it find not helpe, and breeds despaire."
e breeds not,' quoth he, 'where faith is staid.'
h so fast," quoth she, "but flesh does paire."
may empaire," quoth he, "but reason can
paire."

XLII.

His goodly reason and well-guided speach
So deepe did settle in her gracious thought,
That her perswaded to disclose the breach
Which Love and Fortune in her heart had wrought;
And said, " Faire Sir, I hope good hap hath brought
" You to inquere the secrets of my griefe;
" Or that your wisdome will direct my thought;
" Or that your prowesse can me yield reliefe;
" Then heare the story sad, which I shall tell you [briefe.

XLIII.

" The forlorne maiden, whom your eies have seene
" The laughing stocke of Fortune's mockeries,
" Am th' onely daughter of a king and queene,
" Whose parents deare (whiles equal destinies
" Did ronne about, and their felicities
" The favourable heavens did not envy)
" Did spred their rule through all the territories
" Which Phison and Euphrates floweth by,
" And Gehon's golden waves doe wash continually:

XLIV.

" Till that their cruell cursed enemy,
" An huge great dragon, horrible in sight;
" Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary,
" With murdrous ravine and devouring might
" Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted [quight:
" Themselves, for feare into his iawes to fall,
" He forst to castle strong to take their flight,
" Where last embard in mighty brasen wall,
" He has them now fowr years besiegd to make them thrall.

XLV.

y knights, adventurous and stout,
sprizd that monster to subdew:
ry coast, that heaven walks about,
ier come the noble martial crew,
ous harde atchievements still pursew;
any could that girlond win,
ill shronke, and still he greater grew:
or want of faith, or guilt of sin,
us pray of his fiers cruelty have bin.

XLVI.

led with far-reported praise,
ing Fame throughout the worlo had spred
ty knights, whom Faery Land did raise,
le order hight of Maidenhed,
to court of Gloriane I sped,
iane, great queene of glory bright!)
ngdomes seat Cleopolis is Red,
obtaine some such redoubted knight,
ents deare from tyrants powre deliver

XLVII.

ıy chaunce (my chaunce was faire and [might.
to find a fresh unproved knight, [good)
anly hands imbrewd in guilty blood
r beene, ne ever by his might
wne to ground the unregarded right;
s prowesse proofe he since hath made
am) in many a cruell fight:
ing ghosts of many one dismaide
the bitter dint of his avenging blade.

XLVIII.

" And ye, the forlorne reliques of his powre,
" His biting sword, and his devouring speare,
" Which have endured many a dreadfull stowre,
" Can speake his prowesse, that did earst you beare,
" And well could rule; now he hath left you heare
" To be the record of his rueful losse,
" And of my doleful disaventurous deare.
" O heavie record of the good Red-crosse,
" Where have yee left your lord, that could so well [you tosse!

XLIX.

" Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
" That he my captive languor should redeeme,
" Till all unweeting, an enchaunter bad
" His sence abusd, and made him to misdeeme
" My loyalty, not such as it did seeme;
" That rather death desire then such despight.
" Be iudge, ye Heavens! that all things right esteeme,
" How I him lov'd, and love with all my might:
" So thought I eke of him, and think I thought aright.

L.

" Thenceforth me desolate he quite forsooke,
" To wander where wilde Fortune would me lead,
" And other bywaies he himselfe betooke,
" Where never foote of living wight did tread,
" That brought not backe the balefull body dead,
" In which him chaunced false Duessa meete,
" Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread,
" Who with her witchcraft and misseeming sweete,
" Inveigled him to follow her desires unmeete.

LI.

At last, by subtile sleights she him betraid
Unto his foe, a gyaunt huge and tall,
Who him disarmed, dissolute, dismayed,
Unwares surprised, and with mighty mall
The monster mercilesse him made to fall,
Whose fall did never foe before behold;
And now in darksome dungeon, wretched thrall,
Remediless for aie he doth him hold.
This is my cause of griefe, more great then may be told."

LII.

So she had ended all she gan to faint;
But he her comforted, and faire bespake,
"Certes, Madame, ye have great cause to plaint,
"That stoutest hart, I weene, could cause to quake;
"But be of cheare, and comfort to you take,
"For till I have acquit your captive knight,
"Assure your selfe I will you not forsake."
His chearefull words reviv'd her chearelesse spright;
So forth they went, the dwarfe them guiding ever right.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO VIII.

Faire virgin, to redeme her deare,
Brings Arthure to the fight;
Who slayes the gyaunt, wounds the beast,
And strips Duessa quight.

I.

Ay me! how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall!
Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
And stedfast truth acquite him out of all:
Her love is firme, her care continuall,
So oft as he through his own foolish pride
Or weaknes, is to sinfull bands made thrall:
Els should this Red-crosse knight in bands have dyde,
For whose deliverance she this prince doth thether [guyde.

II.

They sadley traveild thus, untill they came
Nigh to a castle builded strong and hye:
Then cryde the dwarfe, "Lo yonder is the same,
"In which my lord my liege doth lucklesse ly,
"Thrall to that gyaunt's hatefull tyranny,
"Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres assay."
The noble night alighted by and by
From loftie steed, and badd the lady stay,
To see what end of fight should him befall that day.

III.

So with his squire, th' admirer of his might,
He marched forth towardes that castle wall,
Whose gates he fownd fast shutt, ne living wight
To warde the same, nor answere commers call;
Then tooke that squire an horne of bugle small,
Which hong adowne his side in twisted gold,
And tasselles gay: wyde wonders over all
Of that same hornes great vertues weren told,
Which had approved bene in uses manifold.

IV.

Was never wight that heard that shrilling sownd,
But trembling feare did feel in every vaine:
Three miles it might be easy heard arownd,
And ecchoes three answer'd it selfe againe:
No faulse enchauntment nor deceiptfull traine
Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was void and wholly vaine:
No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast,
But with that percing noise flew open quite, or brast.

V.

The same before the geaunt's gate he blew,
That all the castle quaked from the grownd,
And every dore of free-will open flew.
The gyaunt selfe dismaied with that sownd,
Where he with his Duessa dalliaunce fownd,
In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,
With staring countenance sterne, as one astownd,
And staggering steps, to weet what suddein stowre
Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his
dreaded *powre*.

VI.

And after him the proud Duessa came,
High mounted on her many-headed beast,
And every head with fyrie tongue did flame,
And every head was crowned on his crest,
And bloody mouthed with late cruell feast:
That when the knight beheld, his mightie shild
Upon his manly arme he soone addrest,
And at him fiercely flew, with corage fild,
And eger greedinesse through every member thrild.

VII.

Therewith the gyaunt buckled him to fight,
Inflamd with scornefull wrath and high disdaine,
And lifting up his dreadfull club on hight,
All armd with ragged snubbes and knottie graine,
Him thought at first encounter to have slaine;
But wise and wary was that noble pere.
And lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,
Did fayre avoide the violence him nere;
It booted nought to thinke such thunderbolts to beare.

VIII.

Ne shame he thought to shonne so hideous might:
The ydle stroke, enforcing furious way,
Missing the marke of his misaymed sight,
Did fall to ground, and with his heavy sway
So deepeley dinted in the driven clay,
That three yardes deepe a furrow up did throw:
The sad earth, wounded with so sore assay,
Did grone full grievous underneath the blow,
And trembling with strange feare did like an earthquake show.

IX.

As when almightie Iove, in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly fo
Enrold in flames, and smouldring dreriment,
Through riven cloudes and molten firmament,
The fiers threeforked engin making way,
Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay,
And shooting in the earth castes up a mount of c

X.

His boystrous club, so buried in the grownd,
He could not rearen up againe so light,
But that the knight him at advantage fownd;
And whiles he strove his combred clubbe to qu
Out of the earth, with blade all burning brigh
He smott off his left arme, which like a block
Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might:
Large streames of blood out of the truncked s
Forth gushed, like fresh-water streame from r

XI.

Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of unwonted payne,
He lowdly brayd with beastly yelling sownd,
That all the fieldes rebellowed againe:
As great a noyse as when in Cymbrian plaine
An heard of bulles, whom kindly rage doth sti
Doe for the milky mothers want complaine,
And fill the fieldes with troublous bellowing,
The neighbour woods around with hollow murm

XVIII.

The force which wont in two to be di
In one alone left hand he now unites,
Which is through rage more strong th
With which his hideous club aloft he
And at his foe with furious rigor smit
That strongest oake might seeme to o
The stroke upon his shield so heavie li
That to the ground it doubleth him fu
What mortall wight could ever beare t

XIX.

And in his fall his shield, that covered
Did loose his vele by chaunce, and ope
The light whereof, that heven's light di
Such blazing brightnesse through the a
That eye mote not the same endure to
Which when the gyaunt spyde with st
He downe let fall his arme, and soft w
His weapon huge, that heaved was on
For to have slain the man that on the gro

XX.

And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, am
At flashing beames of that sun-shiny
Became stark blind, and all his sences
That downe he tumbled on the durtie
And seemd himselfe as conquered to
Whom when his maistresse proud perc
Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnes
Unto the gyaunt lowdly she gan call,
" O helpe, Orgoglio! helpe, or els we

XXI.

At her so pitteous cry was much amoov'd
Her champion stout; and, for to ayde his frend,
Againe his wonted angry weapon proov'd,
But all in vaine; for he has redd his end
In that bright shield, and all their forces spend
Themselves in vaine: for since that glauncing sight
He hath no powre to hurt nor to defend;
As whereth' Almighties lightning brond does light,
It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the sences [quight.

XXII.

Whom when the prince, to batteill new addrest,
And threatning high his dreadfull stroke, did see,
His sparkling blade about his head he blest,
And smote off quite his right leg by the knee,
That downe he tombled: as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift,
Whose hart-strings with keene steele nigh hewen be,
The mightie trunck, halfe rent with ragged rift,
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull [drift.

XXIII.

Or as a castle, reared high and round,
By subtile engins and malitious slight
Is undermined from the lowest ground,
And her foundation forst, and feebled quight,
At last downe falles, and with her heaped hight
Her hastie ruine does more heavy make,
And yields it selfe unto the victour's might;
Such was this gyaunt's fall, that seemd to shake
The stedfast globe of earth, as it for feare did quake.

XXIV.

The knight then lightly leaping to the pray,
With mortall steele him smot againe so sore,
That heedlesse his unweldy bodie lay,
All wallowd in his owne foule bloody gore,
Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous store:
But soone as breath out of his brest did pas,
That huge great body, which the gyaunt bore,
Was vanisht quite, and of that monstrous mas
Was nothing left, but like an emptie blader was.

XXV.

Whose grievous fall when false Duessa spyde,
Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,
And crowned mitre rudely threw asyde:
Such percing griefe her stubborne hart did wound,
That she could not endure that dolefull stound;
But leaving all behind her, fled away;
The light-foot squyre her quickly turnd around,
And by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
So brought unto his lord, as his deserved pray.

XXVI.

The roiall virgin, which beheld from farre,
In pensive plight and sad perplexitie,
The whole atchievement of this doubtfull warre,
Came running fast to greet his victorie
With sober gladnesse and myld modestie,
And with sweet ioyous cheare him thus bespake
" Fayre braunch of noblesse, flowre of chevalri
" That with your worth the world amazed ma
" How shall I quite the paynes ye suffer for my

XXVII.

nd you, fresh budd of vertue springing fast,
'hom these sad eyes saw nigh unto death's dore,
'hat hath poore virgin, for such perill past,
'herewith you to reward? accept therefore
ly simple selfe, and service evermore:
nd he that high does sit, and all things see
'ith equall eye, their merites to restore,
ehold what ye this day have done for mee,
nd what I cannot quite, requite with usuree.

XXVIII.

ıt sith the heavens and your faire handeling
ave made you master of the field this day,
our fortune maister eke with governing,
ıd well begonne, end all so well, I pray,
e let that wicked woman scape away;
ɔr she it is that did my lord bethrall,
ly dearest lord! and deepe in dongeon lay,
'here he his better dayes hath wasted all.
heare how piteous, he to you for ayd does call!"

XXIX

:hwith he gave in charge unto his squyre
ıt scarlet whore to keepen carefully,
yles he himselfe, with greedie great desyre,
ɔ the castle entred forcibly,
ere living creature none he did espye;
:n gan he lowdly through the house to call,
: no man car'd to answere to his crye;
ere raignd a solemne silence over all; [hall.
r voicewas heard, nor wight was seene, in bowre or

XXX.

st, with creeping crooked pace forth came
ld, old man, with beard as white as snow,
t on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
d guyde his wearie gate both too and fro,
r his eye sight him fayled long ygo;
nd on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,
The which unused rust did overgrow:
Those were the keyes of every inner dore,
But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.

XXXI.

But very uncouth sight was to behold
How he did fashion his untoward pace;
For as he forward moov'd his footing old,
So backward still was turnd his wrincled face;
Unlike to men, who ever as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are went to lead.
This was the auncient keeper of that place,
And foster-father of the gyaunt dead;
His name, Ignaro, did his nature right aread.

XXXII.

His reverend heares and holy gravitee
The knight much honord, as beseemed well,
And gently askt where all the people bee
Which in that stately building wont to dwell?
Who answerd him full soft, he could not tell.
Againe he askt where that same knight was l
Whom great Orgoglio with his puissaunce f
d made his caytive thrall? Againe he sa
tell; ne ever other answere r

XXXIII.

ıked he which way he in might pas?
d not tell, againe he answered.
the courteous knight displeased was,
d, "Old Syre, it seemes thou hast not red
ll it sits with that same silver hed
ine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee;
: thou be, as thou art pourtrahed
Nature's pen, in age's grave degree,
l in graver wise what I demaund of thee."

XXXIV.

were likewise was, he could not tell.
sencelesse speach, and doted ignorance,
ı the noble prince had marked well,
t his nature by his countenance,
lm'd his wrath with goodly temperance:
ı him stepping, from his arme did reache
:eyes, and made himselfe free enterance.
ıre he opened without any breach:
ras no barre to stop, nor foe him to empeach.

XXXV.

ll within full rich arayd he found
yall arras and resplendent gold,
l with store of every thing abound,
atest princes presence might behold:
the floore (too filthy to be told)
lood of guiltlesse babes and innocents trew,
there were slaine, as sheepe out of the fold,
was, that dreadfull was to vew,
:red ashes over it was strowed new.

mel,

XXXVI.

And there beside of marble stone was built
An altare, cary'd with cunning ymagery,
On which trew Christians blood was often spilt,
And holy martyres often doen to dye,
With cruell malice and strong tyranny;
Whose blessed sprites from underneath the stone
To God for vengeance cryde continually,
And with great griefe were often heard to grone,
That hardest hart would bleede to heare their piteo

XXXVII. [mo

Through everie rowme he sought, and everie bo
But no where could he find that wofull thrall:
At last he came unto an yron doore
That fast was lockt, but key found not at all
Emongst that bounch to open it withall;
But in the same a little grate was pight,
Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd did c
With all his powre, to weet if living wight
Were housed therewithin, whom he enlargen migl

XXXVIII.

Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce,
These pitteous plaintes and dolours did resound;
" O! who is that which bringes me happy choyc
" Of death, that here lye dying every stound,
" Yet live perforce in baleful darkenesse bound?
" For nowthree moones have changedthricetheir he
" And have been thrice hid underneath the groun
" Since I the heavens chearefull face did vew. [trew
" O! welcome thou, that dost of death bring tydin

XXXIX.

when that champion heard, with percing point
deare his hart was thrilled sore,
embling horrour ran through every ioynt,
h of gentle knight so fowle forlore;
shaking off, he rent that yron dore
urious force and indignation fell;
entred in, his foot could find no flore,
a deepe descent, as dark as hell,
eathed ever forth a filthie banefull smell.

XL.

ther darkenesse fowle, nor filthy bands,
ous smell, his purpose could withhold,
affection hateth nicer hands)
: with constant zele and corage bold,
ng paines and labors manifold,
d the meanes that prisoner up to reare,
feeble thighes, unhable to uphold
d corse, him scarse to light could beare;
ll spectacle of death and ghastly drere.

XLI.

dull eies, deepe sunck in hollow pits,
ot endure th' unwonted sunne to view;
: thin cheekes for want of better bits
pty sides deceived of their dew,
ake a stony hart his hap to rew;
bone armes, whose mighty brawned bowrs
ont to rive steele plates, and helmets hew,
ne consum'd, and all his vitall powres
, and al his flesh shronk up like withered
rres.

XLII.

Whome when his lady saw, to him she ran
With hasty ioy: to see him made her glad,
And sad to view his visage pale and wan,
Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was clad.
Tho when her well of teares she wasted had,
She said, "Ah! dearest Lord! what evil starre
"On you hath frownd, and pourd his influence bad,
"That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre,
"And this misseeming hew your manly looks doth [marre!

XLIII.

"But welcome now, my lord, in wele or woe,
"Whose presence I have lackt too long a day;
"And fye on fortune, mine avowed foe,
"whose wrathful wreakes themselves doe nowalay,
"And for these wronges shall treble penaunce pay
"Of treble good: good growes of evils priefe."
The chearlesse man, whom sorrow did dismay,
Had no delight to treaten of his griefe;
His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

XLIV.

"Faire Lady!" then said that victorious knight,
"The things that grievous were to doe or beare,
"Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight;
"Best musicke breeds delight in loathing eare:
"But th' only good that growes of passed fear
"Is to be wise, and ware of like agein.
"This daies ensample hath this lesson deare
"Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,
"That blisse may not abide in state of mortall

XLV.

[strength,
nceforth, Sir Knight, take to you wonted
d maister these mishaps with patient might:
:where your foelies stretcht in monstrous length;
d loe that wicked woman in your sight,
e roote of all your care and wretched plight,
v in your powre, to let her live or die."
doe her die," quoth Una, "were despight,
d shame t'avenge so weake an enimy;
spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly."

XLVI.

she bad that witch they disaraid,
obd of roiall robes, and purple pall,
ornaments that richly were displaid;
ared they to strip her naked all:
when they had despoyld her tire and call,
as she was their eies might her behold,
her misshaped parts did them appall,
chly, wrinckled hag, ill favoured, old,
e secret filth good manners biddeth not be told.

XLVII.

rafty head was altogether bald,
as in hate of honorable eld,
overgrowne with scurfe and filthy scald;

XLVIII.

r parts, the shame of all her kind,
er Muse for ahame doth blush to write;
r rompe she growing had behind
taile, with dong all fowly dight:
her feete most monstrous were in sight;
of them was like an eagles claw,
griping talaunts armd to greedy fight;
other like a beares uneven paw.
e ugly shape yet never living creature saw.

XLIX.

hich when the knights beheld, amaz'd they were,
nd wondred at so fowle deformed wight.
Such then," said Una, " as she seemeth here,
' Such is the face of Falshood, such the sight
' Of fowle Duessa, when her borrowed light
' Is laid away, and counterfesaunce knowne."
Thus when they had the witch disrobed quight,
And all her filthy feature open showne,
They let her goe at will, and wander waies unknowne.

L.

She flying fast from heaven's hated face,
And from the world that her discovered wide,
Fled to the wastfull wildernesse apace,
From living eies her open shame to hide,
And lurkt in rocks and caves long unespide.
But that faire crew of knights, and Una faire
Did in that castle afterwards abide,
To rest themselves, and weary powres repai
Where store they fownd of al that dainty was a

CONTENTS.

THE FAERY QUEENE, BOOK I.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDMUND SPENSER.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

FAERY QUEENE.

FROM MR. UPTON'S TEXT.

When SPENSER saw the fame was spredd so large
Through Faery Land of their renowned Queene,
Loth that his Muse should take so great a charge,
As in such haughty matter to be seene,
To seeme a shepeheard then he made his choice,
But Sidney heard him sing, and knew his voice----
So SPENSER was by Sidney's speaches wonne,
To blaze her fame, not fearing future harmes----
So SPENSER now, to his immortal prayse,
Hath wonne the laurell quite from all his feres.

VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

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1787.

BOOK I. CANTO IX.

His loves and lineage Arthure tells;
The knights knitt friendly bands:
Sir Trevisan flies from Despeyre,
Whom Red-cros knight withstands.

I.

OODLY golden chayne, wherewith yfere
: vertues linked are in lovely wize,
l noble mindes of yore allyed were,
rave poursuit of chevalrous emprize,
t none did others safety despize,
aid envy to him in need that stands;
friendly each did others praise devize,
to advaunce with favourable hands,
his good prince redeemd the Red-crosse knight [from bands.

II.

when their powres, empayrd through labor long,
h dew repast they had recured well,
that weake captive wight now wexed strong,
m list no lenger there at leasure dwell,
forward fare, as their adventures fell;
ere they parted, Una faire besought
t straunger knight his name and nation tell,
t so great good, as he for her had wrought,
ld die unknown, and buried be in thankles thought.

III.

" Faire Virgin!" said the prince, " yee me req
" A thing without the compas of my witt;
" For both the lignage and the certein sire
" From which I sprong from mee are hidden y
" For all so soone as life did me admitt
" Into this world, and shewed heven's light,
" From mother's pap I taken was unfitt,
" And streight deliver'd to a Fary knight,
" To be upbrought in gentle thewes and ma

IV. [m

" Unto old Timon he me brought bylive;
" Old Timon, who in youthly yeares hath be
" In warlike feates th' expertest man alive,
" And is the wisest now on earth I weene:
" His dwelling is low in a valley greene,
" Under the foot of Rauran mossy hore,
" From whence the river Dee, as silver cleene,
" His tombling billowes rolls with gentle rore
" There all my daies he traind me up in vertuous

V.

" Thether the great magicien Merlin came,
" As was his use, oft-times to visit mee;
" For he had charge my discipline to frame,
" And tutor's nouriture to oversee.
" Him oft and oft I askt in privity,
" Of what loines and what lignage I did sprin
" Whose aunswere bad me still assured bee,
" That I was sonne and heire unto a king,
" As Time in her iust term the truth to light
bring."

VI.

" Well worthy Impe," said then the lady gent,
" And pupil fitt for such a tutor's hand;
" But what adventure, or what high intent,
" Hath brought you hether into Fary Land,
" Aread, Prince Arthure, crowne of martiall band."
" Full hard it is," quoth he, " to read aright
" The course of heavenly cause, or understand
" The secret meaning of th' eternall might,
" That rules mens waies, and rules the thoughts of [living wight:

VII.

" For whither he, through fatal deepe foresight,
" Me hether sent, for cause to me unghest,
" Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night
" Whilome doth rancle in my riven brest,
" With forced fury following his behest,
" Me hether brought by wayes yet never found,
" You to have helpt I hold myself yet blest." [wound
" Ah! courteous Knight," quoth she, " what secret
" Could ever find to grieve the gentlest hart on [ground?"

VIII.

" Dear Dame," quoth he, " you sleeping sparkes " awake,
" Which troubled once into huge flames will grow;
" Ne ever will their fervent fury slake,
" Till living moisture into smoke do flow,
" And wasted life doe lye in ashes low.
" Yet sithens silence lesseneth not my fire,
" *But told it flames,* and hidden it does glow,
" *I will revele what ye so much desire.* [spyre.
" *Ah! Love, lay down* thy bow, the whiles I may re

IX.

" It was in freshest flowre of youthly yeares,
" When corage first does creepe in manly chest;
" Then first that cole of kindly heat appeares
" To kindle love in every living brest:
" But me had warnd old Timon's wise behest,
" Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,
" Before their rage grew to so great unrest,
" As miserable lovers use to rew,
" Which still wex old in woe, whiles woe stil wexeth [new.

X.

" That ydle name of love, and lovers life,
" As losse of time, and vertues enimy,
" I ever scorn'd, and ioyd to stirre up strife,
" In middest of their mournfull tragedy;
" Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,
" And blow the fire which them to ashes brent:
" Their God himselfe, grievd at my libertie,
" Shott many a dart at me with fiers intent;
" But I them warded all with wary government.

XI.

" But all in vaine; no fort can be so strong,
" Ne fleshly brest can armed be so sownd,
" But will at last be wonne with battrie long,
" Or unawares at disadvantage fownd:
" Nothing is sure that growes on earthly grownd.
" And who most trustes in arme of fleshly might,
" And boastes in beauties chaine not to be bownd,
" Doth soonest fall in disadventrous fight,
" And yeeldes his caytive neck to victours most despight.

XII.

" Ensample make of him your hapless ioy,
" And of my selfe now mated, as ye see,
" Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging Boy
" Did soone pluck downe, and curbd my libertee:
" For on a day prickt forth with iollitee
" Of loose life, and heat of hardiment,
" Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
" The fields, the floods, the heavens, with one consent
" Did seeme to laugh on me, and favour mine intent.

XIII.

" Forwearied with my sportes, I did alight
" From lofte steed, and downe to sleepe me layd:
" The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
" And pillow was my helmett fayre displayd:
" Whiles every sence the humour sweet embayd,
" And slombering soft my hart did steale away,
" Me seemed by my side a royall mayd
" Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay:
" So fayre a creature yet saw never sunny day.

XIV.

" Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment
" She to me made, and badd me love her deare;
" For dearly sure her love was to me bent,
" As, when iust time expired, should appeare.
" But whether dreames delude, or true it were,
" Was never hart so ravisht with delight;
" Ne living man like wordes did ever heare,
" *As she to me delivered all that night;*
" *And at her parting said,* she Queene of Faeries *hight.*

XXI.

So as they traveild, lo they gan espy
An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
That seemed from some feared foe to fly,
Or other griesly thing that him aghast.
Still as he fledd his eye was backward cast,
As if his feare still followed him behynd:
Als flew his steed, as he his bandes had brast,
And with his winged heeles did tread the wynd,
As he had been a fole of Pegasus his kynd.

XXII.

Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head
To be unarmd, and curld uncombed heares
Upstaring stiffe, dismaid with uncouth dread:
Nor drop of blood in all his face appeares,
Nor life in limbe; and, to increase his feares,
(In fowle reproch of knighthood's fayre degree)
About his neck an hempen rope he weares,
That with his glistring armes does ill agree;
But he of rope, or armes, has now no memoree.

XXIII.

The Red-crosse knight toward him crossed fast,
To weet what mister wight was so dismayd;
There him he findes all sencelesse and aghast,
That of himselfe he seemd to be afrayd;
Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,
Till he these wordes to him deliver might;
"Sir Knight, aread who hath ye thus arayd,
"And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight?
"For never knight I saw in such misseeming plight.

XXIV.

He answerd nought at all; but adding new
Feare to his first amazement, staring wyde
With stony eyes and hartlesse hollow hew,
Astonisht stood, as one that had aspyde
Infernall furies with their chaines untyde.
Him yett againe, and yett againe bespake
The gentle knight, who nought to him replyde;
But trembling every ioynt did inly quake,
And foltring tongue at last these words seemd forth [to skake;

XXV.

'For God's deare love, Sir Knight, doe me not stay,
'For loe! he comes, he comes fast after mee."
Eft looking backe would faine have runne away,
But he him forst to stay, and tellen free
The secrete cause of his perplexitie;
Yet nathemore by his bold hartie speach
Could his blood-frozen hart emboldned bee,
But through his boldnes rather feare did reach;
Yett forst at last, he made thro' silence suddein breach.

XXVI.

'And am I now in safetie sure," quoth he,
'From him that would have forced me to dye?
'And is the point of death now turnd fro mee,
'That I may tell this haplesse history?" [nye."
'Feare nought," quoth he, "no daunger now is
'Then shall I you recount a ruefull cace,"
Said he, "the which with this unlucky eye
'I late beheld, and, had not greater grace
Me reft from it, had bene partaker of the place.

XXXIII.

Ere long they come where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
Far underneath a craggy cliff ypight,
Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcases doth crave;
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly owle,
Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle,
And all about itwandring ghostes did wayle and [howle:

XXXIV.

And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seen,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees,
On which had many wretches hanged beene,
Whose carcases were scattred on the greene,
And throwne about the cliffs. Arrived there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and dolefull teene,
Would faine have fled, ne durst approchen neare,
But th' other forst him staye, and comforted in feare.

XXXV.

That darkesome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullein mind;
His griesly lockes long growen and unbound,
Disordred hong about his shoulders round,
And hid his face, through which his hollow eyne
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw-bone cheekes, through penurie and pine,
Were shronke into his iawes, as he did never dine.

XXXVI.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thornes together pind and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;
And him beside there lay upon the gras
A dreary corse, whose life away did pas,
All wallowd in his own yet luke-warme blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas!
In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

XXXVII.

Which piteous spectacle approving trew
The wofull tale that Trevisan had told,
Whenas the gentle Red-crosse knight did vew,
With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold
Him to avenge, before his blood were cold;
And to the villein sayd, "Thou damned wight,
"The authour of this fact we here behold,
"What iustice can but iudge against thee right,
"With thine owne blood to price his blood here shed in [sight?"

XXXVIII.

"What frantick fit" quoth he, "hath thus distraught
"Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give?
"What iustice ever other iudgement taught,
"But he should dye who merites not to live?
"None els to death this man despayring drive,
"But his owne guiltie mind deserving death.
"Is then uniust to each his dew to give?
"Or let him dye that loatheth living breath?
"*Or let him die at ease* that liveth here uneath?

XXXIX.

" Who travailes by the wearie wandring way,
" To come unto his wished home in haste,
" And meetes a flood that doth his passage stay,
" Is not great grace to helpe him over past,
" Or free his feet, that in the myre sticke fast?
" Most envious man, that grieves at neighbours good,
" And fond, that ioyest in the woe thou hast,
" Why wilt not let him passe that long hath stood
" Upon the bancke, yet wilt thy selfe not pas the [flood?

XL.

" He there does now enioy eternall rest
" And happy ease, which thou doest want and crave,
" And further from it daily wanderest:
" What if some little payne the passage have,
" That makes frayle flesh to feare the bitter wave?
" Is not short payne well borne that bringes long ease,
" And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?
" Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
" Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly [please."

XLI.

The knight much wondred at his suddeine wit,
And sayd, " The terme of life is limited,
" Ne may a man prolong nor shorten it:
" The souldier may not move from watchfull sted,
" Nor leave his stand, untill his captaine bed."
" Who life did limit by almightie doome,
Quoth he, " knowes best the termes established;
" And he that points the centonell his roome,
" Doth license him depart at sound of morning droome.

XLII.

" Is not his deed what ever thing is donne
" In heaven and earth? did not he all create
" To die againe? all ends that was begonne:
" Their times in his eternall booke of Fate
" Are written sure, and have their certein date:
" Who then can strive with strong Necessitie,
" That holds the world in his still-chaunging state?
" Or shunne the death ordaynd by Destinie?
" When houre of death is come, let none aske whence,
[nor why.

XLIII.

" The lenger life, I wote the greater sin;
" The greater sin, the greater punishment:
" All those great battels which thou boasts to win,
" Through strife, and blood-shed, and avengement,
" Now prayed, hereafter deare thou shalt repent;
" For life must life, and blood must blood, repay.
" Is not enough thy evill life forespent?
" For he that once hath missed the right way,
" The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

XLIV.

" Then doe no further goe, no further stray,
" But here ly downe, and to thy rest betake,
" Th' ill to prevent, that life ensewen may:
" For what hath life that may it loved make,
" And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
" Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
" Payne, hunger, cold, that makes the heart to quake,
" And ever fickle Fortune, rageth rife:
" *All which, and thousands mo, do make a loathsome life.*

XLV.

" Thou, wretched Man! of death hast greatest need,
" If in true ballaunce thou wilt weigh thy state;
" For never knight, that dared warlike deed,
" More luckless dissaventures did amate;
" Witnes the dungeon deepe, wherein of late
" Thy life shut up for death so oft did call;
" And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,
" Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
" Into the which heareafter thou maist happen fall.

XLVI.

" Why then doest thou, O Man of sin! desire
" To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?
" Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
" High heaped up with huge iniquitee,
" Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
" Is not enough that to this lady mild
" Thou falsed hast thy faith with periuree,
" And sold thy selfe to serve Duessa vild,
" With whom in all abuse thou hast thy selfe defild?

XLVII.

" Is not he just, that all this doth behold
" From highest heven, and beares an equall eie?
" Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
" And guilty be of thine impietie?
" Is not his law, Let every sinner die,
" Die shall all flesh? what then must needs be donne,
" Is it not better to die willinglie,
" Then linger till the glas be all out-ronne?
" Death is the end of woes: die soone, O Faies sonne!"

XLVIII.

The knight was much enmoved with his speach,
That as a sword's poynt through his hart did perse,
And in his conscience made a secrete breach,
Weil knowing trew all that he did reherse,
And to his fresh remembraunce did reverse
The ugly vew of his deformed crimes,
That all his manly powres it did disperse,
As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes,
That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

XLIX.

In which amazement when the miscreaunt
Perceived him to waver weake and fraile,
(Whiles trembling horror did his conscience daunt
And hellish anguish did his soule assaile)
To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaile,
Hee shewd him painted in a table plaine
The damned ghosts that doe in torments waile,
And thousand feends that doe them endlesse paine
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remaine.

L.

The sight whereof so throughly him dismaid,
That nought but death before his eies he saw,
And ever-burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th' Almighties law.
Then gan the villein him to over-craw,
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw,
And bad *him choose* what death he would desire,
For death was dew to him that had provokt God's ire.

LII.

Which whenas Una saw, through ev
The crudled cold ran to her well of l
As in a swowne; but soone reliv'd
Out of his hand she snatcht the curs
And threw it to the ground, enraged
And to him said, "Fie, fie, faint-hea
"What meanest thou by this reproc
"Is this the battaile which thou vau
"With that fire-mouthed dragon, horr

LIII.

"Come, come away, fraile, feeble, fl
"Ne let vaine words bewitch thy ma
"Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy co
"In heavenly mercies hast thou not
"Why shouldst thou then despeire t
"Whereiustice growes, there growes el
"The which doth quench the brond o
"*And that* accurst hand-writing do
"*Arise, Sir* Knight, arise, and leave th

LIV.

rose, and thence amounted streight.
hen the carle beheld, and saw his guest
fe depart, for all his subtile sleight,
an halter from among the rest,
it hong himselfe, unbid, unblest.
he could not worke himselfe thereby,
and times he so himselfe had drest,
lesse it could not doe him die,
ould die his last, that is eternally.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO X.

Her faithfull knight fayre Una brings
To house of Hollinesse;
Where he is taught repentaunce, and
The way to heavenly blesse.

I.

WHAT man is he that boasts of fleshly might,
And vaine assuraunce of mortality,
Which all so soone as it doth come to fight
Against spirituall foes, yields by and by,
Or from the fielde most cowardly doth fly?
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory:
If any strength we have, it is to ill,
But all the good is God's, both power and eke will.

II.

By that which lately hapned, Una saw
That this her knight was feeble, and too faint,
And all his sinewes woxen weake and raw,
Through long enprisonment and hard constraint,
Which he endured in his late restraint,
That yet he was unfitt for bloody fight;
Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,
She cast to bring him where he chearen might,
Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

III.

s an auncient house not far away,
l throughout the world for sacred lore,
: unspotted life: so well, they say,
d was, and guided evermore,
wisedome of a matrone grave and hore,
nely ioy was to relieve the needes
ıed soules, and helpe the helpelesse pore:
she spent in bidding of her bedes,
he day in doing good and godly deedes.

IV.

elia men did her call, as thought
ıven to come, or thether to arise;
ıer of three daughters, well upbrought
r thewes, and godly exercise:
ıt two most sober, chast, and wise,
ıd Speranza, virgins were,
spousd, yet wanting wedlock's solemnize;
Charissa to a lovely fere
ked, and by him had many pledges dere.

V.

here, the dore they find fast lockt;
.s warely watched night and day,
of many foes; but when they knockt,
er opened unto them streight way.
ın aged syre, all hory gray,
ıkes full lowly cast, and gate full slow,
ı a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
umilta. *They* passe in, stouping low,
ht and narrow was the way which he did
Z.

VI

Each goodly thing is hard
But entred in, a spatious
Both plaine and pleasaunt
Where them does meete a
And entertaines with com
His name was Zele, that h
For in his speaches and b
Did labour lively to expre
And gladly did them guide

VII

There fayrely them receiv
Of myld demeanure and r
Right cleanly clad in com
In word and deede that sh
And knew his good to all
Hight Reverence: he them
Does faire entreat; no cou
But simple, trew, and eke
As might become a squyre

VIII

And afterwardes them to h
That aged dame, the lady
Who all this while was bu
Which doen, she up arose
And toward them full mat
Where, when that fairest U
Whom well she knew to s
Her heart with ioy unwon
As feeling wondrous com

IX.

And her embracing said, " O happy earth,
" Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread!
" Most vertuous virgin, borne of hevenly berth,
" That, to redeeme thy woefull parents head
" From tyrans rage, and ever-dying dread,
" Hast wandred through the world now long a day,
" Yett ceassest not thy weary soles to lead:
" What grace hath thee now hether brought this way?
" Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting hether stray?

X.

" Straunge thing it is an errant knight to see
" Here in this place, or any other wight
" That hether turnes his steps; so few there bee
" That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right:
" All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
" With many rather for to goe astray,
" And be partakers of their evill plight,
" Then with a few to walke the rightest way.
" O foolish Men! why hast ye to your own decay?"

XI.

" Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbes to rest,
" O Matrone sage!" quoth she, " I hether came;
" And this good knight his way with me addrest,
" Ledd with thy prayses and broad-blazed fame,
" That up to heven is blowne." The auncient dame,
Him goodly greeted in her modest guyse,
And enterteynd them both, as best became,
With *all the court'sies* that she could devyse,
Ne wanted ought to shew her bounteous or wise.

That could have dazd the rash b
And round about her head did shi

XIII.

She was araied all in lilly white
And in her right hand bore a c
With wine and water fild up to
In which a serpent did himselfe
That horrour made to all that c
But she no whitt did chaunge h
And in her other hand she fast c
A booke, that was both signd a
Wherin darke things were writt

XIV.

Her younger sister, that Speran
Was clad in blew, that her bese
Not all so chearefull seemed sh
As was her sister; whether dre
Or anguish, in her hart, is harc
Upon her arme a silver anchor l
Whereon she leaned ever, as b
And ever up to heven, as she di
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne

XV.

seeing Una, towardes her gan wend,
So them encounters with like courtesee;
Many kind speeches they betweene them spend,
And greatly ioy each other for to see:
Then to the knight with shamefast modestie
They turne themselves, at Unaes meeke request,
And him salute with well-beseeming glee,
Who faire them quites, as him beseemed best,
And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest.

XVI.

Then Una thus, "But she your sister deare,
"The deare Charissa, where is she become?
"Or wants she health, or busie is elsewhere?"
"Ah! no," said they, "but forth she may not [come;
"For she of late is lightned of her wombe,
"And hath encreast the world with one sonne more,
"That her to see should be but troublesome."
"Indeed," quoth she, "that should her trouble sore;
"But thankt be God, and her encrease so evermore."

XVII.

Then said the aged Cælia, "Deare Dame,
"And you, good Sir, I wote that of your toyle
"And labors long, through which ye hether came,
"Ye both forwearied be; therefore a whyle
"I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle."
Then called she a groome, that forth him ledd
Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile
Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bedd;
His name was Meeke Obedience rightfully aredd.

She graunted, and that knight so much
That she him taught celestiall disciplin
And opened his dull eyes, that light m

XIX.

And that her sacred booke, with blood
That none could reade except she did th
She unto him disclosed every whitt,
And heavenly documents thereout did p
(That weaker witt of man could never
Of God, of grace, of iustice, of free-w
That wonder was to hear her goodly sp
For she was hable with her wordes to k
And rayse againe to life the hart that sh

XX.

And when she list poure out her larger
She would commaund the hasty sunne t

XXI.

'he faithfull knight now grew in little space,
y hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
o such perfection of all hevenly grace,
hat wretched world he gan for to abhore,
nd mortall life gan loath, as thing forlore,
reevd with remembrance of his wicked wayes,
nd prickt with anguish of his sinnes so sore,
hat he desirde to end his wretched dayes;
much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismayes.

XXII.

it wise Speranza gave him comfort sweet,
nd taught him how to take assured hold
pon her silver anchor, as was meet;
s has his sinnes so great and manifold
ade him forget all that Fidelia told.
this distressed doubtfull agony,
hen him his dearest Una did behold,
sdeining life, desiring leave to dye,
e found her seife assayld with great perplexity;

XXIII.

id came to Cælia to declare her smart,
ho well acquainted with that commune plight,
hich sinfull horror workes in wounded hart,
r wisely comforted all that she might,
ith goodly counsell and advisement right;
id streightway sent with carefull diligence,
fetch a leach, the which had great insight
that disease of grieved conscience, (tience:
I well could cure the same; his name was Pa-

XXIV.

Who comming to that sowle-diseased knig
Could hardly him intreat to tell his grief;
Which knowne, and all that noyd his heavie
Well searcht, eftsoones he gan apply relief
Of salves and med'cines, which had passin
And thereto added wordes of wondrous mig
By which to ease he him recured brief,
And much aswag'd the passion of his pligh
That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now mo

XXV.

But yet the cause and root of all his ill,
Inward corruption and infected sin,
Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still
And festring sore did ranckle yett within,
Close creeping twixt the marow and the ski
Which to extirpe, he laid him privily
Downe in a darksome lowly place far in,
Whereas he meant his corrosives to apply,
And with streight diet tame his stubborne n

XXVI.

In ashes and sackcloth he did array
His daintie corse, proud humors to abate,
And dieted with fasting every day,
The swelling of his woundes to mitigate,
And made him pray both earely and eke late;
And ever as superfluous flesh did rott,
Amendment readie still at hand did wayt,
To pluck it out with pincers fyrie-whott,
That soone in him was lefte no one corrupted

XXVII.

:r Penaunce, with an yron whip,
ıt him once to disple every day;
p Remorse his hart did prick and nip,
ps of blood thence like a well did play;
Repentaunce used to embay
in salt water smarting sore,
/ blottes of sin to wash away:
:t space they did to health restore
that would not live, but erst lay at deathes [dore.

XXVIII.

his torment often was so great,
a lyon he would cry and rore,
his flesh, and his own synewes eat.
deare Una hearing evermore
ll shriekes and gronings, often tore
esse garments and her golden heare,
ɔf his payne and anguish sore;
th patience wisely she did beare,
he wist his cryme could els be never cleare.

XXIX.

us recover'd by wise Patience,
Repentaunce, they to Una brought;
us of his cured conscience,
ly kist, and fayrely eke besought
o chearish, and consuming thought
vay out of his carefull brest.
ıarissa, late in child-bed brought,
:n strong, and left her fruitfull nest:
:e Una brought this unacquainted guest.

As hell she hated, chaste in worke anc
Her necke and brests were ever open b
That ay thereof her babes might suck
The rest was all in yellow robes araye

XXXI.

A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their sportes, that ioyd her t
Whom still she fed, whiles theywerewe
But thrust them forth still as they we
And on her head she wore a tyre of g
Adornd with gemmes and owches wo
Whose passing price uneath was to b
And by her syde there sate a gentle p
Of turtle doves, she sitting in an yvo

XXXII.

The knight and Una entring, fayre h

XXXIII.

She was right ioyous of her iust request;
And taking by the hand that Faeries sonne,
Gan him instruct in everie good behest
Of love, and righteousnes, and well to donne,
And wrath and hatred warely to shonne,
That drew on men God's hatred and his wrath,
And many soules in dolours had fordonne:
In which when him she well instructed hath,
From thence to heaven she teacheth him the ready [path.

XXXIV.

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guyde,
An auncient matrone she to her does call,
Whose sober lookes her wisedome well descryde;
Her name was Mercy, well knowne over all
To be both gratious and eke liberall;
To whom the carefull charge of him she gave,
To leade aright, that he should never fall
In all his waies through this wide worldes wave,
That mercy in the end his righteous soule might save.

XXXV.

The godly matrone by the hand him beares
Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,
Scattred with bushy thornes and ragged breares,
Which still before him she remov'd away,
That nothing might his ready passage stay;
And ever when his feet encombred were,
Or gan to shrinke, or from the right to stray,
She held him fast, and firmely did upbeare, [reare.
As carefull nourse her child from falling oft does

XXXVI.

Eftsoones unto an holy hospitall,
That was foreby the way, she did him bring,
In which seven bead-men, that had vowed all
Their life to service of high heaven's King,
Did spend their daies in doing godly thing:
Their gates to all were open evermore
That by the wearie way were traveiling,
And one sate wayting ever them before,
To call in commers-by, that needy were and poore.

XXXVII.

The first of them, that eldest was and best,
Of all the house had charge and governement,
As guardian and steward of the rest:
His office was to give entertainement
And lodging unto all that came and went;
Not unto such as could him feast againe,
And double quite for that he on them spent,
But such as want of harbour did constraine;
Those for God's sake his dewty was to entertaine.

XXXVIII.

The second was as almner of the place:
His office was the hungry for to feed,
And thristy give to drinke, a worke of grace:
He feard not once himselfe to be in need,
Ne car'd to hoord for those whom he did breede:
The grace of God he layd up still in store,
Which as a stocke he left unto his seede:
He had enough, what need him care for more?
And had he lesse, yet some he would give to the poore.

XXXIX.

'he third had of their wardrobe custody,
ı which were not rich tyres nor garments gay,
The plumes of Pride and winges of Vanity)
ut clothes meet to keep keene cold away,
nd naked nature seemely to aray,
'ith which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,
he images of God in earthly clay;
nd if that no spare clothes to give he had,
is owne cote he would cut, and it distribute glad.

XL.

he fourth appointed by his office was
oore prisoners to relieve with gratious ayd,
nd captives to redeeme with price of bras
rom Turkes and Sarazins, which them had stayd;
nd though they faulty were, yet well he wayd,
hat God to us forgiveth every howre
Much more then that why they in bands were layd;
nd he that harrowd hell with heavie stowre,
'he faulty soules from thence brought to his heavenly [bowre.

XLI.

'he fift had charge sick persons to attend,
nd comfort those in point of death which lay;
or them most needeth comfort in the end,
When sin, and hell, and death, doe most dismay
'he feeble soule departing hence away.
ll is but lost that living we bestow,
F not well ended at our dying day.
O Man! have *mind of that last* bitter throw;
or as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever low.

XLII.

The sixt had charge of them now being dead,
In seemely sort their corses to engrave,
And deck with dainty flowres their brydall bed,
That to their heavenly spouse both sweet and brave
They might appeare, when he their soules shall save.
The wondrous workmanship of God's owne mould,
Whose face he made all beastes to feare, and gave
All in his hand, even dead we honour should.
Ah, dearest God! me graunt I dead be not defould.

XLIII.

The seventh, now after death and buriall done,
Had charge the tender orphans of the dead,
And wydowes ayd, least they should be undone:
In face of iudgement he their right would plead,
Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
In their defence, nor would for gold or fee
Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread,
And when they stood in most necessitee,
He did supply their want, and gave them ever fre

XLIV.

There when the Elfin Knight arrived was,
The first and chiefest of the seven, whose care
Was guests to welcome, towardes him did pas,
Where seeing Mercie, that his steps upbare,
And alwaies led, to her with reverence rare
He humbly louted in meeke lowlinesse,
And seemely welcome for her did prepare;
For of their order she was patronesse,
Albe Charissa were their chiefest founderesse.

XLV.

There she awhile him stayes, himselfe to rest,
That to the rest more hable he might bee;
During which time, in every good behest,
And godly worke of almes and charitee,
Shee him instructed with great industree:
Shortly therein so perfect he became,
That from the first unto the last degree,
His mortall life he learned had to frame
In holy righteousnesse, without rebuke or blame.

XLVI.

Thence forward by that painfull way they pas
Forth to an hill, that was both steepe and hy,
On top whereof a sacred chappell was,
And eke a litle hermitage thereby,
Wherein an aged holy man did ly,
That day and night said his devotion,
No other worldly busines did apply;
His name was hevenly Contemplation;
Of God and goodnes was his meditation.

XLVII.

Great grace that old man to him given had,
For God he often saw from heaven's hight;
All were his earthly eien both blunt and bad,
And through great age had lost their kindly sight,
Yet wondrous quick and persaunt was his spright,
As eagles eie, that can behold the sunne.
That hill they scale with all their powre and might,
That his *fraile thighes*, nigh weary and fordonne,
Gan faile, but by her helpe the top at last he wonne.

For nough[illegible]
His mind was full of sp[illegible]
And pyn'd his flesh to keep his body [illegible]

XLIX.

Who when these two approching he aspide,
At their first presence grew agrieved sore,
That forst him lay his hevenly thoughts asid
And had he not that dame respected more,
Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
He would not once have moved for the kni
They him saluted standing far afore,
Who well them greeting, humbly did requi
And asked to what end they clomb that tedi

L.

" What end," quoth she, " should cause t
" But that same end, which every living w
" Should make his marke, high heaven
" Is not from hence the way that leade
" To that most glorious house, that gl
" With burning starres and ever-livi
" Whereof the keies are to thy hand
" By wise Fidelia? shee doth thee re
" To shew it to this knight, accor

LI.

Arise happy man!" said then the father grave,
Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,
And shewes the way his sinfull soule to save,
"Who better can the way to heaven aread
"Then thou thyselfe, that was both borne and bred
"In hevenly throne, where thousand angels shine?
"Thou doest the praiers of the righteous sead
"Present before the Maiesty divine,
"And his avenging wrath to clemency incline.

LII.

"Yet since thou bidst, thy pleasure shal be donne.
"Then come, thou Man of Earth! and see the way
"That never yet was seene of Faries sonne,
"That never leads the traveiler astray;
"But after labors long, and sad delay,
"Brings them to ioyous rest and endlesse blis.
"But first thou must a season fast and pray,
"Till from her bands the spright assoiled is,
"And have her strength recur'd from fraile infirmitis."

LIII.

That done, he leads him to the highest mount,
Such one as that same mighty man of God,
That blood-red billowes like a walled front
On either side disparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
Dwelt forty daies upon; where, writt in stone
With bloody letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him shone:

LIV.

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hie,
Adornd with fruitfull olives all arownd,
Is, as it were for endlesse memory
Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was fownd,
For ever with a flowring girlond crownd:
Or like that pleasaunt mount, that is for ay
Through famous poets verse each where renownd
On which the thrise three learned ladies play
Their hevenly notes, and make full many a lovely l:

LV.

From thence, far off he unto him did shew
A little path that was both steepe and long,
Which to a goodly citty led his vew,
Whose wals and towres were builded high and stro
Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my simple song:
The Citty of the Greate King hight it well,
Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth dwel

LVI.

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessed angels to and fro descend
From highest heven in gladsome companee,
And with great ioy into that citty wend,
As commonly as frend does with his frend;
Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquere
What stately building durst so high extend
Her lofty towres unto the starry sphere,
And what unknowen nation there empeopled wer

LVII.

ire Knight," quoth he, "Hierusalem that is,
he new Hierusalem, that God has built
ɔr those to dwell in that are chosen his,
s chosen people purg'd from sinful guilt
ith pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt
ı cursed tree, of that unspotted Lam
hat for the sinnes of all the world was kilt;
ɔw are they saints all in that citty sam,
ore dear unto their God then younglings to their [dam."

LVIII.

ll now," said then the knight, "I weened well
hat great Cleopolis, where I have beene,
which that fairest Faery Queene doth dwell,
he fairest citty was that might be seene;
ıd that bright towre, all built of christall clene,
nthea, seemd the brightest thing that was;
ıt now by proofe all otherwise I weene;
ɔr this great citty that does far surpas,
ıd this bright angels towre quite dims that towre [of glas."

LIX.

ost trew," then said the holy aged man;
ɛt is Cleopolis for earthly frame
he fairest peece that eie beholden can;
nd well beseemes all knights of noble name,
hat covett in th' immortall booke of Fame
o be eternized, that same to haunt,
nd doen their service to that soveraigne dame,
hat glory does to them for guerdon graunt;
ɔr *she is hevenly borne*, and heaven may iustly
vaunt.

LX.

"And thou, faire Ymp, sprong out from English race,
"How ever now accompted Elfin's sonne,
"Well worthy doest thy service for her grace,
"To aide a virgin desolate fordonne:
"But when thou famous victory hast wonne,
"And high emongst all knights hast hong thy shield,
"Thenceforth the suitt of earthly conquest shonne,
"And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field,
"For blood can nought but sin, and wars but sorrows, [yield.

LXI.

"Then seek this path that I to thee presage,
"Which after all to heaven shall thee send;
"Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
"To yonder same Hierusalem doe bend,
"Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end;
"For thou emongst those saints, whom thou doest see,
"Shalt be a saint, and thine owne nation's frend
"And patrone: thou Saint George shalt called bee,
"Saint George of mery England, the signe of vic- [torie."

LXII.

"Unworthy wretch," quoth he, "of so great grace
"How dare I thinke such glory to attaine?"
"These that have it attaynd were in like cace,"
Quoth he, "as wretched, and liv'd in like paine.
"But deeds of armes must I at last be faine,
"And ladies love, to leave, so dearely bought?
"What need of armes where peace doth ay remain
Said he, "and battailes none are to be fought?
"As for loose loves they are vaine, and vanis

nought."

LXIII.

) let me not," quoth he, " then turne againe
Backe to the world, whose ioyes so fruitlesse ar
But let me here fore aie in peace remaine,
Or streightway on that last long voiage fare,
That nothing may my present hope empare."
That may not be," said he; " ne maist thou yitt
Forgoe that royal maides bequeathed care,
Who did her cause into thy hand committ,
Till from her cursed foe thou have her freely quitt."

LXIV.

Then shall I soone," quoth he, " so God me grace,
Abett that virgin's cause disconsolate,
And shortly back returne unto this place,
To walke this way in pilgrim's poore estate.
But now aread, old Father, why of late
didst thou behight me borne of English blood,
Whom all a Faeries sonne doen nominate?"
What word shall I," said he, " avouchen good,
n to thee is unknowne the cradle of thy brood.

LXV.

well I wote thou springst from ancient race
Saxon kinges, that have with mightie hand,
many bloody battailes fought in place,
reard their royall throne in Britane land,
vanquisht them, unable to withstand:
thence a Faery thee unweeting reft,
as thou slepst in tender swadling band,
er base Elfin brood there for thee left:
en do chaungelings call, so chaung'd by
theft.

LXVI.

" Thence she thee brought into this Faery Lond,
" And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde,
" Where thee a ploughman all unweeting fond,
" As he his toylesome teme that way did guyde,
" And brought thee up in ploughman's state to byde,
" Whereof Georgos he thee gave to name;
" Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryde,
" To Fary Court thou cam'st to seek for fame,
" And prove thy pussiant armes, as seems thee best [became."

LXVII.

" O holy Sire!" quoth he, " how shall I quight
" The many favours I with thee have fownd,
" That hast my name and nation redd aright,
" And taught the way that does to heaven bownd?"
This saide, adowne he looked to the grownd,
To have returnd, but dazed were his eyne,
Throughpassing brightnes, whichdidquiteconfonnd
His feeble sence, and too exceeding shyne:
So darke are earthly thinges compard to things divine.

LXVIII.

At last, whenas himselfe he gan to fynd,
To Una back he cast him to retyre,
Who him awaited still with pensive mynd.
Great thankes and goodly meede to that good syre
He thens departing gave, for his paynes hyre;
So came to Una, who him ioyd to see,
And after litle rest gan him desyre
Of her adventure myndfull for to bee:
So leave they take of Cælia and her daughters three.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO XI.

The Knight with that old Dragon fights
Two dayes incessantly;
The third him overthrowes, and gaynes
Most glorious victory.

I.

HIGH time now gan it wex for Una fayre,
To thinke of those her captive parents deare,
And their forwasted kingdom to repayre:
Whereto whenas they now approched neare,
With hartie wordes her knight she gan to cheare,
And in her modest manner thus bespake;
Deare Knight! as deare as ever knight was deare,
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
High heven behold the tedious toyle ye for me take!

II.

Now are we come unto my native soyle,
And to the place where all our perilles dwell;
Here hauntes that feend, and does his daily spoyle;
Therefore henceforth bee at your keeping well,
And ever ready for your foeman fell:
The sparke of noble corage now awake,
And strive your excellent selfe to excell:
That shall ye evermore renowmed make
Above all knights on earth that batteill undertake.

III.

And pointing forth, "Lo yonder is," said she
" The brasen towre, in which my parents de
" For dread of that huge feend emprisond be
" Whom I from far see on the walles appeare
" Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly cl
" And on the top of all I do espye
" The watchman wayting tydings glad to he
" That, O my Parents! might I happily
" Unto you bring, to ease you of your miser

IV.

With that the heard a roaring hideous sownd,
That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,
And seemd uneath to shake the stedfast grou
Eftsoones that dreadfull dragon they espyde,
Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill;
But all so soone as he from far descryde
Those glistring armes, that heven with light did
He rousd himselfe full blyth, and hastned

V. [u

Then badd the knight his lady yede aloof,
And to an hill herselfe withdraw asyde,
From whence she might behold that battailes p
And eke be safe from daunger far descryde:
She him obayd, and turnd a little wyde.
Now, O thou sacred Muse! most learned dam
Fayre ympe of Phœbus and his aged bryde,
The nourse of Time and everlasting Fame,
That warlike handes ennoblest with immortall n

VI.

me into my feeble brest,
y, but not with that mightie rage
the martiall troupes thou doest infest,
of great heroës doest enrage,
ht their kindled corage may aswage:
y dreadfull trompe begins to sownd,
f Warre with his fiers equipage
awake, sleepe never he so sownd,
nations doest with horror sterne astownd.

VII.

lesse! lay that furious fitt asyde,
arres and bloody Mars doe sing,
1 fieldes with Sarazin blood bedyde,
great Faery Queene and paynim king,
their horror heven and earth did ring;
: labour long and endlesse prayse:
while lett downe that haughtie string,
tunes thy second tenor raise,
man of God his godly armes may blaze.

VIII.

dreadfull beast drew nigh to hand,
g and halfe footing in his haste,
his largenesse measured much land,
wide shadow under his huge waste,
ine doth the valley overcaste.
; nigh, he reared high afore
ionstrous, horrible, and vaste,
increase his wondrous greatnes more,
with wrath, and poyson, and with bloody

Like plate
That nought mote perce, nei
With dint of sverd, nor push of poin
Which, as an eagle, seeing pray appe
His aery plumes doth rouze, full rud
So shaked he, that horror was to hea
For, as the clashing of an armour bri
Such noyse his rouzed scales did send u

X.

His flaggy winges, when forth he did
Were like two sayles, in which the h
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy
And eke the pennes that did his pinic
Were like mayne-yardes with flying
With which whenas him list the ayr
And there by force unwonted passag
The cloudes before him fledd for ter

XII.

ut stinges and sharpest steele did far exceed
The sharpnesse of his cruel-rending clawes:
Dead was it sure, as sure as death indeed,
What ever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,
Or what within his reach he ever drawes.
But his most hideous head my tongue to tell
Does tremble; for his deepe devouring iawes
Wyde gaped, like the griesly mouth of hell,
Through which into his darke abysse all ravin fell.

XIII.

And that more wondrous was, in either iaw
Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,
In which yett trickling blood and gobbets raw
Of late devoured bodies did appeare,
That sight thereof bredd cold congealed feare;
Which to increase, and all at once to kill,
A cloud of smoothering smoke and sulphure seare
Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,
That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did fill.

XIV.

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shieldes,
Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living fyre:
As two broad beacons, sett in open fieldes,
Send forth their flames far off to every shyre,
And warning give that enemies conspyre
With fire and sword the region to invade,
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre;
But far within, as in a hollow glade, [shade.
Those glaring lampes were sett that made a dreadfull

XV.

So dreadfully he towardes him did pas,
Forelifting up aloft his speckled brest,
And often bounding on the brused gras,
As for great ioyance of his new-come gues
Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty crest,
As chauffed bore his bristles doth upreare,
And shoke his scales, to battaile ready drest,
That made the Red-crosse knight nigh qu
As bidding bold defyaunce to his foeman ne

XVI.

The knight gan fayrely couch his steady sp
And fiercely ran at him with rigorous migl
The pointed steele, arriving rudely theare,
His harder hyde would nether perce nor bigh
But glauncing by, foorth passed forward ri
Yet sore amoved with so puissaunt push,
The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
And him so rudely passing by did brush
With his long tayle, that horse and man to gro

XVII.

Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,
And fresh encounter towardes him addrest;
But th' ydle stroke yet backe recoyld in vai
And found no place his deadly point to rest.
Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beast,
To be avenged of so great despight;
For never felt his imperceable brest
So wondrous force from hand of living wigl
Yet had he prov'd the powre of manya puissant l

XVIII.

'hen with his waving wings displayed wyde,
Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcibly divyde
'he yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble found
Her flitting parts, and element unsound,
'o beare so great a weight: he cutting way
With his broad sayles, about him soared round:
At last low stouping with unweldy sway,
natcht up both horse and man, to beare them quite [away.

XIX.

.ong he them bore above the subject plaine,
So far as ewghen bow a shaft may send,
Till struggling strong did him at last constraine
To let them downe before his flightes end:
As hagard hauke presuming to contend
With hardy fowle, above his hable might,
His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend
To trusse the pray too heavy for his flight,
Which coming down to ground does free itselfe by [fight.

XX.

He so disseized of his gryping grosse,
The knight his thrillant speare againe assayd
In his bras-plated body to embosse,
And three mens strength unto the stroake he layd,
Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked as affrayd,
And glauncing from his scaly necke, did glyde
Close under his left wing, then broad displayd,
The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,
That with the uncouth smart the monster lowdly cryde.

XXI.

He cryde as raging seas are wont to rore,
When wintry storme his wrathful wreck does thre
The rolling billowes beate the ragged shore,
As they the earth would shoulder from her seat;
And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge;
Then gin the blustring brethren boldly threat
To move the world from off his stedfast henge,
And boystrous battaile make, each other to aven

XXII.

The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,
Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,
And quite asunder broke; forth flowed fresh
A gushing river of blacke gory blood,
That drowned all the land whereon he stood;
The streame thereof would drive a water-mill:
Trebly augmented was his furious mood
With bitter sence of his deepe-rooted ill,
That flames of fire he threw forth from his large

XXIII.

His hideous tayle then hurled he about,
And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes
Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stou
Striving to loose the knott that fast him tyes
Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash impli
That to the ground he is perforce constray
To throw his ryder; who can quickly ryse
From off the earth, with durty blood distay
For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disc

XXIV.

And fercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
That nothing seemd the puissaunce could withstand:
Upon his crest the hardned yron fell;
But his more hardned crest was armd so well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,
But when he saw them come he did them still forsake.

XXV.

The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguyld,
And smot againe with more outrageous might;
But backe againe the sparcling steele recoyld,
And left not any marke where it did light,
As if in adamant rocke it had beene pight.
The beast impatient of his smarting wound,
And of so fierce and forcible despight,
Thought with his winges to stye above the ground:
But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

XXVI.

Then full of grief and anguish vehement
He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard,
And from his wide devouring oven sent
A flake of fire, that flashing in his beard
Him all amazd, and almost made afeard:
The scorching flame sore swinged all his face,
And through his armour all his body seard,
That he could not endure so cruell cace,
But thought his armes to leave, and helmet to unlace.

XXVII.

Not that great champion of the antique world,
Whom famous poetes verse so much doth vaunt,
And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,
So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
When him the poysoned garment did enchaunt
With Centaures blood, and bloody verses charmd,
As did this knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,
Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that erst him armd,
That ersthim goodlyarmd,now most ofall him harmd.

XXVIII.

Faynt, wearie, sore, emboyled, grieved, brent, [fire,
With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and inward
That never man such mischiefes did torment,
Death better were, death did he oft desire,
But death will never come when needes require;
Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
He cast to suffer him no more respire,
But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld, [feld.
And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him

XXIX.

It fortuned, (as fayre it then befell)
Behynd his backe, unweeting where he stood,
Of auncient time there was a springing well,
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good:
Whylome, before that cursed dragon got
That happy land, and all with innocent blood
Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot
The Well of Life, ne yet his vertues had forgot:

XXX.

For unto life the dead it could restore,
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away;
Those that with sicknesse were infected sore
It could recure, and aged long decay
Renew, as one were borne that very day.
Both Silo this, and Iordan, did excell,
And th' English Bath, and eke the Germa Spau,
Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus, match this well;
Into the same the knight back overthrowen fell.

XXXI.

Now gan the golden Phœbus for to steepe
His fierie face in billows of the west,
And his faint steedes watred in ocean deepe,
Whiles from their iournall labours they did rest;
When that infernall monster, having kest
His wearie foe into that living well,
Gan high advaunce his broad discouloured brest
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his yron wings, as victor he did dwell.

XXXII.

Which when his pensive lady saw from farre,
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,
As weening that the sad end of the warre,
And gan to highest God entirely pray,
That feared chaunce from her to turne away:
With folded hands, and knees full lowly bent,
All night she watcht, ne once adowne would lay
Her dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,
But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

XXXIII.

To morrow next gan earely to appeare,
That Titan rose to runne his daily race;
But earely ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the sea faire Titan's deawy face,
Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if she might spy
Her loved knight to move his manly pace;
For she had great doubt of his safety,
Since late she saw him fall before his enimy.

XXXIV.

At last she saw where he upstarted brave
Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay;
As eagle fresh out of the ocean wave,
Where he hath lefte his plumes all hory gray,
And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,
Like eyas hauke up mounts unto the skies,
His newly-budded pinions to assay
And marveiles at himselfe stil as he flies;
So new this new-borne knight to battell new did rise.

XXXV.

Whom when the damned feend so fresh did spy,
No wonder if he wondred at the sight,
And doubted whether his late enimy
It were, or other new-supplied knight:
He, now to prove his late-renewed might,
High brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade,
Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite,
That to the scull a yawning wound it made;
The deadly dint his dulled sences all dismaid.

XXXVI.

wote not whether the revenging steele
Vere hardned with that holy water dew
Vherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,
)r his baptized hands now greater grew,
)r other secret vertue did ensew;
Els never could the force of fleshly arme,
Ne molten mettall in his blood embrew,
For till that stownd could never wight him harme
By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

XXXVII.

The cruell wound enraged him so sore,
That loud he yelled for exceeding paine;
As hundred ramping lions seemd to rore,
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constraine:
Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,
And therewith scourge the buxome aire so sore,
That to his force to yielden it was faine;
Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afore,
That high trees overthrew, and rocks in peeces tore:

XXXVIII.

The same advauncing high above his head,
With sharpe intended sting so rude him smott,
That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead,
Ne living wight would have him life behott:
The mortall sting his angry needle shott
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seasd,
Where fast it stucke, ne would thereout be gott:
The *griefe thereof him* wondrous sore diseasd,
Ne might his rancling paine with patience be appeasd.

XXXIX.

But yet more mindfull of his honour deare,
Then of the grievous smart which him did wring,
From loathed soile he gan him lightly reare,
And strove to loose the far infixed sting;
Which when in vaine he tryde with struggeling,
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he heft,
And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string
Of his huge taile he quite asonder clefte;
Five joints thereof he hewd, and but the stump lft.

XL.

Hart cannot thinke what outrage and what cries,
With fowle enfouldred smoake and flashing fire,
The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the skies,
That all was covered with darknesse dire:
Then fraught with rancour and engorged yre,
He cast at once him to avenge for all;
And gathering up himselfe out of the mire,
With his uneven wings did fiercely fall
Upon his sunne-bright shield, and grypt it fast with all.

XLI.

Much was the man encumbred with his hold,
In fear to lose his weapon in his paw,
Ne wist yett how his talaunts to unfold;
Nor harder was from Ceberus greedy iaw
To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
To reave by strength the griped gage away;
Thrice he assayd it from his foote to draw,
And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay;
It booted nought to thinke to robbe him of his pray.

XLII.

ho when he saw no power might prevaile,
is trusty sword he cald to his last aid,
'herewith he fiersly did his foe assaile,
nd double blowes about him stoutly laid,
hat glauncing fire out of the yron plaid,
s sparckles from the andvile use to fly,
'hen heavy hammers on the wedg are swaid;
herewith at last he forst him to unty
ne of his grasping feete, him to defend thereby.

XLIII.

he other foote, fast fixed on his shield,
'henas no strength nor stroks mote him constraine.
o loose, ne yet the warlike pledg to yield,
: smott thereat with all his might and maine,
hat nought so wondrous puissaunce might sus-
on the ioint the lucky steele did light, [taine:
id made such way, that hewd it quite in twaine:
e paw yett missed not his minisht might,
t hong still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

XLIV.

· griefe thereof, and divelish despight,
m his infernall fournace forth he threw
ge flames, that dimmed all the hevens light,
rold in duskish smoke and brimstone blew:
burning Aetna from his boyling stew
th belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,
id ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
wrapt in cole-blacke clowds and filthy smoke,
t al the land with stench, and heven with horror
choke.

XLV.

The heate whereof and harmefull pestilence,
So sore him noyd, that forst him to retire
A little backeward for his best defence,
To save his body from the scorching fire,
Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.
It chaunst (eternall God that chaunce did guide)
As he recoiled backeward, in the mire
His nigh forwearied feeble feet did slide,
And downe he fell, with dread of shame sore terrifide.

XLVI.

There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,
Loaden with fruit and apples rosy redd,
As they in pure vermilion had been dide,
Whereof great vertues over all were redd;
For happy life to all which thereon fedd,
And life eke everlasting did befall:
Great God it planted in that blessed stedd
With his almighty hand, and did it call
The Tree of Life, the crime of our first father's fall.

XLVII.

In all the world like was not to be fownd,
Save in that soile, where all good things did grow,
And freely sprong out of the fruitfull grownd,
As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
Till that dredd dragon all did overthrow.
Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof whoso did eat, eftsoones did know
Both good and ill: O mournfull memory!
That tree through one man's fault hath done us all to dy.

XLVIII.

m that first tree forth flowd as from a well,
rickling streame of balme, most soveraine
d dainty deare, which on the ground still fell,
d overflowed all the fertile plaine,
it had deawed bene with timely raine;
e and long health that gracious ointment gave,
d deadly wounds could heale, and reare againe
e senélésse corse appointed for the grave;
o that same he fell, which did from death him save.

XLIX.

nigh thereto the ever-damned beast
rst not approch, for he was deadly made,
d al that life preserved did detest;
t he it oft adventur'd to invade.
this the drouping day-light gan to fade,
d yield his rowme to sad succeeding Night,
o with her sable mantle gan to shade
: face of earth and wayes of living wight,
d high her burning torch set up in heaven bright.

L.

en gentle Una saw the second fall
her deare knight, who weary of long fight,
d faint through losse of blood, moov'd not at all,
: lay as in a dreame of deepe delight,
mear'd with pretious balme, whose vertuous might
l heale his woundes, and scorching heat alay,
aine she stricken was with sore affright,
d for his safetie gan devoutly pray,
watch the noyous night, and wait for ioyous day.

LI.

The ioyous day gan early to appeare,
And fayre Aurora from the deawy bed
Of aged Tithone gan herselfe to reare
With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing red:
Her golden locks for hast were loosely shed
About her eares, when Una her did marke
Clymbe to her chariet, all with flowers spred,
From heven high to chace the cheareless darke;
With merry note her lowd salutes the mounting larke.

LII.

Then freshly up arose the doughty knight,
All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
And did himselfe to battaile ready dight;
Whose early foe awaiting him beside
To have devoured, so soone as day he spyde,
When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,
He woxe dismaid, and gan his fate to feare;
Nathelesse with wonted rage he him advaunced ne

LIII.

And in his first encounter, gaping wyde,
He thought att once him to have swallowd qu
And rusht upon him with outragious pryde;
Who him rencounting fierce, as hauke in fl
Perforce rebutted back. The weapon brigh
Taking advantage of his open iaw,
Ran through his mouth with so importune m
That deepe emperst his darksom hollow ma
And back retyrd, his life blood forth with al

LIV.

e he fell, and forth his life did breath,
nisht into smoke and cloudes swift;
e he fell, that th' earth him underneath
ıe, as feeble so great load to lift;
ıe he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
alse foundacion waves have washt away,
eadfull poyse is from the mayneland rift,
ing downe, great Neptune doth dismay;
e he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

LV.

ght himselfe even trembled at his fall,
and horrible a masse it seemd,
deare lady, that beheld it all,
ıt approch for dread, which she misdeemd;
at last, whenas the direfull feend
not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright,
ıer drew, and saw that ioyous end;
ıd she prayad, and thankt her faithfull knight,
l atchievde so great a conquest by his might.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOKE I. CANTO XII.

[illegible]

I.

BEHOLD I see the haven high at hand
To which I meane my wearie course to bend;
Vere the maine sheete, and bearne up with the land,
The which afore is fayrly to be kenned,
And seemeth safe from storms, that may offend;
There this fayre virgin, wearie of her way,
Must landed bee, now at her iourneyes end;
There eke my feeble barke a while may stay,
Till mery wynd and weather call her thence a

II.

Scarsely had Phœbus in the glooming East
Yett harnessed his fyrie-footed teeme,
Ne reard above the earth his flaming creast,
When the last deadly smoke aloft did steer
That signe of last-out-breathed life did s
Unto the watchman on the castle-wall,
Who thereby dead that balefull beast did d
And to his lord and lady lowd gan call,
To tell how he had seene the dragon's f

III.

Uprose with hasty ioy and feeble speed
That aged syre, the lord of all that land,
And looked forth, to weet if trew indeed
Those tydinges were, as he did understand;
Which whenas trew by tryall he out-fond,
He badd to open wyde his brasen gate,
Which long time had beene shut, and out of hond
Proclaymed ioy and peace through all his state,
For dead now was their foe, which them forrayed late.

IV.

Then gan triumphant trompets sownd on hye,
That sent to heven the ecchoed report
Of their new ioy, and happie victory
Gainst him that had them long opprest with tort,
And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.
Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
To him assembled with one full consort,
Reioycing at the fall of that great beast,
From whose eternall bondage now they were releast.

V.

Forth came that auncient lord and aged queene,
Arayd in antique robes downe to the grownd,
And sad habiliments right well beseene:
A noble crew about them waited rownd,
Of sage and sober peres, all gravely gownd;
Whom far before did march a goodly band
Of tall young men, all hable armes to sound,
But now they laurell braunches bore in hand;
Glad signe of victory and peace in all their land.

VI.

Unto that doughtie conquerour they traine,
And him before themselves prostrating low,
Their lord and patrone loud did him proclaine,
And at his feet their lawrell boughes did throw.
Soone after them, all dancing on a row,
The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
As fresh as flowers in meadow greene do grow,
When morning dewe upon their leaves doth light,
And in their hands sweet timbrells all upheld on high.

VII.

And them before the fry of children young
Their wanton sportes and childish mirth did play,
And to the maydens sounding tymbrels song
In well attuned notes a ioyous lay,
And made delightfull musick all the way,
Untill they came where that faire virgin stood;
As fayre Diana in fresh sommer's day
Beholdes her nymphes, enraung'd in shady wood,
Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in christall flood:

VIII.

So she beheld those maydens meriment
With chearefull vew; who when to her they came,
Themselves to ground with gracious humblesse bent,
And her ador'd by honorable name,
Lifting to heven her everlasting fame;
Then on her head they sett a girlond greene,
And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game;
Who in herself-resemblance well beseene,
Did seeme such as she was, a goodly maiden queene.

IX.

er all the raskall many ran,
together in rude rablement,
he face of that victorious man,
all admired, as from heaven sent,
'd upon with gaping wonderment;
n they came where that dead dragon lay,
on the ground in monstrous large extent,
ht with ydle feare did them dismay,
approach him nigh, to touch, or once assay.

X.

rd, and fledd; some feard, and well it faynd;
it would wiser seeme then all the rest,
im not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd
gring life within his hollow brest,
s wombe might lurke some hidden nest
dragonettes, his fruitfull seede;
saide, that in his eyes did rest
ckling fyre, and badd thereof take heed;
said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.

XI.

her, whenas her foole-hardy chyld
e too neare, and with his talants play,
id through feare, her litle babe revyl'd,
ier gossibs gan in counsell say,
an I tell but that his talants may
atch my sonne, or rend his tender hand?"
ly themselves in vaine they fray;
me more bold to measure him nigh stand,
ow many acres he did spred of land.

XVIII.

" Ah! dearest Lord," said then that dough
" Of ease or rest I may not yet devise,"
" For by the faith, which I to armes have
" I bound am, streight after this emp
" (As that your daughter cann ye well ad
" Backe to returne to that great Faery
" And her to serve six yeares in warlike
" Gainst that proud paynim king that work
" Therefore I ought crave pardon till I

XIX.

" Unhappy falls that hard necessity,"
Quoth he, " the troubler of my happy pe
" And vowed foe of my felicity,
" Ne I against the same can justly preace
" But since that band ye cannot now rele
" Nor doen undo, (for vowes may not be
" Soone as the terme of those six yeares sha
" Ye then shall hither backe retourne agay
" The marriage to accomplish vowd bet

XX.

" Which for my part I covet to performe,
" In sort as through the world I did proel
" That whoso kild that monster most defe
" And him in hardy battayle overcame,
" Should have mine onely daughter to his d
" And of my kingdome heyre apparaunt be
" Therefore since now to thee perteynes the
" By dew desert of noble chevalrie,
" Both daughter and eke kingdome lo I yie

XXI.

n forth he called that his daughter fayre,
fairest Un', his onely daughter deare,
onely daughter and his onely hayre:
o forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,
bright as doth the morning starre appeare
of the east, with flaming lockes bedight,
tell that dawning day is drawing neare,
l to the world does bring long-wished light;
aire and fresh that lady shewd herselfe in sight:

XXII.

aire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May;
she had layd her mournefull stole aside,
l widow-like sad wimple throwne away,
erewith her heavenly beautie she did hide,
iles on her wearie iourney she did ride;
l on her now a garment she did weare
lilly white, withoutten spot or pride,
it seemd like silke and silver woven neare,
neither silke nor silver therein did appeare.

XXIII.

e blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame,
l glorious light of her sun-shyny face,
tell, were as to strive against the streame;
ragged rimes are all too rude and bace
heavenly lineaments for to enchace.
wonder; for her own deare-loved knight,
were she daily with himselfe in place,
l wonder much at her celestial sight:
had he seene her faire, but never so faire dight.

XXIV.

So fairely dight when she in presence came,
She to her syre made humble reverence,
And bowed low, that her right well became,
And added grace unto her excellence;
Who with great wisedome and grave eloquence
Thus gan to say—but eare he thus had sayd,
With flying speede, and seeming great pretence,
Came running in, much like a man dismayd,
A messenger with letters, which his message sayd.

XXV.

All in the open hall amazed stood
Att suddeinnesse of that unwary sight,
And wondred at his breathlesse hasty mood;
But he for nought would stay his passage right,
Till fast before the king he did alight;
Where falling flat, great humblesse he did make,
And kist the ground wherron his foot was pight;
Then to his handes that writt he did betake,
Which he disclosing, red thus, as the paper spake;

XXVI.

'To thee, most mighty King of Eden fayre,
'Her greeting sends in these sad lines addrest
'The wofull daughter and forsaken heyre
'Of that great emperour of all the West,
'And bids thee be advized for the best,
'Ere thou thy daughter linck in holy band
'Of wedlocke to that new unknowen guest;
'For he already plighted his right hand
'Unto another love, and to another land.

XXVII.

To me, sad mayd, or rather widow sad,
He was affyaunced long time before,
And sacred pledges he both gave, and had,
(False erraunt knight, infamous, and forswore)
Witnesse the burning altars, which he swore,
And guilty heavens of his bold periury,
Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,
Yet I to them for iudgment iust doe fly,
And them coniure t'avenge this shamefull iniury.

XXVIII.

Therefore since mine he is, or free or bond,
Or false or trew, or living, or else dead,
Withhold, O soverayne Prince! your hasty hond
From knitting league with him, I you aread;
Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,
Thro' weakenesse of my widowhed or woe,
For Truth is strong her rightfull cause to plead,
And shall finde friends, if need requireth soe,
So bids thee well to fare, thy neither friend nor foe.

XXIX. FIDESSA.

When he these bitter byting wordes had red,
The tydings straunge did him abashed make,
That still he sate long time astonished,
As in great muse, ne word to creature spake.
At last his solemne silence thus he brake,
With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest;
Redoubted Knight! that for myne only sake
Thy life and honor late adventurest,
Let nought be hid from me that ought to be exprest.

" My conscience cleare with guilty
" High God be witnesse that I gı
" But if yourselfe, Sir Knight, y
" Or wrapped be in loves of form
" With cryme does not it cover

XXXI

To whom theRed-crosse knight t
" My Lord, my King, be nought
" Till well ye wote, by grave int
" What woman, and wherefore, c
" With breach of love and loialt
" It was in my mishaps, as hithe
" I lately traveild, that unwares
" Out of my way, through perils s
" That day should faile me e

XXXII.

XXXIII.

ıen stepped forth the goodly royall mayd,
ıd on the ground herselfe prostrating low,
ith sober countenance thus to him sayd;
O pardon me, my soveraine Lord, to show
The secret treasons which of late I know
To have bene wrought by that false sorceresse;
Shee, onely she, it is that earst did throw
This gentle knight into so great distresse,
That death him did awaite in daily wretchednesse,

XXXIV.

And now it seemes that she suborned hath
This crafty messenger with letters vaine,
To worke new woe and unprovided scath,
By breaking of the band betwixt us twaine;
Wherein she used hath the practicke paine
Of this false footman, clokt with simplenesse,
Whome if ye please for to discover plaine,
Ye shall him Archimago find, I ghesse,
The falsest man alive; who tries shall find no lesse."

XXXV.

he king was greatly moved at her speach,
ınd all with suddein indignation fraight,
ad on that messenger rude hands to reach.
ftsoones the gard, which on his state did wait,
ıtacht that faytor false, and bound him strait,
Vho seemingly sorely chauffed at his band,
.s chained beare, whom cruell dogs doe bait,
Vith ydle force did faine them to withstand,
ıd often semblaunce made to scape out of their hand.

XXXVI.

But they him lay'd full low in dungeon deepe,
And bound him hand and foote with iron chain
And with continual watch did warely keepe:
Who then would thinke, that by his subtile trai
He could escape fowle death or deadly pains?
Thus, when that prince's wrath was pacifide,
He gan renew the late-forbidden bains,
And to the knight his daughter dear he tyde
With sacred rites and vowes forever to abyde.

XXXVII.

His owne two hands the holy knotts did knitt,
That none but death for ever can divide;
His owne two hands, for such a turne most fitt,
The housling fire did kindle and provide,
And holy water thereon sprinckled wide;
At which the bushy teade a groome did light,
And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
Where it should not be quenched day nor night
For feare of evil fates, but burnen ever bright.

XXXVIII.

Then gan they sprinckle all the posts with win
And made great feast to solemnize that day;
They all perfumde with frankincense divine,
And precious odours fetcht from far away,
That all the house did sweat with great aray;
And all the while sweete Musicke did apply
Her curious skill the warbling notes to play,
To drive away the dull melancholy,
The whiles one sung a song of love and iollity.

XXXIX.

ıring the which there was an heavenly noise
eard sownd through all the pallace pleasantly,
ke as it had bene many an angels voice
ıging before th' eternal Maiesty,
their trinall triplicities on hye;
et wist no creature whence that hevenly sweet
oceeded, yet each one felt secretly
imselfe thereby refte of his sences meet,
nd ravished with rare impression in his sprite.

XL.

eat ioy was made that day of young and old,
nd solemne feast proclaymd throughout the land,
nat their exceeding merth may not be told:
ffice it heare by signes to understand
he usual ioyes at knitting of love's band:
hrise happy man the knight himselfe did hold,
ssessed of his ladies hart and hand;
nd ever, when his eie did her behold,
s heart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.

XLI.

er ioyous presence and sweet company
full content he there did long enioy;
e wicked envy, ne vile gealosy,
is deare delights were hable to annoy:
et swimming in that sea of blisful ioy,
e nought forgott how he whilome had sworne,
ı case he could that monstrous beast destroy,
nto his Faery *Queene* backe to retourne;
he which he shortly did, and Una left to mourne.

XLII.

Now strike your sailes, yee iolly Mariners!
For we be come unto a quiet rode,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this weary vessell of her lode:
Here she a while may make her safe abode,
Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
And want supplide: and then againe abroad
On the long voiage whereto she is bent:
Well may she speede, and fairely finish her intent.

End of Book First.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II.

Contayning

The Legend of Sir Guyon, or of Temperaunce.

I.

IGHT well I wote, most mighty Soveraine!
hat all this famous antique history
f some th' aboundance of an ydle braine
Vill iudged be, and painted forgery,
ather than matter of iust memory;
h none that breatheth living aire doth know
here is that happy Land of Faery,
hich I so much doe vaunt, yet no where show,
it vouch antiquities which no body can know.

II.

it let that man with better sence advize,
hat of the world least part to us is red;
id daily how through hardy enterprize
any great regions are discovered,
hich to late age were never mentioned.
ho ever heard of th' Indian Peru?
who *in venturous* vessell measured
Amazons huge river, now found trew?
uitfullest Virginia who did ever vew?

III.

Yet all these were, when no man did them know,
Yet have from wisest ages hidden beene;
And later times thinges more unknowne shall show.
Why then should witlesse man so much misweene,
That nothing is but that which he hath seene?
What if within the moones fayre shining spheare,
What if in every other starre unseene,
Of other worldes he happily should heare? [peare.
He wonder would much more; yet such to some ap-

IV.

Of Faery Lond yet if he more inquyre,
By certein signes, here sett in sondrie place,
He may it fynd; ne let him then admyre,
But yield his sence to bee too blunt and bace,
That no'te without an hound fine footing trace.
And thou, O fayrest Princesse under sky!
In this fayre mirrhour maist behold thy face,
And thine owne realmes in Lond of Faery,
And in this antique ymage thy great auncestry.

V.

The which O pardon me thus to enfold
In covert vele, and wrap in shadowes light,
That feeble eyes your glory may behold,
Which ells could not endure those beames bright
But would bee dazled with exceeding light.
O pardon, and vouchsafe with patient eare
The brave adventures of this Faery knight,
The good Sir Guyon, gratiously to heare,
In whom great rule of temperaunce goodly

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO I.

Guyon, by Archimage abusd,
The Red-cross knight awaytes;
Fyndes Mordant and Amavia slaine
With Pleasures poisoned bayteS.

I.

AT conning architect of cancred guyle,
om princes late displeasure left in bands
falsed letters and suborned wyle,
e as the Red-crosse knight he understands
beene departed out of Eden landes,
erve again his soveraine Elfin Queene,
artes he moves, and out of caytives handes
selfe he frees by secret meanes unseene,
shackles emptie lefte, himselfe escaped cleene:

II.

forth he fares, full of malicious mynd
worken mischiefe, and avenging woe,
treever he that godly knight may fynd,
onely hart-sore and his onely foe;
Una now he algates must forgoe,
om his victorious handes did earst restore
native crowne and kingdom late ygoe,
ro she enioyes sure peace for evermore,
ether-beaten ship arryv'd on happie shore.

III.

Him therefore now the obiect of his spight
And deadly feude he makes: him to offend
By forged treason or by open fight
He seekes, of all his drifte the aymed end:
Thereto his subtile engins he does bend,
His practick witt and his fayre-fyled tonge,
With thousand other sleightes; for well he k
His credit now in doubtfull ballaunce hong;
For hardly could bee hurt, who was already s

IV.

Still as he went he craftie stales did lay,
With cunning traynes him to entrap unwares,
And privy spyals plast in all his way,
To weete what course he takes, and how he fi
To ketch him at a vauntage in his snares:
But now so wise and wary was the knight
By tryall of his former harmes and cares,
That he descryde and shonned still his slight:
The fish that once was caught new bayt wil l

V.

Nath'lesse th' enchaunter would not spare his
In hope to win occasion to his will;
Which, when he long awaited had in vayne,
He chaungd his mynd from one to other ill;
For to all good he enimy was still.
Upon the way him fortuned to meete,
Fayre marching underneath a shady hill,
A goodly knight; all arm'd in harnesse meete
That from his head no place appeared to bi

VI.

:arriage was full comely and upright,
:ountenance demure and temperate,
/ett so sterne and terrible in sight,
cheard his friendes, and did his foes amate:
'as an Elfin borne of noble state,
mickle worship in his native land;
, could he tourney, and in lists debate,
knighthood tooke of good Sir Huon's hand,
n with King Oberon he came to Fary Land.

VII.

als accompanyd upon the way
mely palmer, clad in black attyre,
ypest yeares, and heares all hoarie gray,
with a staffe his feeble steps did stire,
: his long way his aged limbes should tire;
if by lookes one may the mind aread,
:emd to be a sage and sober syre,
ever with slow pace the knight did lead,
taught his trampling steed with equall steps to [tread.

VIII

whenas Archimago them did view,
'eened well to worke some uncouth wyle;
ones untwisting his deceiptfull clew,
an to weave a web of wicked guyle,
with faire countenance and flattring style
iem approching, thus the knight bespake;
/re sonne of Mars! that seeke with warlike spoyle
d great atchiev'ments, great yourselfe to make,
hsafe to stay your steed for humble misers sake.

IX.

He stayd his steed for humble mistes sake,
And badd tell on the tenor of his playnt;
Who faigning then in every limb to quake
Through inward feare, and seeming pale and f
With piteous mone his percing speach gan pe
" Dear Lady! how shall I declare thy case,
" Whome late I left in languorous constrayn
" Would god thyselfe now present were in pl
" To tell this ruefull tale; thy sight could wi

X.

" Or rather would, (O would it so had cha
" That you, most noble Sir! had present bee
" When that lewd rybauld, with vile lust adv
" Laid first his filthie hands on virgin cleene
" To spoyle her dainty corps so faire and she
" As on the earth, great mother of us all,
" With living eye more fayre was never seen
" Of chastity and honour virginall:
" Witnes ye Heavens! whom she in vaine to h

XI.

" How may it be," sayd then the knight halfe
" That knight should knighthood ever s
shent?"
" None but that saw," quoth he, " would we
" How shamefully that mayd he did torment:
" Her looser golden lockes he rudely rent,
"And drew her on the ground, and his sharpe
" Against her snowy brest he fiercely bent,
" And threatned death with many a bloodi
" Tonge hates to tell the rest that eye to see

XII.

Therewith amoved from his sober mood,
"And lives he yet," said he, "that wrought this act,
"And doen the heavens afford him vitall food?"
"He lives," quoth he, "and boasteth of the fact,
"Ne yet hath any knight his courage crackt."
"Where may that treachour, then," sayd he, "be found,
"Or by what meanes may I his footing tract?"
"That shall I shew," sayd he, "as sure as hound
"The stricken deare, doth chaleng by the bleeding wound."

XIII.

He stayd not lenger talke, but with fierce yre
And zealous haste away is quickly gone
To seeke that knight, where him that crafty squyre
Supposd to be. They do arrive anone,
Where sate a gentle lady all alone,
With garments rent, and heare discheveled,
Wringing her handes, and making piteous mone:
Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,
And her faire face with teares was fowly blubbered.

XIV.

The knight approching nigh thus to her said,
"Faire Lady! through fowle sorrow ill bedight,
"Greate pitty is to see you thus dismayd,
"And marre the blossom of your beauty bright:
"Forthy appease your griefe and heavy plight,
"And tell the cause of your conceived payne;
"*For if he live, that* hath you doen despight,
"*He shall you doe* dew recompence agayne,
"*Orels his wrong* withgreater puissance maintaine

XV.

Which when she heard, as in despightfull wise,
She wilfully her sorrow did augment,
And offred hope of comfort did despise:
Her golden lockes most cruelly she rent,
And scratcht her face with ghastly dreriment:
Ne would she speake, ne see, ne yet be seen,
But hid her visage, and her head downe bent,
Either for grevous shame, or for great teene,
As if her hart with sorrow had transfixed beene:

XVI.

Till her that squyre bespake; "Madam, my liefe
"For God's deare love be not so wilfull bent,
"But doe vouchsafe now to receive reliefe,
"The which good Fortune doth to you present:
"For what bootes it to weepe and to wayment?
"When ill is chaunst, but doth the ill increas
"And the weake minde with double woe torm
When she her squyre heard speake, she gan a
Her voluntarie paine, and feele some secret c

XVII.

Eftsoone she said, "Ah! gentle trustie Squ
"What comfort can I wofull wretch conc
"Or why should ever I henceforth desyre
"To see faire heaven's face, and life not l
"Sith that false traytour did my honour r
"False traytor, certes," saide the Faerie
"I read the man, that ever would decea
"A gentle lady, or her wrong through
"Death were too litle paine for such a f

XVIII.

But now, fayre Lady! comfort to you make,
And reade who hath ye wrought this shamefull plight,
That short revenge the man may overtake,
Where so he be, and soone upon him light."
Certes," saide she, "I wote not how he hight,
But under him a gray steede he did wield,
Whose sides with dapled circles weren dight;
Upright he rode, and in his silver shield [field."
He bore a bloodie crosse, that quartred all the

XIX.

Now by my head," saide Guyon, "much I muse,
How that same knight should doe so fowle amis,
Or ever gentle damzell so abuse;
For may I boldly say, he surely is
A right good knight, and trew of word ywis:
I present was, and can it witnesse well,
When armes he swore, and streight did enterpris
Th' adventure of the errant damozell, [tell.
In which he hath great glory wonne, as I heare

XX.

Nathlesse he shortly shall againe be tryde,
And fairely quit him of th' imputed blame;
Els be ye sure he dearely shall abyde,
Or make you good amendment for the same:
All wrongs have mendes, but no amendes of shame.
Now therefore, Lady, rise out of your paine,
And see the salving of your blotted name."
ull *loth she seemd* thereto, but yet did faine;
r *she was inly glad her* purpose so to gaine.

XXI.

Her purpose was not such as she did faine,
Ne yet her person such as it was seene;
But under simple shew and semblant plaine
Lurkt false Duessa secretly unseene,
As a chaste virgin that had wronged beene:
So had false Archimago her disguysd,
To cloke her guile with sorrow and sad teene,
And eke himselfe had craftily devisd
To be her squire, and to do her service well aguisd.

XXII.

Her late forlorne and naked he had found,
Where she did wander in waste wildernesse,
Lurking in rockes and caves far under ground,
And with greene mosse cov'ring her nakednesse,
To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse,
Sith her Prince Arthur of proud ornaments
And borrowd beauty spoyld: her nathelesse
Th' enchaunter finding fit for his intents
Did thus revest, and deckt with dew habiliments.

XXIII.

For all he did was to deceive good knights,
And draw them from pursuit of praise and fame,
To slug in slouth and sensuall delights,
And end their daies with irrenowmed shame.
And now exceeding griefe him overcame,
To see the Red-cresse thus advaunced hye,
Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,
Against his praise to stirre up enmitye
Of such, as vertues like mote unto him all ye,

XXIV.

w he Guyon guydes an uncouth way, [last
igh woods and mountaines, till thay came at
pleasant dale, that lowly lay
xt two hils, whose high heads overplast
alley did with coole shade overcast;
igh midst thereof a little river rold,
iich there sate a knight with helme unlaste,
elfe refreshing with the liquid cold,
his travell long and labours manifold.

XXV.

yonder he," cryde Archimage alowd,
at wrought the shamefull fact which I did
shew,
d now he doth himselfe in secret shrowd,
fly the vengeaunce for his outrage dew:
: vaine; for he shall dearely do him rew;
God ye speed, and send you good successe,
iich we far off will here abide to vew."
ey him left inflam'd with wrathfulnesse,
streight against that knight his speare he did
[addresse.

XXVI.

seeing him from far so fierce to pricke,
/arlike armes about him gan embrace,
in the rest his ready speare did sticke;
whenas still he saw him towards pace,
an rencounter him in equall race.
bene ymett, both ready to affrap,
n *suddeinly that* warriour gan abace
reatned speare, as if some new mishap
m betide, or hidden danger did entrap;

XXVII.

And cryde, "Mercie, Sir Knig
"For mine offence and heedel
"That had almost committed
"And with reprochfull shame
"Whiles cursed steele against
"The sacred badge of my Re
"Which on your shield is set
But his fierce foe his steed cou
Whoprickt with courage kene di

XXVIII.

But when he heard him speake, s
His errour; and, himselfe incly
"Ah! deare Sir Guyon, well!
"But me behoveth rather to u
"Whose hasty hand so far fro
"That almost it did haynous
"On that fayre ymage of that
"That decks and armes your shie
"Your court'sie takes on you an

XXIX.

XXX.

Certes," said he, "well mote I shame to tell
'The fond encheason that me hether led:
A false infamous faitour late befell
Me for to meet, that seemed ill bested,
And playnd of grievous outrage, which he red
A knight had wrought against a lady gent;
Which to avenge, he to this place me led,
Where you he made the marke of his intent,
And now is fled: foule shame him follow wher he [went."

XXXI.

can he turne his earnest unto game,
hrough goodly handling and wise temperaunce.
this his aged guide in presence came,
'ho soone as on that knight his eye did glaunce,
tsoones of him had perfect cognizaunce,
h him in Faery Court he late avizd; [chaunce,
nd said, "Fayre Sonne! God give you happy
And that deare crosse uppon your shield devizd,
Wherewith above all knights ye goodly seeme [aguizd.

XXXII.

Ioy may you have and everlasting fame,
Of late most hard atchiev'ment by you donne,
For which enrolled is your glorious name
In heavenly regesters above the sunne,
Where you a saint with saints your seat have wonne:
But wretched we, where ye have left your marke,
Most now anew begin like race to ronne.
God guide thee, Guyon, well to end thy warke,
nd to the wished haven bring thy weary barke."

" Palmer," him ans
" His be the praise that
" Who made my hand the o
" More than goodwill to me attri
" For all I did, I did but as I oug
" But you, faire Sir! whose page
" Well mote yee thee, as well can
" That home ye may report th
" For well ye worthy bene

XXXIV

So courteous conge both di
With right hands plighted
Then Guyon forward ga
With his blacke palmer,
Still he him guided ov
nd with his steedy
with reason
intemp

XXXVI.

lesse hevens," quoth she, "despise
ust revenge, and take delight
eaunts of men's miseries,
hem to live in lives despight,
t warne death from wretched wight.
e soone, come, sweetest Death, to me,
' this long lent loathed light:
ounds, but sweete the medicines be,
tived soules from weary thraldome

XXXVII.

te Babe! whom frowning froward [free.
. witnesse of thy father's fall, [Fate
: deignes to hold in living state,
ou live, and better thrive withall,
ıcklesse parents did befall:
l to thy mother dead attest,
: dide from blemish criminall;
ls embrewd in bleeding brest
ges leave. So give me leave to rest."

XXXVIII.

ily shrieke she forth did throw,
: wood re-echoed againe,
: grone so deepe and low,
ender heart was rent in twaine,
oint of thorough-piercing paine:
whose sides with cruell steele
ed, forth her bleeding life does raine,
ang approching shee does feele,
st breath, and up her eies doth reel

XXXIX.

Which when that warriour heard, dismounting straict
From his tall steed, he rusht into the thick,
And soone arrived where that sad pourtraict
Of death and dolour lay, halfe dead, halfe quick;
In whose white alabaster brest did stick
A cruell knife, that made a griesly wownd,
From which forth gusht a stream of gore blood thick,
That all her goodly garments staind arownd,
And into a deepe sanguine dide the grassy grownd.

XL.

Pitifull spectacle of deadly smart,
Beside a bubling fountaine low she lay,
Which shee increased with her bleeding hart,
And the cleane waves with purple gore did ray;
Als in her lap a lovely babe did play
His cruel sport instead of sorrow dew;
For in her streaming blood he did embay
His litle hands and tender ioints embrew;
Pitifull spectacle, as ever eie did vew.

XLI.

Besides them both, upon the soiled gras,
The dead corse of an armed knight was spred,
Whose armour all with blood besprincled was;
His ruddy lips did smyle, and rosy red
Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yett being ded;
Seemd to have beene a goodly personage,
Now in his freshest flowre of lustyhed,
Fitt to enflame faire lady with loves rage;
But that fiers Fate did crop the blossome of his age.

XLII.

Whom when the good Sir Guyon did behold,
His hart gan wexe as starke as marble stone,
And his fresh blood did frieze with fearefull cold,
That all his sences seem'd bereft attone:
At last his mighty ghost gan deepe to grone,
As lion, grudging in his great disdaine,
Mournes inwardly, and makes to himselfe mone;
Til ruth and fraile affection did constraine [paine.
His stout courage to stoupe, and shew his inward

XLIII.

Out of her gored wound the cruell steel
He lightly snatcht, and did the floodgate stop
With his faire garment; then gan softly feel
Her feeble pulse, to prove if any drop
Of living blood yet in her veynes did hop;
Which when he felt to move, he hoped faire
To call backe life to her forsaken shop;
So well he did her deadly wounds repaire,
That at the last shee gan to breath out living aire.

XLIV.

Which he perceiving greatly gan reioice,
And goodly counsell (that for wounded hart
Is meetest med'cine) tempred with sweete voice;
"Ay me! deare Lady, which the ymage art
"Of ruefull pitty and impatient smart,
"What direfull chaunce, armd with avenging fate,
"Or cursed hand, hath plaid this cruell part,
"*Thus fowle to hasten* your untimely date? [late."
"*Speake, O dear Lady!* speake: help never comes too

XLV.

Therewith her dim eie-lids she
On which the drery death did
As lump of lead, and made d
But when as him, all in brigh
Before her standing she espied
As one out of a deadly dreame
She weakely started, yet she n
Streight downe againe herselfe
She groveling threw to grour

XLVI.

The gentle knight her soone v
Uplifted light, and softly did
Thrise he her reard, and thris
Till he his armes about her si
And to her said, " Yet if the
" Have not all seized on your
" Let one word fall that may
" And tell the secrete of your
" He oft' finds present help

XLVII.

XLVIII.

' said he, "deare Dame, fro mee,
: from her desired rest,
'e in long captivitee;
is but to have redrest
ıgs that doth your heart infest.
Lady! tell what fatall priefe
, huge misfortunes you opprest,
.ast to compas your reliefe, [griefe."
you in sorrow, and partake your

XLIX.

ands then stretched forth on hye,
:using guilty of her death,
/ drops congealed in her eye,
wordes she spent her utmost breath;
n, O Man! the sorrows that uneath
:an tell, so far all sence they pas:
ead corpse, that lies here underneath,
est knight that ever on greene gras
with spurs did pricke, the good Sir Mor-
L. [dant was.
the while, that he is not so now!)
my love, my deare lord, my deare love,
3 Hevens iust with equall brow
:d to behold us from above.
when him high corage did emmove,
ye knightes to seeke adventures wilde)
d forth his puissant force to prove,
: *left enwombed* of this childe, [defi)
ss childe, whom thus ye see with b)

" Within a wandring island, t
" And stray in perilous gulfe,
" Fayre Sir! if ever there ye t
" The cursed land where man
" And know it by the name; i

LII.

" Her blis is all in pleasure an
" Wherewith she makes her lov
" And then with words and
" On them she workes her will
" My liefest lord she thus begu
" For he was flesh; (all flesh c
" Whom when I heard to been
" (Weake wretch) I wrapt myse
" And cast to seek him forth

LIV.

'Him so I sought, and so at last I fownd,
'Where him that witch had thralled to her will,
'In chaines of lust and lewde desyres ybownd,
'And so transformed from his former skill,
'That me he knew not, nether his owne ill;
'Till through wise handling and faire governaunce,
'I him recured to a better will,
'Purged from drugs of fowle intemperaunce;
'Then meanes I gan devise for his deliverance.

LV.

'Which when the vile enchaunteresse perceivd
'How that my lord from her I would reprive,
'With cup thus charmd him parting she deceiv'd;
Sad verse, give death to him that death does give,
And losse of love to her that loves to live,
So soone as Bacchus with the nymphe does lincke.'
'So parted we, and on our iourney drive,
'Till coming to this well, he stoupt to drincke:
'The charme fulfild, dead suddeinly he downe did [sincke.

LVI.

'Which when I wretch"——Not one word more she [sayd;
But breaking off the end for want of breath,
And slyding soft, as downe to sleepe her layd,
And ended all her woe in quiet death.
That seeing, good Sir Guyon could uneath
From teares abstayne; for griefe his hart did grate,
And from so heavie sight his head did wreath,
Accusing Fortune and too cruell Fate,
Which plonged hard faire lady in so wretched state.

LVII.

Then turning to his palmer said, " Old Syre,
" Behold the ymage of mortalitie,
" And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshly tyre,
" When raging passion, with fierce tyranny,
" Robs Reason of her dew regaletie,
" And makes it servaunt to her basest part:
" The strong it weakens with infirmitie,
" And with bold furie armes the weakest hart:
" The strong through pleasure soonest falles, t
weake through smart."

LVIII.

" But Temperaunce," said he, "with golden squi
" Betwixt them both can measure out a meane,
" Nether to melt in pleasures whott desyre,
" Nor frye in hartlesse griefe and dolefull tene:
" Thrise happy man! who fares them both atween
" But sith this wretched woman, overcome
" Of anguish, rather than of crime hath bene,
" Reserve her cause to her eternall doome,
" And in the meane vouchsafe her hono

LIX. [toom

" Palmer," quoth he, " death is an equall d
" To good and bad, the common inne of re
" But after death the tryall is to come,
" When best shall bee to them that lived be
" But both alike, when death hath both sw
" Religious reverence doth buriall teene,
" Which whoso wants, wants so much of
" For all so great shame after death I w
" As selfe to dyen bad, unburied bad

LX.

So both agree their bodies to engrave :
The great earthes wombe they open to the sky,
And with sad cypresse seemely it embrave;
Then covering with a clod their closed eye,
They lay therein those corses tenderly,
And bid them sleepe in everlasting peace:
But ere they did their utmost obsequy,
Sir Guyon, more affection to increace,
Bynempt a sacred vow, which none should ay releace.

LXI.

The dead knight's sword out of his sheath he drew,
With which he cutt a lock of all their heare,
Which medling with their blood and earth, he threw
Into the grave, and gan devoutly sweare,
" Such and such evil God on Guyon reare,
" And worse and worse, young Orphane! be thy payne,
" If I or thou dew vengeaunce doe forbeare,
" Till guiltie blood her guerdon doe obtayne."
So shedding many tears they closd the earth agayne.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO II.

Babes bloody handes may not be cleanst.
The face of golden Meane;
Her sisters, two Extremities,
Strive her to banish cleane.

I.

THUS when Sir Guyon, with his faithful guyde,
Had with dew rites and dolorous lament
The end of their sad tragedie uptyde,
The litle babe up in his armes he hent,
Who with sweet pleasaunce and bold blandishment
Gan smyle on them, that rather ought to weepe,
As carelesse of his woe, or innocent
Of that was doen; that ruth emperced deepe
In that knightes hart, and wordes with bitter teares
[did steepe;

II.

"Ah! lucklesse Babe! borne under cruell starre,
"And in dead parents balefull ashes bred,
"Full little weenest thou what sorrowes are
"Left thee for porcion of thy livelyhed.
"Poore Orphane! in the wide world scattered,
"As budding braunch rent from the native tree,
"And throwne forth till it be withered:
"Such is the state of men; thus enter we
"Into this life with woe, and end with miseree."

III.

Then soft himselfe inclyning on his knee
Downe to that well, did in the water weene
(So love does loath disdainfull nicitee)
His guiltie handes from bloody gore to cleene:
He washt them oft and oft, yet nought they beene
For all his washing cleaner: still he strove,
Yet still the litle hands were bloody seene;
The which him into great amaz'ment drove,
And into diverse doubt his wavering wonder clove.

IV.

He wist not whether blott of fowle offence
Might not be purgd with water nor with bath;
Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,
Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
To shew how sore blood-guiltinesse he hat'th;
Or that the charme and veneme which they dronck,
Their blood with secret filth infected hath,
Being diffused through the senceless tronck, [stonck.
That through the great contagion direful deadly

V.

Whom thus at gaze the palmer gan to bord
With goodly reason, and thus fayre bespake;
"Ye bene right hard amated, gratious Lord,
"And of your ignorance great merveill make,
"Whiles cause not well conceived ye mistake:
"But know, that secret vertues are infusd
"In every fountaine and in everie lake,
"*Which who hath skill* them rightly to have chusd,
"*To proofe of passing* wonders hath full often usd:

VI.

" Of those some were so from their sourse indewd
" By great Dame Nature, from whose fruitfull pap
" Their wel-heads spring, and are with moisture
deawd;
" Which feeds each living plant with liquid sap,
" And filles with flowres fayre Floraes painted lap:
" But other some by guifte of later grace,
" Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
" Had vertue pourd into their waters bace,
" And thenceforth were renowmd, and sought from
[place to place

VII.

" Such is this well, wrought by occasion straunge,
" Which to her nymph befell. Upon a day,
" As she the woodes with bow and shaftes did raunge,
" The hartlesse hynd and roebucke to dismay,
" Dan Faunus chaunst to meet her by the way,
" And kindling fire at her faire-burning eye,
" Inflamed was to follow beauties chace,
" And chaced her, that fast from him did fly;
" As hynd from her, so she fled from her enimy.

VIII.

" At last when fayling breath began to faint,
" And saw no meanes to scape, of shame affrayd,
" She set her downe to weepe for sore constraint,
" And to Diana calling lowde for ayde,
" Her deare besought to let her die a mayd.
" The goddesse heard, and suddeine where she sate,
" Welling out streames of teares, and quite dismay
" With stony feare of that rude rustick mate,
" Transformd her to a stone from stedfast v

IX.

"Lo now she is that stone; from whose two heads,
"As from two weeping eyes, fresh streames do flow,
"Yet colde through feare and old conceived dreads:
"And yet the stone her semblance seemes to show,
"Shapt like a maide, that such you may her know;
"And yet her vertues in her water byde,
"For it is chaste and pure as purest snow,
"Ne lets her waves with any filth be dyde,
"But ever, like herselfe, unstayned hath been tryde.

X.

"From thence it comes, that this babe's bloody hand
"May not be clensd with water of this well:
"Ne certes, Sir, strive you it to withstand,
"But let them still be bloody, as befell,
"That they his mother's innocence may tell,
"As she bequeathd in her last testament;
"That as a sacred symbole it may dwell
"In her sonnes flesh, to mind revengement,
"And be for all chaste dames an endlesse moniment."

XI.

He hearkned to his reason; and the childe
Uptaking, to the palmer gave to beare;
But his sad father's armes with blood defilde
(An heavie load) himselfe did lightly reare;
And turning to that place, in which whyleare
He left his loftie steed with golden sell,
And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not theare:
By *other accident, that* earst befell,
He is convaide; but how or where, here fits not tell.

XII.

Which when Sir Guyon saw, all were he wroth,
Yet algates mote he soft himselfe appease,
And fairely fair on foot, however loth;
His double burden did him sore disease.
So long they traveiled with little ease,
Till that at last they to a castle came,
Built on a rocke adioyning to the seas;
It was an auncient worke of antique fame,
And wondrous strong by nature and by skilful frame.

XIII.

Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,
The children of one syre by mothers three,
Who dying whylome, did divide this fort
To them by equall shares in equall fee;
But stryfull mind and diverse qualitee
Drew them in partes, and each made others foe:
Still did they strive and daily disagree;
The eldest did against the youngest goe,
And both against the middest meant to worken woe.

XIV.

Where when the knight arriv'd, he was right well
Receiv'd, as knight of so much worth became,
Of second sister, who did far excell
The other two; Medina was her name,
A sober sad and comely courteous dame;
Who rich arayd, and yet in modest guize,
In goodly garments, that her well became,
Fayre marching forth in honorable wise,
Him at the threshold mett, and well did entertaine.

XV.

him up into a goodly bowre,
mely courted with meet modestie,
er speach, ne in her haviour,
ghtnesse seene or looser vanitie,
tious womanhood and gravitie
the reason of her youthly yeares;
lden lockes she roundly did uptye
led tramels, that no looser heares
t of order stray about her daintie eares.

XVI.

t she her selfe thus busily did frame
to entertaine her new-come guest,
hereof to her other sisters came,
l this while were at their wanton rest,
ting each her frend with lavish fest;
rere two knights of perelesse puissaunce,
nous far abroad for warlike gest,
to these ladies love did countenaunce;
his mistresse each himselfe strove to advaunce.

XVII.

made love unto the eldest dame
ght Sir Huddibras, an hardy man;
t so good of deedes as great of name,
he by many rash adventures wan,
rrant armes to sew he first began:
uge in strength than wise in workes he was,
ason with foole-hardize over-ran;
melancholy did his courage pas,
s, for terrour more, all armd in shyning bras.

XVIII.

But he that lov'd the youngest was Sansloy,
He that faire Una late fowle outraged,
The most unruly and the boldest boy
That ever warlike weapons menaged,
And all to lawlesse lust encouraged,
Through strong opinion of his matchlesse might;
Ne ought he car'd whom he endamaged
By tortious wrong, or whom bereav'd of right;
He now this ladies champion chose for love to fight.

XIX.

These two gay knights, vowd to so diverse loves,
Each other does envy with deadly hate,
And daily warre against his foeman moves,
In hope to win more favour with his mate,
And th' others pleasing service to abate,
To magnifie his owne: but when they heard
How in that place straunge knight arrived late,
Both knights and ladies forth right angry far'd,
And fercely unto battell sterne themselves prepar'd.

XX.

But ere they could proceede unto the place
Where he abode, themselves at discord fell,
And cruell combat ioynd in middle space:
With horrible assault and fury fell
They heapt huge strokes, the scorned life to quell,
That all on uprore from her settled seat
The house was raysd and all that in did dwell;
Seemd that lowde thunder with amazement great
Did rend the ratling skies with flames of fouldis
heat.

XXI.

The noyse thereof cald forth that straunger knight,
To weet what dreadfull thing was there in hond;
Where whenas two brave knightes in bloody fight
With deadly rancour he earaunged fond,
His sun-broad shield about his wrist he bond,
And all-yeldingblade unsheath'd, with which he ran
Unto that stead, their strife to understond;
And at his first arrivall them began
With goodly means to pacifie well as he can.

XXII.

But they him spying, both with greedy forse
Attonce upon him ran, and him beset
With strokes of mortall steele without remorse,
And on his shield like yron sledges bet.
As when a bear and tygre, being met
In cruell fighte, on Lybicke ocean wide,
Espye a traveiler with feet surbet,
Whom they in equall pray hope to divide,
They stint their strife, and him assayle on everie side.

XXIII.

But he, not like a weary traveilere,
Their sharp assault right boldly did rebut,
And suffred not their blowes to byte him nere,
But with redoubled buffes them backe did put;
Whose grieved mindes, which choler did englut,
Against themselves turning their wrathfull spight,
Gan with new rage their shieldes to hew and cut:
But still when Guyon came to part their fight,
With heavie load on him they freshly gan to smight.

XXIV.

As a tall ship tossed in troublous se
Whom raging windes, threatning to r
Of the rough rockes, doe diversly di
Meetes two contrairie billowes by the
That her on either side doe sore assay
And boast to swallow her in greedy g
She scorning both their spights does ma
And with her brest breaking the fomy
Does ride on both their backs, and

XXV.

So boldly he him beares, and rusheth f
Betweene them both, by conduct of his
Wondrous great prowesse and heroick v
He shewd that day, and rare ensample m
When two so mighty warriours he dism
Attonce he wards and strikes, he takes a
Now forst to yield, now forcing to invade
Before, behind, and round about him laie
So double was his paines, so double be hi

XXVI.

Straunge sort of fight, three valiaunt knigh
Three combates ioine in one, and to darrain
A triple warre with triple enmitee,
All for their ladies froward love to gaine,
Which gotten was but hate. So Love does
In stoutest minds, and maketh monstrous wa
He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,
And yett his peace is but continual iarre.
O miserable men, that to him subiect arre!

XXVII.

ıt thus they mingled were in furious armes,
aire Medina, with her tresses torne,
naked brest, in pitty of their harmes,
gst them ran, and, falling them beforne,
ght them by the womb which them had born,
by the loves which were to them most deare,
by the knighthood which they sure had sworn,
deadly cruell discord to forbeare,
to her iust conditions of faire peace to heare.

XXVIII.

er two other sisters standing by
wd gainsaid, and both their champions bad
w the end of their strong enmity,
er of their loves they would be gald;
he with pitthy words and counsell sad
trove their stubborne rages to revoke;
at the last suppressing fury mad,
gan abstaine from dint of direfull stroke,
ıearken to the sober speaches which she spoke.

XXIX.

l puissaunt Lords, what cursed evil spright,
fell Erinnys, in your noble harts
r hellish brond hath kindled with despight,
d stird you up to worke your wilfull smarts?
his the ioy of armes? be these the partes
glorious knighthood, after blood to thrust,
d not regard dew right and iust desarts?
ine is the vaunt, and victory uniust, [trust.
tmore to mighty hands than rightful cause doth

XXX.

" And were there rightfull cause of differ
" Yet were not better fayre it to accord,
" Then with blood-guiltinesse to heape
" And mortal vengeaunce ioyne to crime
" O fly from wrath, fly, O my liefest lo
" Sad be the sights, and bitter fruites of
" And thousand furies wait on wrathful
" Ne ought the praise of prowesse more d
" Then foule revenging rage and base c

XXXI.

" But lovely concord and most sacred pe
" Doth nourish vertue, and fast friendshi
" Weake she makes strong, and strong thin
" Till it the pitch of highest praise exceed
" Brave be her warres, and honorable d
" By which she triumphes over yre and p
" And winnes an olive girlond for her m
" Be therefore, O my deare Lords! pac
" And this misseeming discord meekely l

XXXII.

Her gracious words their rancour did app
And suncke so deepe into their boyling
That downe they lette their cruell weapon
And lowly did abase their lofty crests
To her faire presence and discrete behests
Then she began a treaty to procure,
And stablish terms betwixt both their re
That as a law for ever should endure;
Which to observe in word of knight
assure.

XXXIII.

hich to confirme, and fast to bind their league,
ter their weary sweat and bloody toile,
e them besought, during their quiet treague,
to her lodging to repair a while,
rest themselves, and grace to reconcile.
hey soone consent; so forth with her they fare,
here they are well receivd, and made to spoile
hemselves of soiled arms, and to prepare
heir minds to pleasure, and their mouths to dainty [fare.

XXXIV.

nd those two froward sisters (their faire loves)
me with them eke, all were they wondrous loth,
nd fained cheare, as for the time behoves,
t could not colour yet so well the troth,
t that their natures bad appeard in both;
r both did at their second sister grutch
nd inly grieve, as doth an hidden moth
e inner garment frett, not th'utter touch;
e thought her cheare too little, th'other thought [too mutch.

XXXV.

issa (so the eldest hight) did deeme
ch entertainment base, ne ought would eat,
ought would speake, but evermore did seeme
discontent for want of merth or meat;
solace could her paramour intreat
r once to show, ne court, nor dalliaunce,
t with bent lowring brows, as she would threat,
e *scould, and frownd* with froward countenaunce
worthy of faire ladies comely governaunce.

XXXVI.

But young Perissa was of other mynd
Full of disport, still laughing, loosely
And quite contrary to her sister's kyn
No measure in her mood, no rule of rig
But poured out in pleasure and delight;
In wine and meats she flow'd above the
And in excesse exceeded her owne might
In sumptuous tire she ioyed herselfe to p
But of her love too lavish, litle have she

XXXVII.

Fast by her side did sitt the bold Sansloy,
Fitt mate for such a mincing mincon,
Who in her loosenesse tooke exceeding ioy
Might not be found a francker franion,
Of her leawd parts to make companion.
But Huddibras, more like a malecontent,
Did see and grieve at his bold fashion;
Hardly could he endure his hardiment;
Yett still he satt, and inly did himselfe tor

XXXVIII.

Betwixt them both the faire Medina sate,
With sober grace and goodly carriage;
With equall measure she did moderate
The strong extremities of their outrage;
That forward paire she ever would asswag
When they would strive dew reason to exce
But that same froward twaine would accora
And of her plenty adde unto their need;
So kept she them in order, and herselfe i

XXXIX.

ıus fairely she attempered her feast,
nd pleasd them all with meete satiety:
: last, when lust of meat and drinke was ceast,
e Guyon desire besought of curtesie
ı tell from whence he came through ieopardy,
nd whether now on new adventure bownd.
'ho with bold grace and comely gravity,
rawing to him the eies of all arownd,
om lofty siege began these words aloud to sownd:

XL.

This thy demand, O Lady! doth revive
Fresh memory in me of that great queene
(Great and most glorious virgin queene alive)
That with her soveraine power and scepter shene
All Faery Lond does peaceably sustene.
In widest ocean she her throne does reare,
That over all the earth it may be seene;
As morning sunne her beames dispredden cleare,
And in her face faire peace and mercy doth appeare.

XLI.

In her the richesse of all heavenly grace
In chiefe degree are heaped up on hye;
And all that else this world's enclosure bace
Hath great or glorious in mortall eye,
Adornes the person of her maiesye;
That men beholding so great excellence,
And rare perfection in mortalitye,
Doe her adore with sacred reverence,
As th' idole of her Maker's great magnificence.

XLII.

" To her I homage and my
" In number of the noblest
" Mongst whom on me she
" Order of Maydenhead, th
" That may this day in all
" An yearely solemne feast
" The day that first doth le
" To which all knights of
" Resort, to heare of straung

XLIII

" There this old palmer she
" And to that mighty princ
" Of grievous mischiefes, v
" Had wrought, and many
" Whereof he crav'd redres
" Whose glory is in gracio
" Throughout the world he
" Eftsoones devisd redresse
" Me all unfitt for so great

XLIV

" Now hath faire Phœbe wi
" Thrise seene the shadowes
" Sith last I left that honora
" In which her roiall presen

XLV.

ell on, fayre Sir!" said she, "that dolefull tale,
om which sad ruth does seeme you to restraine,
hat we may pitty such unhappie bale,
nd learne from pleasures poyson to abstaine:
l, by ensample, good doth often gayne."
n forward he his purpose gan pursew,
l told the story of the mortall payne
ich Mordant and Amavia did rew,
with lamenting eyes himselfe did lately vew.

XLVI.

it was far spent, and now in ocean deep
n, flying fast from hissing snake,
flaming head did hasten for to steep,
en of his pitteous tale he end did make;
ilst with delight of that he wisely spake
se guestes beguyled did beguyle their eyes
cindly sleepe, that did them overtake:
ast, when they had markt the chaunged skyes,
ey wist their houre was spent, then each to rest
him hyes.

BOOK II. CANTO III.

Vaine Braggadocchio getting Guyon's
Horse, is made the scorne
Of knighthood trew, and is of fayre
Belphoebe fowle forlorne.

I

SOONE as the morrow fayre, with purple beam
Disperst the shadowes of the misty night,
And Titan, playing on the eastern streames,
Gan cleare the deawy ayre with springing light
Sir Guyon, mindfull of his vow yplight,
Uprose from drowsie couch, and him addrest
Unto the iourney which he had behight;
His puissaunt armes about his noble brest,
And many-folded shield he bound about his wr

II.

Then taking congè of that virgin pure,
The bloody-handed babe unto her truth
Did earnestly committ, and her coniure
In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,
And all that gentle noriture ensu'th;
And that so soone as ryper yeares he raught,
He might for memory of that dayes ruth
Be called Ruddymane, and thereby taught
T'avenge his parents death on them that h
wrought.

III.

So forth he far'd, as now befell, on foot,
Sith his good steed is lately from him gone;
Patience perforce: helplesse what may it boot
To frett for anger, or for griefe to mone?
His palmer now shall foot no more alone.
So Fortune wrought, as under greene woodes syde
He lately heard that dying lady grone,
He left his steed without, and speare besyde,
And rushed in on foot to ayd her ere she dyde.

IV.

The whyles a losell wandring by the way,
One that to bountie never cast his mynd,
Ne thought of honour ever did assay
His baser brest, but in his kestrell kynd
A pleasing vaine of glory he did fynd,
To which his flowing toung and troublous spright
Gave him great ayd, and made him more inclynd,
He that brave steed there finding ready dight,
Purloynd both steed and speare, and ran away full [light.

V.

Now gan his hart all swell in iollity,
And of himselfe great hope and help conceiv'd,
That puffed up with smoke of vanity,
And with selfe-loved personage deceiv'd,
He gan to hope of men to be receiv'd.
For such as he him thought, or faine would bee;
But for in court gay portaunce he perceiv'd,
And gallaunt show to be in greatest gree,
Ftsoones to court he cast t'advaunce his first degree.

VI.

And by the way he chaunced t
One sitting ydle on a sunny ba
To whom avaunting in great b
As peacocke, that his painted pl
He smote his courser in the tren
And to him threatned his hart-t
The seely man seeing him ryde s
And ayme at him, fell flat to grou
And crying, "Mercy," loud, h

VII.

Thereat the scarcrow wexed wond
Through fortune of his first adver
And with big thundring voice rev
"Vile Caytive, vassall of Dread an
"Unworthie of the commune breath
"Why livest thou, dead dog, a leng
"And doest not unto death thyselfe
"Dy, or thyselfe my captive yield fo
"Great favour I thee graunt for aun

VIII.

"Hold, O deare Lord, hold your dead-
Then loud he cryde, "I am your humb
"Ah! wretch," quoth he, "thy destinie
"My wrathfull will, and doe for mercy
"I give thee life; therefore prostrated f
"And kisse my stirrup; that thy homag
The miser threw himselfe, as an offall,
Streight at his foot in base humilitee,
And cleeped him his liege, to hold of him

IX.

y peace they made and faire accord.
s this liegeman gan to wexe more bold,
en he felt the folly of his lord,
wne kind he gan himselfe unfold;
was wylie-witted, and growne old
ing sleightes and practick knavery.
at day forth he cast for to uphold
humour with fine flattery,
w the bellowes to his swelling vanity.

X.

rt, fitt man for Braggadochio
: at court in view of vaunting eye;
lorious man, when fluttring wind does blow
ght winges, is lifted up to skye;
me of knighthood and trew chevalrye,
ke without desert of gentle deed,
ole worth to be advaunced hye;
tyse is shame; but honour, vertue's meed,
ire the fayrest flowre in honourable seed.

XI.

they pas, a well-consorted payre,
t at length with Archimage they meet;
ing one, that shone in armour fayre,
lly courser thondring with his feet,
:s supposed him a person meet
evenge to make the instrument;
:e the Red-crosse knight he erst did weet
with Guyon knitt in one consent,
which earst to him, he now to Guyon ment.

X

And comming close to Tr
Of him, what mightie war
That rode in golden sell
But wanted sword to wre
" He is a great adventure
" That hath his sword th
" And now hath vowd, t
" Of that despight, never
" That speare is him en

XI

Th' enchaunter greatly ic
And weened well ere long
And both his foen with e
Tho to him louting lowly
To plaine of wronges, whi
By Guyon, and by that fa
Which two, through treas
Had slayne Sir Mordant a
That mote him honour win

XV.

my Lord," said he, "that shall I soone,
o you ere gotten helpe to their decay;
ne I, wisely you advise to doon,
ials in your fees, but the purvay
fe of sword before that bloody day;
r be two the prowest knights on ground,
approv'd in many hard assay;
s of surest steele, that may be found,
yourselfe against that day, them to con-
[found."

XVI.

" saide he, " let be thy deepe advise;
hat through many yeares thy will thee fails,
t weake eld hath left thee nothing wise,
r should thy iudgement be so frayle,
sure manhood by the sword or mayle.
nough fowre quarters of a man,
en sword or shield, in honte to quayle?
de wotest that this right-hand can:
ey, which have beheld the battailes which
[it wan."

XVII.

was much abashed at his boast:
e wist that whose would contend
of those knightes on each coast,
de of all his armes him to defend,
least his boldnesse should offend;
gadocchio saide, "Once I did sweare,
ith one sword seven knightes I brought to
arth in battaile never sword to beare,
e that which noblest knight on earth doth
e."

XVIII.

" Perdy, Sir Knight," saide then th' enchaunter
" That shall I shortly purchase to your hond;
" For now the best and noblest knight alive
" Prince Arthur is, that wonnes in Faerie Lond
" He hath a sword that flames like burning bron
" The same by my device I undertake
" Shall by to morrow by thy side be fond."
At which bold word that boaster gan to quake,
And wondred in his minde what mote that monst

XIX. [make

He stayd not for more bidding, but away
Was suddeine vanished out of his sight:
The northerne winde his wings did broad display
At his commaund, and reared him up light,
From off the earth to take his aerie flight.
They lookt about, but no where could espye
Tract of his foot; then dead through great affright
They both nigh were, and each bad other flye;
Both fled attonce, ne ever backe returned eye;

XX.

Till that they come unto a forrest greene, [feare;
In which they shrowd themselves from causelesse
Yet feare them followes still, where so they beene:
Each trembling leafe and whistling wind they heare,
As ghastly bug, does greatly them affeare;
Yet both doe strive their fearefulnesse to faine.
At last they heard a horne, that shrilled cleare
Throughout the wood, that ecchoed againe,
And made the forrest ring, as it would rive in twain

XXI.

ft through the thicke they heard one rudely rush,
With noyse whereof he from his loftie steed
Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush,
To hide his coward head from dying dread;
But Trompart stoutly staydto taken head
Of what might hap. Eftsoone there stepped foorth
A goodly ladie clad in hunter's weed,
That seemed to be a woman of great worth,
And by her stately portance borne of heavenly birth.

XXII.

Her face so faire, as flesh it seemed not,
But hevenly pourtraict of bright angels hew,
Clear as the skye, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions dew;
And in her cheekes the vermeill red did shew
Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,
And gazers sence with double pleasure fed,
Able to heale the sicke, and to revive the ded.

XXIII.

In her faire eyes two living lampes did flame,
Kindled above at th' hevenly Maker's light,
And darted fyrie beames out of the same,
So passing persant and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereav'd the rash beholders sight:
In them the blinded god his lustfull fyre
To kindle oft assayd, but had no might;
For with dred maiestie and awfull yre,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched hase desyre.

XXIV.

Her yvorie forhead, full of bounty brave,
Like a broad table did itselfe dispred,
For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,
And write the battailes of his great godhed:
All good and honour might therein be red,
For there their dwelling was; and when she
Sweete wordes like dropping honny she did
And twixt the perles and rubins softly brake
A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemd to

XXV.

Upon her eyelids many Graces sate,
Under the shadow of her even browes,
Working belgardes and amorous retrate,
And everie one her with a grace endowes;
And everie one with meekenesse to her bowes
So glorious mirrhour of celestiall grace,
And soveraine moniment of mortall vowes,
How shall frayle pen descrive her heavenly fac
For feare through want of skill her beauty to dis

XXVI.

So faire, and thousand thousand times more fa
She seemd, when she presented was to sight;
And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
All in a silken camus lilly whight,
Purfled upon with many a folded plight,
Which all above besprinckled was throughout
With golden aygulets, that glistred bright,
Like twinckling starres, and all the skirt abo
Was hemd with golden fringe.

XXVII.

Below her ham her weed did somewhat trayne,
And her streight legs most bravely were embayld
In gilden buskins of costly cordwayne,
All bard with golden bendes which were entayld
With curious antickes, and full fayre aumayld;
Before they fastned were under her knee
In a rich iewell, and therein entrayld
The ends of all the knots, that none might see
How they within their fouldings close enwrapped bee:

XXVIII.

Like two faire marble pillours they were seene,
Which doe the temple of the gods support,
Whom all the people decke with girlonds greene,
And honour in their festivall resort;
Those same with stately grace and princely port
She taught to tread, when she herselfe would grace;
But with the woody nymphes when she did play,
Or when the flying libbard she did chace,
She could them nimbly move, and after fly apace.

XXIX.

And in her hand a sharpe bore-speare she held,
And at her backe a bow and quiver gay,
Stuft with steel-headed dartes, wherewith she queld
The salvage beastes in her victorious play,
Smit with a golden bauldricke, which forelay
Athwart her snowy brest, and did divide
Her daintie paps; which like young fruit in May
Now *little gan to swell*, and being tide,
Through her thin weed their places only signifide.

XXX.

Her yellow lockes, crisped like golden wyre,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
And when the winde emongst them did inspyre,
They waved like a penon wyde dispred,
And low behinde her backe were scattered;
And whether art it were or heedlesse hap,
As through the flouring forrest rash she fled,
In her rude heares sweet flowres themselves did lap,
And flourishing fresh leaves and blossomes did en-
[wrap.

XXXI.

Such as Diana by the sandy shore
Of swift Eurotas, or on Cynthus greene,
Where all the nymphes have her unwares forlore,
Wandreth alone with bow and arrowes keene,
To seeke her game; or as that famous queene
Of Amazons, whom Pyrrhus did destroy,
The day that first of Priame she was seene,
Did shew herselfe in great triumphant ioy,
To succour the weake state of sad afflicted Troy.

XXXII.

Such whenas hartlesse Trompart did her vew,
He was dismayed in his coward minde,
And doubted whether he himselfe should shew,
Or fly away, or bide alone behinde;
Both feare and hope he in her face did finde:
When she at last him spying thus bespake:
"Hayle, Groome! didst not thou see a bleeding hynde,
"Whose right haunch earst my stedfast arrow strake?
"If thou didst, tell me, that I may her overtake."

XXXIII.

herewith reviv'd, this answere forth he threw;
O Goddesse! (for such I thee take to be)
For nether doth thy face terrestriall shew,
Nor voyce sound mortall; I avow to thee
Such wounded beast, as that, I did not see,
Sith earst into this forrest wild I came;
But mote thy goodlyhed forgive it mee,
To weete which of the gods I shall thee name,
That unto thee dew worship I may rightly frame."

XXXIV.

whom she thus—but ere her words ensewd,
to the bush her eye did suddein glaunce,
which vaine Braggadocchio was mewd,
nd saw it stirre: she lefte her pereing launce,
nd towards gan a deadly shafte advaunce,
mind to marke the beast: at which sad stowre
rompart forth stept, to stay the mortall chaunce,
nt crying, "O! whatever hevenly powre,
Or earthly wight thou be, withhold this deadly [howre.

XXXV.

O stay thy hand; for yonder is no game
For thy fiers arrowes them to exercize;
But loe my lord, my liege, whose warlike name
Is far renowmd through many bold emprize,
And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies."
ne staid: with that he crauld out of his nest,
orth creeping on his caitive hands and thies,
nd standing stoutly up, his lofty crest [rest.
d fiercely shake and rowze, as comming late from

XXXVI.

As fearfull fowle, that long in secret cave
For dread of soring hauke herselfe hath hid,
Nor caring how her silly life to save,
She her gay painted plumes disorderid,
Seeing at last herselfe from daunger rid,
Peepes forth, and soone renews her native pride,
She gins her feathers fowle disfigured
Prowdly to prune, and set on every side,
So shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she did her [hide:

XXXVII.

So when her goodly visage he beheld,
He gan himselfe to vaunt; but when he vewd
Those deadly tooles which in her hand she held,
Soone into other fitts he was transmewd,
Till she to him her gracious speach renewd;
"All haile, Sir Knight! and well may thee befall,
"As all the like which honor have pursewd
"Through deeds of armes and prowesse martiall:
"All vertue merits praise, but such the most of all."

XXXVIII.

To whom he thus, "O fairest under skie!
"Trew be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,
"That warlike feats doest highest glorifie:
"Therein I have spent all my youthly daies,
"And many battailes fought, and many fraies,
"Throughout the world, wherso they might be found,
"Endevoring my dreaded name to raise
"Above the moone, that Fame it may resound
"In her eternall tromp, with laurell girlond crown'd.

XXXIX.

"But what art thou, O Lady! which doest raunge
"In this wilde forest, where no pleasure is,
"And doest not it for ioyous court exchaunge,
"Emongst thine equall peres, where happy blis
"And all delight does raigne, much more then this?
"There thou maist love, and dearly loved be,
"And swim in pleasure, which thou here doest mis;
"There maist thou best be seene, and best maist see:
"The wood is fitt for beasts, the court is fitt for thee."

XL.

"Whoso in pompe of prowd estate," quoth she,
"Does swim, and bathes himselfe in courtly blis,
"Does waste his daies in darke obscuritee,
"And in oblivion ever buried is:
"Where ease abownds, yt's eath to doe amis;
"But who his limbs with labours, and his mynd
"Behaves with cares, cannot so easy mis.
"Abroad in armes, at home in studious kynd,
"Who seekes with painful toile shall Honor soonest [fynd:

XLI.

"In woods, in waves, in warres, she wonts to dwell,
"And wil be found with perill and with paine;
"Ne can the man that moulds in ydle cell
"Unto her happy mansion attaine:
"Before her gate high God did sweate ordaine,
"And wakefull watches, ever to abide;
"But easy is the way, and passage plaine
"*To Pleasure's pallace*; it may soone be spide,
"*And day and night* her dores to all stand open wide.

XLII.

"In princes court"—The rest she would
But that the foolish man (fild with delig
Of her sweete words, that all his sence dis
And with her wondrous beauty ravisht c
Gan burne in filthy lust, and leaping lig
Thought in his bastard armes her to eml
With that she, swarving backe, her iave
Against him bent, and fiercely did ment
So turned her about, and fled away apac

XLIII.

Which when the pesaunt saw, amazd he
And grieved at her flight; yet durst he
Pursew her steps through wild unknowe
Besides he feard her wrath, and threatne
Whiles in the bush he lay, not yet forgo
Ne car'd he greatly for her presence vayn
But turning said to Trompart, "What f
"Is this to knight, that lady should agayne
"Depart to woods untoucht, and leave so

XLIV.

"Perdy," said Trompart, "let her pas
"Least by her presence daunger more be
"For who can tell (and sure I feare it ill
"But that she is some powre celestiall?
"For whiles she spake, her great words di
"My feeble corage, and my heart oppres
"That yet I quake and tremble over all."
"And I," said Braggadocchio, "though
"When first I heard her horn sound

ghastlinesse.

XLV.

'or from my mother's wombe this grace I have
Ie given by eternal Destiny,
'hat earthly thing may not my corage brave
)ismay with feare, or cause one foot to flye,
ut either hellish feends, or powres on hye;
Which was the cause, when earst that horne I heard,
Weening it had beene thunder in the skye,
hid my selfe from it, as one affeard,
ut when I other knew, my self I boldly reard.

XLVI.

ut now, for feare of worse that may betide,
et us soone hence depart." They soone agree:
to his steed he gott, and gan to ride
one unfitt therefore, that all might see
had not trayned bene in chevalree;
ich well that valiaunt courser did discerne,
he despisd to tread in dew degree,
haufd and fomd, with corage fiers and sterne,
d to be easd of that base burthen still did erne.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO IV.

Guyon does Furor bind in chaines,
And stops Occasion;
Delivers Phedon, and therefore
By strife is rayld uppon.

I.

In brave poursuitt of honorable deed,
There is I know not what great difference
Betweene the vulgar and the noble seed,
Which unto things of valorous pretence
Seemes to be borne by native influence,
As feates of armes, and love to entertaine;
But chiefly skill to ride seemes a science
Proper to gentle blood: some others faine
To menage steeds, as did this vaunter; but in vaine.

II.

But he, the rightfull owner of that steede,
Who well could menage and subdew his pride,
The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed
With that blacke palmer, his most trusty guide,
Who suffred not his wandring feete to slide:
But when strong passion or weake fleshlinesse
Would from the right way seeke to draw him wide,
He would through temperaunce and stedfastnesse
Teach him the weak to strengthen, and the strong
suppresse.

III.

It fortuned, forth faring on his way,
He saw from far, or seemed for to see,
Some troublous uproire or contentious fray,
Whereto he drew in hast it to agree.
A mad man, or that feigned mad to bee,
Drew by the heare along upon the grownd
A handsom stripling with great cruueltee,
Whom sore he bett, and gor'd with many a wownd,
That cheekes with teares, and sydes with blood, did [all abownd.

IV.

And him behynd a wicked hag did stalke,
In ragged robes and filthy disaray,
Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walke,
But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay:
Her lockes, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
Grew all afore, and loosly hong unrold;
But all behind was bald, and worne away,
That none thereof could ever taken hold;
And eke her face ill-favour'd, full of wrinckles old.

V.

And ever as she went, her toung did walke
In fowle reproch and termes of vile dispight,
Provoking him, by her outrageous talke,
To heape more vengeaunce on that wretched wight:
Sometimes she raught him stones, wherwith to smite;
Sometimes her staffe, though it her one leg were,
Withouten which she could not goe upright;
Ne any evil meanes she did forbeare [reare.
That might him move to wrath, and indignation

VI

The noble Guyon, mov'd
Approching, first the hag
And after adding more im
His mighty hands did on t
And pluckt him backe; w
Against him turning all hi
With beastly brutish rage
And smott, and bitt, and
And did he wist not what

VI

And sure he was a man o
Had he had governaunce i
But when the frantick fitt
His force was vaine, and a
Then at the aymed marke
And oft himselfe he chaun
Whylest reason, blent th
But, as a blindfold bull, at r
And where he hits noughtkn

VII

His rude assault and rugge
Straunge seemed to the kni
In fayre defence and goodl
Of armes was wont to figh

IX.

ıd being downe, the villein sore did beate
ıd bruze with clownish fistes his manly face;
ıd eke the hag, with many a bitter threat,
ll cald upon to kill him in the place:
ith whose reproch and odious menace
ne knight emboyling in his haughtie hart,
nitt all his forces, and gan soone unbrace
is grasping hold; so lightly did upstart,
nd drew his deadly weapon to maintaine his part.

X.

'hich when the palmer saw, he loudly cryde,
Not so, O Guyon! never thinke that so
That monster can be maistred or destroyd:
He is not, ah! he is not such a foe
As steele can wound, or strength can overthroe.
That same is Furor, cursed cruel wight, [woe;
That unto knighthood workes much shame and
And that same hag, his aged mother, hight
Occasion, the roote of all wrath and despight;

XI.

With her, whoso will raging Furor tame,
Must first begin, and well her amenage;
First her restraine from her reprochfull blame
And evill meanes, with which she doth enrage
Her frantick sonne, and kindles his corage;
Then when she is withdrawne, or strong withstood,
It's eath his ydle fury to aswage,
And calme the tempest of his passion wood:
The bankes are overflowne when stopped is the *flood.*"

XII.

Therewith Sir Guyon left his first emprise,
And turning to that woman, fast her hent
By the hoare lockes that hong before her eyes,
And to the ground her threw: yet n'ould she s
Her bitter rayling and fowle revilement,
But still provokt her sonne to wreake her wro
But nathelesse he did her still torment,
And catching hold of her ungratious tong,
Thereon an yron lock did fasten firme and str

XIII.

Then whenas use of speach was from her reft,
With her two crooked handes she signes did m
And beckned him; the last help she had left
But he that last left helpe away did take,
And both her handes fast bound unto a stake,
That she no'te stirre. Then gan her soone to
Full fast away, and did her quite forsake;
But Guyon after him in hast did hye,
And soone him overtooke in sad perplexitye.

XIV.

In his strong armes he stifly him embraste,
Who him gain-striving nought at all prevall
For all his power was utterly defaste,
And furious fitts at earst quite weren quaild:
Oft he re'nforst, and oft his forces fayld,
Yet yield he would not, nor his rancor slack:
Then him to ground he cast, and rudely hayld,
And both his hands fast bound behind his ba
And both his feet in fetters to an yron rack.

XV.

ith hundred yron chaines he did him bind,
nd hundred knots, that did him sore constraine;
t his great yron teeth he still did grind
nd grimly gnash, threatning revenge in vaine:
is burning eyen, whom bloody strakes did straine,
ared full wide, and threw forth sparkes of fyre;
nd more for ranck despight, then for great paine,
akt his long locks, colourd like copper wyre,
nd bitt his tawny beard to shew his raging yre.

XVI.

hus whenas Guyon Furor had captivd,
urning about he saw that wretched squyre,
hom that mad man of life nigh late deprivd,
ying on ground, all soild with blood and myre;
hom whenas he perceivd to respyre,
e gan to comfort, and his woundes to dresse:
eing at last recured, he gan inquyre
hat hard mishap him brought to such distresse,
nd made that caytive's thrall, the thrall of wretch-
[ednesse?

XVII.

ith hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,
Fayre Sir!" quoth he, "what man can shun the hap
That hidden lyes unwares him to surpryse?
Misfortune waites advantage to entrap
The man most wary in her whelming lap.
So me weake wretch, of many weakest one,
Unweeting and unware of such mishap,
She brought to mischiefe through Occasion,
Where this same wicked villein did me light upon.

XVIII.

" It was a faithlesse squire, that was the
" Of all my sorrow and of these sad tea
" With whom from tender dug of comm
" Attonce I was upbrought; and efte w
" More rype us reason lent to chose our
" Ourselves in league of vowed love we
" In which we long time without gealo
" Or faultie thoughts contynewd, as wa
" And for my part, I vow, dissembled n

XIX.

" It was my fortune (commune to that
" To love a lady fayre of great degree,
" The which was borne of noble parenta
" And set in highest seat of dignitee,
" Yet seemed no lesse to love then lovd
" Long I her serv'd, and found her faith
" Ne ever thing could cause us disagree
" Love that two harts makes one, makes ek
" Each strove to please, and others pleasur

XX.

" My friend, hight Philemon, I did part
" Of all my love and all my privitie,
" Who greatly ioyous seemed for my sal
" And gratious to that lady, as to mee;
" Ne ever wight that mote so welcome be
" As he to her, withouten blott or blame
" Ne ever thing, that she could think or
" But unto him she would impart the sa
" O wretched man, that would abuse so

XXI.

" At last such grace I found, and meanes I wrought,
" That I that lady to my spouse had wonne;
" Accord of friendes, consent of parents sought,
" Affyannce made, my happinesse begonne,
" There wanted nought but few rites to be donne,
" Which marriage make; that day too fare did seeme:
" Most ioyous man, on whom the shining sunne
" Did shew his face, myselfe I did esteeme,
" And that my father friend did no less ioyous deeme.

XXII.

" But me that wished day his beame distained,
" He either envying my toward good,
" Or of himselfe to treason ill disposed,
" One day unto me came in friendly mood,
" And told for secret how he understood
" That lady, whom I had to me assynd,
" Had both distained her honorable blood,
" And eke the faith which she to me did bynd,
" And therefore wisht me stay, till I more truth should [fynd.

XXIII.

" The gnawing anguish and sharp gelosy,
" Which his sad speach infixed in my brest,
" Rankled so sore, and festred inwardly,
" That my ingreeved mind could find no rest,
" Till that the truth thereof I did out-wrest,
" And him besought, by that same sacred band
" Betwixt us both, to counsell me the best:
" *He then with solemne oath* and plighted hand
" *Assured me long the* truth to let me understand.

XXIV.

" Ere long with like againe he boorded mee,
" Saying he now had boulted all the floure,
" And that it was a groome of base degree,
" Which of my love was partner paramoure,
" Who used in a darkesome inner bowre
" Her oft to meete; which better to approve,
" He promised to bring me at that howre,
" When I should see that would me nearer move,
" And drive me to withdraw my blind abused lov

XXV.

" This gracelesse man, for furtherance of his gui
" Did court the handmayd of my lady deare,
" Who, glad t'embosome his affection vile,
" Did all she might more pleasing to appeare.
" One day to worke her to his will more neare,
" He woo'd her thus; 'Pryene (so she hight)
" What great despight doth Fortune to thee bear
" Thus lowly to abase thy beautie bright,
" That it should not deface all others lesser light!

XXVI.

" But if she had her least helpe to thee lent,
" T' adorne thy forme according thy desart,
" Their blazing pride thou wouldest soone have bler
" And staynd their prayses with thy least good par
" Ne should faire Claribell with all her art,
" Tho she thy lady be, approch thee neare;
" For proofe thereof this evening, as thou art,
" Aray thyselfe in her most gorgeous geare,
" That I may more delight in thy embracements de

XXVII.

The mayden, proud through praise, and mad through love,
Him hearkned to, and soone herselfe arayd;
The whiles to me the treachour did remove
His craftie engin, and, as he had sayd,
Me leading, in a secret corner layd,
The sad spectatour of my tragedie:
Where left, he went, and his owne false part playd,
Disguised like that groome of base degree,
Whom he had feigned th' abuser of my love to bee.

XXVIII.

Eftsoones he came unto th' appointed place,
And with him brought Pryene, rich arayd
In Clarihellines clothes: her proper face
I not descerned in that darkesome shade,
But weend it was my love with whom he playd.
Ah God! what horrour and tormenting griefe
My hart, my handes, mine eies, and all assay'd!
Me liefer were ten thousand deathes priefe,
Then wounde of gealous worme, and shame of such reprieve.

XXIX.

home retourning, fraught with fowle despight,
nd chawing vengeaunce all the way I went,
one as my loathed love appeard in sight,
'ith wrathfull hand I slew her innocent;
at after soone I dearely did lament:
when the cause of that outrageous deede
aunded, I made plaine and evident,
faultie handmayd, with that bale did breede,
et how Philemon her wrought to chaunge her weede.

XXX.

" Which when I heard, with horrible affright
" And hellish fury all enrag'd, I sought
" Upon myselfe that vengeable despight
" To punish; yet it better first I thought
" To wreake my wrath on him, that first it wro
" To Philemon, false faytour Philemon,
" I cast to pay that I so dearely bought:
" Of deadly drugs I gave him drinke anon,
" And washt away his guilt with guilty poti

XXXI.

" Thus heaping crime on crime, and griefe on
" To losse of love adioyning losse of friend,
" I meant to purge both with a third mischi
" And in my woes beginner it to end:
" That was Pryene; she did first offend,
" She last should smart: with which cruell i
" When I at her my murdrous blade did be
" She fled away with ghastly dreriment,
" And I poursewing my fell purpose, after

XXXII.

" Feare gave her winges, and rage enforst my
" Through woods and plaines so long I did her
" Till this mad man (whom your victorious
" Hath now fast bound) me met in middle s
" As I her, so he me poursewd apace,
" And shortly overtooke: I breathing yre,
" Sore chauffed at my stay in such a cace,
" And with my heat kindled his cruell fyre,
" Which kindled once, his mother did mov

XXXIII.

Betwixt them both they have me doen to dye,
Throughwounds, and strokes, andstubborne hand-
That death were better then such agony, [eling,
As griefe and fury unto me did bring;
Of which in me yet stickes the mortall sting,
That during life will never be appeasd."
When he thus ended had his sorrowing,
Aid Guyon, " Squyre, sore have ye been diseasd,
But all your hurts may soone through temperance
XXXIV. [be easd."
Then gan the palmer thus, " Most wretched man,
That to affections does the bridle lend;
In their beginning they are weake and wan,
But soone through suffrance growe tofearfullend:
Whiles they are weake, betimes with them contend;
For when they once to perfect strength doe grow,
Strong warres they make, and cruell battry bend
Gainst fort of reason, it to overthrow:
Wrath, gelosy, griefe, love, this squyre have laide
XXXV. [thus low.
Wrath, gealosie, griefe, love, do thus expell,
Wrath is a fire, and gealosie a weede;
Griefe is a flood, and love a monster fell;
The fire of sparkes, the weede of little seede,
The flood of drops, the monster Filth did breede:
But sparks, seed, drops, and filth, do thus delay:
Thesparks soon quench, the springingseed outweed,
The drops dry up, and filth wipe cleane away;
So shall wrath, gealosy, griefe, love die, and decay."

XXXVI.

" Unlucky Squire," saide Guyon, " sith th
" Falne into mischiefe through intemperau
" Henceforth take heede of that thou now h
" And guyde thy waies with warie govern
" Least worst betide thee by some later cha
" But read how art thou nam'd, and of wh
" Phaon I hight," quoth he, " and do adv
" Mine auncestry from famous Coradin,
" Who first to rayse our house to honour did

XXXVII.

Thus as he spake, lo far away they spyde
A varlet ronning towardes hastily,
Whose flying feet so fast their way apylyd
That round about a cloud of dust did fly,
Which mingled all with sweate did dim his
He soone approched, panting, breathlesse,
And all so soyld, that none could him desc
His countenaunce was bold, and bashed no
For Guyon's lookes, but scornefull ey-glaun

XXXVIII.

Behind his backe he bore a brasen shield,
On which was drawn faire, in colours fit,
A flaming fire in midst of bloody field,
And round about the wreath this word wa
Burnt I doe burne. Right well beseemed it
To be the shield of some redoubted knight
And in his hand two dartes exceeding flit
And deadly sharp he held, whose heads w
In poyson and in blood of Malice and D

XXXIX.

When he in presence came, to Guyon first
He lowly spake; "Sir Knight, if knight thou bee,
"Abandon this forestalled place at erst,
"For feare of further harme, I chardge thee,
"Or bide the chance at thine own ieopardee."
The knight at his great boldnesse wondered;
And though he scorn'd his ydle vaunting,
Yet mildly him to purpose answered,
For not to grow of nought he it conjectured.

XL.

"Wretch! this place most dew to me I deeme,
"Yielded by him that held it forcibly; [seeme
"But whatte should come that harme, which thou dost
"Threaten to him that mindes his chaunce t'abye?"
"Fondy," say'd he, "here comes, and is hard by
"A knight of wondrous powre and great assay,
"That never yet encountred enemy
"But did him deadly daunt, or fowle dismay;
"So thou for better hope, if thou his presence stay."

XLI.

"How hight he," then sayd Guyon, "and from
"Pyrochles is his name, renowmed farre [whence?"
"For his bold feates and hardy confidence,
"Full oft approvd in many a cruell warre,
"The brother of Cymochles, both which arre
"The sonnes of old Acrates and Despight;
"Acrates sonne of Phlegeton and Iarre;
"*But Phlegeton is sonne of Herebus and Night;*
"*But Herebus sonne of* Aeternitie is hight.

XLII

" So from immortall race he
" That mortall hands may n
" Drad for his derring doe
" For all in blood and spoil
" His am I, Atin, his in wr
" That matter make for him
" And stirre him up to strif
" Fly, therefore, fly this fea
" Least thy fool-hardize wor

XLIII

" His be thy care, whom mo
Sayd he: " but whether with
" Art thou now bound? fo
" Great cause, that carries th
" My lord," quoth he, " m
" To seeke Occasion, where
" For he is all disposd to blo
" And breathes out wrath an
" Hard is his hap that first f

XLIV

XLV.

it when the varlett heard and saw, strightway
wexed wondrous wroth, and said, "Vile Knight,
hat knights and knighthood doest with shame up-
bray,
nd shewst th' ensample of thy childishe might,
Vith silly weake old woman thus to fight:
reat glory and gay spoile sure hast thou gott,
nd stoutly prov'd thy puissaunce here in sight;
hat shall Pyrochles well requite, I wott,
nd with thy blood abolish so reprochfull blott."

XLVI.

1 that one of his thrillant darts he threw,
led with yre and vengeable despight;
quivering steele his aymed end well knew,
to his brest itselfe intended right;
he was wary, and ere it empight
e meant marke, advaunst his shield atween;
which it seizing, no way enter might,
backe rebownding left the forckhead keene;
oones he fled away, and might no where be seene.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO V.

Pyrochles goes with Guyon fight,
And Furor's chayne untyes;
Who him sore wounds, whiles Atin to
Cymochles for ayd flyes.

I.

WHOEVER doth to temperaunce apply
His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,
Trust me, shal find no greater enimy
Than stubborne perturbation to the same,
To which right wel the wise doe give that nai
For it the goodly peace of staied mindes
Does overthrow, and troublous warre proclai
His owne woes author, whoso bound it finde
As did Pyrochles, and it wilfully unbindes.

I.

After that varlet's flight, it was not long
Ere on the plaine fast pricking Guyon spide
One in bright armes embatteiled full strong,
That as the sunny beames do glaunce and glid
Upon the trembling wave, so shined bright,
And round about him threw forth sparkling fi
That seemd him to enflame on every side;
His steed was bloody red, and fomed yre,
When with the maistring spur he did him

III.

proching nigh, he never staid to greete,
chaffar words, prowd corage to provoke,
: prickt so fiers, that underneath his feete,
e smouldring dust did rownd about him smoke,
h horse and man nigh able for to choke;
d fayrly couching his steele-headed speare,
n first saluted with a sturdy stroke:
ooted nought Sir Guyon, comming neare,
thincke such hideous puissaunce on foot to beare.

IV.

t lightly shunned it, and passing by,
ith his bright blade did smite at him so fell,
at the sharpe steele arriving forcibly
his broad shield bitt not, but glauncing fell,
his horse necke before the quilted sell,
d from the head the body sundred quight:
him dismounted low he did compell
foot with him to matchen equall fight;
e truncked beast fast bleeding did him fowly dight.

V.

e bruzed with the fall he slow uprose,
d all enraged thus him loudly shent;
Disleall Knight! whose coward corage chose
To wreake itselfe on beast all innocent,
And shund the marke at which it should be ment,
Therby thine armes seem strong, but manhood
o hast thou oft with guile thine honor blent;
But litle may such guile thee now avayl,
wonted force and fortune doe me not much fayl.

That crave the vengeance on mee a
The weary sowle from thence it
Nathelesse so sore a buff to him i
That made him reele, and to

VII.

Exceeding wroth was Guyon at
And much asham'd that stroke
Should him dismay, and make
Though otherwise it did him lit
Tho' hurling high his yron-bra
He smote so manly on his shoul
That all his left side it did quiet
Yet there the steele stayd not, b
Deepe in his flesh, and opened w

VIII.

Deadly dismayd with horror of

IX.

: hewd, and lasht, and foynd, and thondred
ıd every way did seeke into his life; [blowes,
plate, ne male, could ward so mighty throwes,
ıt yielded passage to his cruell knife:
ıt Guyon, in the heat of all his strife,
'as wary wise, and closely did awayt
vauntage, whilest his foe did rage most rife;
metimes athwart, sometimes he strook him strayt,
nd falsed oft his blowes t'illude him with such bayt.

X.

ke as a lyon, whose imperiall powre
proud rebellious unicorne defyes,
'avoide the rash assault and wrathful stowre
f his fiers foe, him to a tree applyes,
nd when him ronning in full course he spyes,
e slips aside; the whiles that furious beast
is precious horne, sought of his enimyes,
rikes in the stock, ne thence can be releast,
ut to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.

XI.

Vith such faire sleight him Guyon often fayld,
'ill at the last all breathlesse, weary, faint,
im spying, with fresh onsett he assayld,
nd kindling new his corage, seeming queint,
rooke him so hugely, that through great constraint
le made him stoup perforce unto his knee,
nd doe unwilling worship to the saint
'hat on his shield depainted he did see;
ch homage till that instant never learned hee.

XII.

Whom Guyon seeing stoup, poursewed
The present offer of faire victory,
And soone his dreadfull blade about he c
Wherewith he smote his haughty crest so
That streight on grownd made him full l
Then on his brest his victor foote he thru
With that he cryde, "Mercy! doe me not
"Ne deeme thy force, by Fortune's doome
"That hath (maugre her spight) thus low m

XIII.

Eftsoones his cruel hand Sir Guyon stayd,
Tempring the passion with advizement slow;
And maistring might on enimy dismayd,
For th' equall die of warre he well did know
Then to him said, "Live, and alleagaunce o
"To him that gives thee life and liberty,
"And henceforth by this daies ensample tr
"That hasty wroth and heedlesse hazardry
"Doe breede repentaunce late and lasting inf

XIV.

So up he let him rise; who with grim looke
And count'naunce sterne upstanding, gan to
His grated teeth for great disdeigne, and sho
His sandy lockes, long hanging downe behi
Knotted in blood and dust, for grief of min
That he in ods of armes was conquered;
Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,
That him so noble knight had maystered,
Whose bounty more then might, yet
wondered.

XV.

Guyon marking, said, "Be nought agriev'd,
.night, that thus ye now subdewed arre;
never man who most conquestes atchiev'd,
ometimes had the worse, and lost by warre,
hortly gaynd that losse exceeded farre:
: is no shame, nor to bee lesse then foe;
o bee lesser then himselfe doth marre
loosers lott and victours prayse alsoe:
others overthrowes who selfe doth overthrow.

XVI.

) Pyrochles! fly the dreadful warre
in thyselfe thy lesser partes doe move;
geous anger, and woe-working iarre,
ıll impatience, and hart-murdring love:
e, those thy foes, those warriours far remove,
h thee to endlesse bale captived lead:
ith in might thou didst my mercy prove,
urtesie to mee the cause aread [dread."
thee against me drew with so impetuous

XVII.

lesse," said he, "that shall I soone declare.
: complaind that thou hadst done great tort
an aged woman, poore and bare,
hralled her in chaines with strong effort,
of all succour and needful comfort:
ll beseemes thee, such as I thee see,
orke such shame: therefore I thee exhort
unge thy will, and set Occasion free,
ier captive sonne yield his first libertee."

XVIII.

Thereat Sir Guyon smylde. " And is that all,"
Said he, " that thee so sore displeased hath?
" Great mercy, sure, for to enlarge a thrall,
" Whose freedom shall thee turne to greatest scath.
" Nath'lesse now quench thy whott emboyling wrath
" Loe there they bee; to thee I yield them free."
Thereat he wondrous glad, out of the path
Did lightly leape, where he them bound did see,
And gan to breake the bands of their captivitee.

XIX.

Soone as Occasion felt herselfe untyde,
Before her sonne could well assoyled bee,
She to her use returnd, and streight defyde
Both Guyon and Pyrochles: th' one (said shee)
Bycause he wonne; the other, because hee
Was wonne: so matter did she make of nought
To stirre up strife, and garre them disagree:
But soone as Furor was enlargd, she sought
To kindle his quencht fyre, and thousand causes [wrought.

XX.

It was not long ere she inflam'd him so,
That he would algates with Pyrochles fight,
And his redeemer chalengd for his foe,
Because he had not well mainteind his right,
But yielded had to that same straunger knight.
Now gan Pyrochles wex as wood as hee,
And him affronted with impatient might;
So both together fiers engrasped bee, [see.
Whyles Guyon standing by their uncouth strife does

XXI.

Him all that while Occasion did provoke
Against Pyrochles, and new matter fram'd
Upon the old, him stirring to bee wroke
Of his late wronges, in which she oft him blam'd
For suffering such abuse as knighthood sham'd,
And him dishabled quyte: but he was wise,
Ne would with vaine occasions be inflam'd;
Yet others she more urgent did devise;
Yet nothing could him to impatience entise.

XXII.

Their fell contention still increased more,
And more thereby increased Furor's might,
That he his foe has hurt and wounded sore,
And him in blood and durt deformed quight.
His mother eke, more to augment his spight,
Now brought to him a flaming fyer-brond,
Which she in Stygian lake, ay burning bright,
Had kindled; that she gave into his hond, [stond.
That armd with fire more hardly he mote him with-

XXIII.

Tho gan that villein wex so fiers and strong,
That nothing might sustaine his furious forse;
He cast him downe to ground, and all along
Drew him through durt and myre without remorse,
And fowly battered his comely corse,
That Guyon much disdeignd so loathly sight.
At last he was compell'd to cry perforse,
"*Help, O Sir Guyon!* helpe, most noble Knight,
"*To ridd a wretched* man from handes of hellish
wight."

XXIV.

The knight was greatly moved at his playnt,
And gan him dight to succour his distresse,
Till that the palmer, by his grave restraynt,
Him stayd from yielding pitifull redresse,
And said "Deare sonne! thy causelesse ruth represse,
" Ne let thy stout hart melt in pitty vayne:
" He that his sorrow sought through wilfulnesse,
" And his foe fettred would release agayne,
" Deserves to taste his follies fruit, repented payne."

XXV.

Guyon obayd; so him away he drew
From needlesse trouble of renewing fight
Already fought, his voyage to poursew:
But rash Pyrochles' varlett, Atin hight,
When late he saw his lord in heavie plight
Under Sir Guyon's puissaunt stroke to fall,
Him deeming dead, as then he seemd in sight,
Fledd fast away, to tell his funerall
Unto his brother, whom Cymochles men did call.

XXVI.

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
Famous throughout the world for warlike prayse,
And glorious spoyles, purchast in perilous fight:
Full many doughtie knightes he in his dayes
Had doen to death, subdewde in equall frayes,
Whose carkases, for terrour of his name,
Of fowles and beastes he made the piteous prayes,
And hong their conquerd armes, for more defame
On gallow-trees, in honour of his dearest dame.

XXVII.

is dearest dame is that enchaunteresse,
'he vyle Acrasia, that with vaine delightes,
nd ydle pleasures in her Bowre of Blisse,
oes charme her lovers, and the feeble sprightes
an call out of the bodies of fraile wightes ; [hewes,
/hom then she does transforme to monstrous
nd horribly misshapes with ugly sightes,
aptiv'd eternally in yron mewes, [shewes.
nd darksom dens, where Titan his face never

XXVIII.

here Atin fownd Cymochles soiourning,
o serve his leman's love ; for he by kynd
/as given all to lust and loose living,
/henever his fiers handes he free mote fynd :
nd now he has pourd out his ydle mynd
daintie delices and lavish ioyes,
aving his warlike weapons cast behynd,
nd flowes in pleasures and vaine pleasing toyes,
lingled emongst loose ladies and lascivious boyes.

XXIX.

nd over him Art stryving to compayre
/ith Nature did an arber greene dispred,
amed of wanton yvie, flouring fayre,
hrough which the fragrant eglantine did spred
is prickling armes, entrayld with roses red,
/hich daintie odours round about them threw ;
nd all within with flowres was garnished,
hat when myld Zephyrus emongst them blew,
l breath out bounteous smels, and painted colors

XXX.

And fast beside there trickled softly downe
A gentle streame, whose murmuring wave did
Emongst the pumy stones, and made a sowne
To lull him soft asleepe that by it lay:
The wearie traveiler, wandring that way,
Therein did often quench his thristy heat,
And then by it his wearie limbes display,
Whiles creeping slomber made him to forget
His former payne, and wypt away his toilsom sw

XXXI.

And on the other syde a pleasaunt grove
Was shott up high, full of the stately tree
That dedicated is t'Olympick Iove,
And to his sonne Alcides, whenas hee
In Nemus gayned goodly victoree:
Therein the merry birdes of every sorte
Chaunted alowd their chearfull harmonee,
And made emongst themselves a sweete consor
That quickned the dull spright with musicall c

XXXII.

There he him found all carelesly displaid,
In secrete shadow from the sunny ray,
On a sweet bed of lillies softly laid,
Amidst a flock of damzelles fresh and gay,
That rownd about him dissolute did play
Their wanton follies and light meriment;
Every of which did loosely disaray
Her upper partes of meet habilitments,
And shewd them naked, deckt with many
ments.

XXXIII.

And every of them strove with most delights
Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew :
Some framd faire lookes, glancing like eveninglights,
Others sweet wordes, dropping like honny dew ;
Some bathed kisses, and did soft embrew
The sugred licour through his melting lips ;
One boastes her beautie, and does yield to vew
Her dainty limbes above her tender hips ;
Another her out-boastes, and all for tryall strips.

XXXIV.

He, like an adder lurking in the weedes,
His wandring thought in deepe desire does steepe,
And his frayle eye with spoyle of beauty feedes ;
Sometimes he falsely faines himselfe to sleepe,
Whiles through their lids his wanton eies do peepe
To steale a snatch of amorous conceipt,
Whereby close fire into his hart does creepe :
So he them deceives, deceivd in his deceipt,
Made dronke with drugs of deare voluptuous receipt.

XXXV.

Atin arriving there, when him he spyde
Thus in still waves of deepe delight to wade,
Fiercely approching to him, lowdly cryde,
" Cymochles ! oh no ! but Cymochles' shade,
" In which that manly person late did fade :
" What is become of great Acrates sonne ?
" Or where hath he hong up his mortall blade,
" *That hath so many* haughty conquests wonne ?
" *Is all his force forlorne*, and all his glory donne ?"

XXXVI.

Then pricking him with his sharp-pointed dart,
He said, "Up, up, thou womanish weake knight!
"That here in ladies lap entombed art,
"Unmindfull of thy praise and prowest might,
"And weetlesse eke of lately-wrought despight;
"Whiles sad Pyrochles lies on sencelesse ground,
"And groneth out his utmost grudging spright
"Thro' many a stroke and many a streaming wound,
"Calling thy help in vaine that here loyes art [droud."

XXXVII.

Suddeinly out of his delightful dreame,
The man awoke, and would have questiond more;
But he would not endure that wofull theame
For to dilate at large, but urged sore
With percing wordes and pittifull implore
Him hasty to arise: as one affright
With hellish feends, or furies mad uprore,
He then uprose, inflamd with fell despight,
And called for his armes, for he would algates fight.

XXXVIII.

They bene ybrought, he quickly does him dight,
And lightly mounted passeth on his way:
Ne ladies loves, ne sweete entreaties, might
Appease his heat, or hastie passage stay;
For he has vowd to beene avengd that day
(That day itselfe him seemed all too long)
On him that did Pyrochles deare dismay.
So proudly pricketh on his courser strong, [wrong,
And Atin ay him pricks with spurs of shame and

BOOK II. CANTO VI.

Guyon is of immodest Merth,
Led into loose desyre;
Fights with Cymochles, whiles his brother burns in furious fyre.

I.

A HARDER lesson to learne continence
In ioyous pleasure then in grievous paine;
For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker sence
So strongly, that uneathes it can refraine
From that which feeble nature covets faine;
But griefe and wrath, that be her enemies
And foes of life, she better can restraine:
Yet vertue vauntes in both her victories,
And Guyon in them all shewes goodly maysteries.

II.

Whom bold Cymochles traveiling to finde,
With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him
The wrath which Atin kindled in his mind,
Came to a river, by whose utmost brim
Wayting to passe, he saw whereas did swim
Along the shore, as swift as glaunce of eye,
A litle gondelay, bedecked trim
With boughes and arbours woven cunningly,
That like a litle forrest seemed outwardly;

III.

And therein sate a lady fresh and fayre,
Making sweete solace to herselfe alone;
Sometimes she song as loud as larke in ayre,
Sometimes she laught, that nigh her breath was gone;
Yet was there not with her else any one,
That to her might move cause of meriment;
Matter of merth enough, though there were none,
She could devise, and thousand waies invent
To feede her foolish humour and vaine iolliment.

IV.

Which when far off Cymochles heard and saw,
He lowdly caid to such as were abord
The little barke unto the shore to draw,
And him to ferry over that deepe ford:
The merry mariner unto his word
Soone hearkned, and her painted bote streightway
Turnd to the shore, where that same warlike lord
She in receiv'd; but Atin by no way
She would admit, albe the knight her much did pray.

V.

Eftsoones her shallow ship away did slide,
More swift then swallow sheres the liquid skye,
Withouten oare or pilot it to guide,
Or winged canvas with the wind to fly;
Onely she turnd a pin, and by and by
It cut away upon the yeilding wave;
Ne cared she her course for to apply,
For it was taught the way which she would have
And both from rocks and flats itselfe could wisely

VI.

And all the way the wanton damsell found
New merth her passenger to entertaine;
For she in pleasaunt purpose did abound,
And greatly ioyed merry tales to fayne,
Of which a store-house did with her remaine,
Yet seemed nothing well they her became;
For all her wordes she drownd with laughter vaine,
And wanted grace in utt'ring of the same,
That turned all her pleasaunce to a scoffing game.

VII.

And other whiles vaine toyes she would devize,
As her fantasticke wit did most delight:
Sometimes her head she fondly would aguize
With gaudy girlonds, or fresh flowrets dight
About her necke, or rings of rushes plight:
Sometimes to do him laugh, she would assay
To laugh at shaking of the leaves light,
Or to behold the water worke and play
About her litle frigot, therein making way.

VIII.

Her light behaviour and loose dalliaunce
Gave wondrous great contentment to the knight,
That of his way he had no sovenaunce
Nor care of vow'd revenge and cruell fight,
But to weake wench did yield his martiall might:
So easie was to quench his flamed minde
With one sweete drop of sensuall delight;
So easie is t'appease the stormy winde
Of malice in the calme of pleasaunt womankind.

IX.

Diverse discourses in their way they spent;
Mongst which Cymochles of her questioned
Both what she was, and what that usage ment,
Which in her cott she daily practized?
"Vaine man!" said she, "that wouldest be reckon
"A straunger in thy home, and ignoraunt
"Of Phædria (for so my name is red)
"Of Phædria, thine owne fellow servaunt;
"For thou to serve Acrasia thyselfe doest vaunt

X.

"In this wide inland sea, that hight by name
"The Idle Lake, my wandring ship I row,
"That knowes her port, and thether sayles by aym
"Ne care ne feare I how the wind do blow,
"Or whether swift I wend or whether slow:
"Both slow and swift alike do serve my tourne;
"Ne swelling Neptune, ne loud-thundring Iove,
"Can chaunge my cheare, or make me ever mourn
"My litle boat can safely passe this perilous bourne

XI.

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she toy
They were far past the passage which he spake,
And come unto an island waste and voyd,
That floted in the midst of that great lake;
There her small gondelay her port did make,
And that gay payre issewing on the shore
Disburdned her: their way they forward take
Into the land that lay them faire before,
Whose pleasaunce she him shewd, and plentifull

XII.

It was a chosen plott of fertile land,
Emongst wide waves sett like a litle nest,
As if it had by Nature's cunning hand
Bene choycely picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensample of the best:
No dainty flowre or herbe that growes on grownd,
Nor arborett with painted blossomes drest,
And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd
To bud out faire, and throw her sweete smels al [arownd.

XIII.

No tree, whose braunches did not bravely spring;
No braunch, whereon a fine bird did not sitt;
No bird but did her shrill notes sweetely sing;
No song, but did containe a lovely ditt.
Trees, braunches, birds, and songs, were framed fitt
For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease.
Carelesse the man soone woxe, and his weake witt
Was overcome of thing that did him please:
So pleased, did his wrathfull purpose faire appease.

XIV.

Thus when shee had his eyes and sences fed
With false delights, and fil'd with pleasures vayn,
Into a shady dale she soft him led,
And layd him downe upon a grassy playn;
And her sweete selfe, without dread or disdayn,
She sett beside, laying his head disarmd
In her loose lap, it softly to sustayn,
Where soone he slumbred, fearing not be harmd;
The whiles with a love-lay she thus him sweetly [charmd

XIV.

[illegible] Man, that rebellious passions dost take,
[illegible] grow,
[illegible] make,
[illegible] driven;
[illegible] knows
[illegible] fire,
[illegible] show;
[illegible] cure,
[illegible] empire.

XVI.

[illegible] field,
[illegible] generous,
[illegible] labours yield,
[illegible] weary storm,
[illegible] sweet,
[illegible] ornaments,
[illegible] helmet;
[illegible] cures not fears,
[illegible] all her cure she lets.

XVII.

[illegible] Man, first of them all
[illegible] are at Venice [illegible],
[illegible] herself,
[illegible] pains [illegible] pains,
[illegible] wise?
[illegible] use?
[illegible] swimming in the maine,
[illegible] "Chaos."
[illegible] pleasure

XVIII.

By this she had him lulled fast asleepe,
That of no worldly thing he care did take;
Then she with liquors strong his eies did steepe,
That nothing should him hastily awake:
So she him lefte, and did herselfe betake
Unto her boat again, with which she clefte
The slouthful wave of that great griesly lake;
Soone shee that island far behind her lefte, [wefte.
And now is come to that same place where first she

XIX.

By this time was the worthy Guyon brought
Unto the other side of that wide strond
Where she was rowing, and for passage sought:
Him needed not long call; she soone to hond
Her ferry brought, where him she byding fond
With his sad guide: himselfe she tooke aboord,
But the blacke palmer suffred still to stond,
Ne would for price or prayers once affoord
To ferry that old man over the perlous foord.

XX.

Guyon was loath to leave his guide behind,
Yet being entred might not backe retyre;
For the flitt barke obaying to her mind,
Forth launched quickly, as she did desire,
Ne gave him leave to bid that aged sire
Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted course
Through the dull billowes, thicke as troubled mire,
Whom nether wind out of their seat could forse,
Nor timely tides did drive out of their sluggish sourse.

XXI.

And by the way, as was her wonted guize,
He many fair dames freshly gan to reare,
And did of joy and idlitty devize,
Himselfe a cherish, and her guest to chear:
The knight was courteous, and did not fe[illegible]
Her honest mirth and pleasance to parta[illegible]
But when he saw her toys, and gibe, and [illegible]
And prove the bottom of modest merimake[illegible]
He disliketh he despis'd, and follies did[illegible]

XXII.

Yet she still followed her former style,
And did, and did all that might him deligh[illegible]
Till they arrived in that pleasant ile,
Where sleeping late she lefte her other kn[illegible]
But whoso Gryon of that land had sight
He wist himselfe unhoue, and angry said,
"Ah! Dame, perdy ye have not doen m[illegible]
"Thus to mislead me, whiles I you ob[illegible]
"Mislide needed from my right way to hav[illegible]

XXIII.

"Fare fie!" quoth she, "be not displea[illegible]
"Who fires in sea may not commaund
"The wind and weather at his pleasure ca[illegible]
"The sea is wide, and easy for to stray
"The wind unstable, and doth never sta[illegible]
"But here a while ye may in safety rest,
"Till season serve new passage to assay
"Better safe pore, then be in sea distres[illegible]
Therewith she laught, and did her earne[illegible]

XXIV.

But he halfe discontent mote nathelesse
Himselfe appease, and issewd forth on shore;
The ioyes whereof, and happy fruitfulnesse,
Such as he saw, she gan him lay before,
And all though pleasaunt, yet she made much more.
The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly spring,
The trees did bud, and early blossomes bore,
And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
And told the gardin's pleasures in their careling.

XXV.

And she, more sweete then any bird on bough,
Would oftentimes emongst them beare a part,
And strive to passe (as she could well enough)
Their native musicke by her skilful art:
So did she all, that might his constant hart
Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprize,
And drowne in dissolute delights apart,
Where noise of armes, or vew of martiall guize
Might not revive desire of nightly exercize.

XXVI.

But he was wise, and wary of her will,
And ever held his hand upon his hart;
Yet would not seeme so rude and thewed ill,
As to despise so courteous seeming part,
That gentle lady did to him impart;
But fairly tempring, fond desire subdewd,
And ever her desired to depart;
She list not heare, but her disports poursewd,
And ever bad him stay till time the tide renewd.

To battelle, if thou meane her to
Loe, loe, already how the fowles
Doe flocke, awaiting shortly to
Thy carcass for their pray, the

XXIX.

nd there-withall he fiersly at him
nd with importune outrage him a
'ho soone prepard, to field his swo
nd him with equall valew counte
heir mightie strokes their haberie
nd naked made each other's manl
he mortall steele dispiteously ent
epe in their flesh, quite through
hat a large purple streame adow
falles.

XXXI.

Both of them high attonce their hands enhaunst,
And both attonce their huge blowes downe did sway:
Cymochles' sword on Guyon's shield yglaunst,
And thereof nigh one quarter sheard away:
But Guyon's angry blade so fiers did play
On th' other's helmett, which as Titan shone,
That quite it clove his plumed crest in tway,
And bared all his head unto the bone, [stone.
Wherewith astonish'd still he stood as fencelesse

XXXII.

Still as he stood, fayre Phædria (that beheld
That deadly daunger) soone atweene them ran,
And at their feete herselfe most humbly feld,
Crying with pitteous voyce and count'nance wan,
"Ah! well away! most noble Lords, how can
"Your cruell eyes endure so pitteous sight
"To shed your lives on ground? wo worth the man
"That first did teach the cursed steele to bight
"*In his own flesh*, and make way to the livin
spright.

XXX.

ewith she sweetly smyl'd. They, though full
rove extremities of bloody fight, [bent,
ıt her speach their rages gan relent,
calme the sea of their tempestuous spight:
powre have pleasing wordes: such is the might
ourteous clemency in gentle hart.
after all was ceast, the Faery Knight
ught that damzell suffer him depart,
yield him ready passage to that other part.

XXXVII.

ıo lesse glad then he desirous was
is departure thence; for of her ioy
vaine delight she saw he light did pas,
: of folly and immodest toy,
solemne sad, or still disdainfull coy,
ghting all in armes and cruell warre,
her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
ıbled with terrour and unquiet iarre,
she well pleased was thence to amove him farre.

XXXVIII.

him she brought abord, and her swift bote
ıwith directed to that further strand,
which on the dull waves did lightly flote,
soone arrived on the shallow sand,
re gladsome Guyon sailed forth to land,
to that damsell thankes gave for reward:
ı that shore he espied Atin stand,
: *by his maister* left, when late he far'd
ædria's flitt barck over that perlous shard.

XXXIX.

Well could he him remember, sith of late
He with Pyrochles sharp debatement made;
Streight gan he him revyle, and bitter rate,
As shepheardes curre, that in darke eveninges shade
Hath tracted forth some salvage beastes trade:
"VileMiscreaunt!" said he, "whether dost thou flye
"The shame and death, which will thee soone invade?
"What coward hand shall doe thee next to dye,
"That art thus fowly fledd from famous enimy?"

XL.

With that he stifly shooke his steel-head dart;
But sober Guyon hearing him so rayle,
Though somewhat moved in his mightie hart,
Yet with strong reason maistred passion fraile,
And passed fayrely forth: he turning taile
Backe to the strond retyrd, and there still stayd,
Awaiting passage, which him late did faile;
The whiles Cymochles with that wanton mayd
The hasty heat of his avowd revenge delayd.

XLI.

Whylest there the varlet stood, he saw from farre
An armed knight that towardes him fast ran;
He ran on foot, as if in lucklesse warre
His forlorne steed from him the victour wan:
He seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint and wan;
And all his armour sprinckled was with blood,
And soyld with durtie gore, that no man can
Discerne the hew thereof: he never stood,
But bent his hastie course towardes the Yrishmon

XLII.

'he varlet saw when to the flood he came,
low without stop or stay he fiersly lept,
ınd deepe himselfe beducked in the same,
'hat in the lake his loftie crest was stept,
Ie of his safetie seemed care he kept;
but with his raging armes he rudely flasht
The waves about, and all his armour swept,
That all the blood and filth away was washt;
Yet still he bet the water, and the billowes dasht.

XLIII.

Atin drew nigh to weet what it mote bee,
For much he wondred at that uncouth sight:
Whom should he but his own deare lord there see?
His owne deare lord Pyrochles, in sad plight,
Ready to drowne himselfe for fell despight:
"Harrow now out, and well away!" he cryde,
"What dismall day hath lent this cursed light,
"To see my lord so deadly damnifyde?
"Pyrochles, O Pyrochles! what is thee betyde?"

XLIV.

"I burne, I burne, I burne," then lowde he cryde;
"O how I burne with implacable fyre!
"Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming syde,
"Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of myre;
"Nothing but death can doe me to respyre."
"Ah! be it," said he, "from Pyrochles farre,
"After pursewing death once to requyre, (marre:
"*Or think that* ought those puissant hands may
"*Deathe is forwretches* borne under unhappy starre."

"O Arth' helpe to me las
The varlet at his plaint was
That his deepe-wounded ha
And his owne health remem'
Did follow that ensample wh

XLVI

Into the lake he lept his lor
(So love the dread or daung
And of him catching hold, h
From drowning: but more h
Of that sea's nature did him
The waves thereof so slow a
Engrost with mud which di
That every weighty thing th
Ne ought mote ever sinck dow

XLVII

XLVIII.

n Atin spying, knew right well of yore,
d lowdly cald, "Help, helpe, O Archimage!
To save my lord, in wretched plight forlore;
Helpe with thy hand or with thy counsell sage:
Weake handes, but counsell is most strong in age."
m, when the old man saw, he woundred sore
see Pyrochles there so rudely rage;
t sithens helpe he saw he needed more
en pitty, he in hast approched to the shore;

XLIX.

id cald, "Pyrochles! what is this I see?
What hellish fury hath at earst thee hent?
Furious ever I thee knew to bee,
Yet never in this straunge astonishment."[ment."
These flames, these flames," he cryde, "doe me tor-
What flames," quoth he, "when I thee present see
In daunger rather to be drent then brent?"
Harrow! the flames which me consume," said he,
Ne can be quencht, within my secret bowelles bee.

L.

That cursed man, that cruel feend of hell,
Furor, oh! Furor hath me thus bedight;
His deadly woundes within my livers swell,
And his whott fyre burnes in mine entralles bright,
Kindled through his infernall brond of spight,
Sith late with him I batteill vaine would boste;
That now I weene Iove's dreaded thunder light
Does scorch not halfe so sore, nor damned ghoste
flaming Phlegeton does not so felly roste."

Which doen, he balmes and h
And evermore with mightie s
That in short space he has th
And him restord to helth, th
dyde.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO VII.

Guyon finds Mammon in a cave,
Sunning his threasure hore;
Is by him tempted, and led downe
To see his secrets store.

I.

.s pilot well expert in perilous wave,
'hat to a stedfast starre his course hath bent,
'hen foggy mistes or cloudy tempests have
'he faithful light of that faire lampe yblent,
.nd cover'd heaven with hideous dreriment,
pon his card and compas firmes his eye
The masters of his long experiment)
.nd to them does the steddy helme apply,
idding his winged vessel fairely forward fly:

II.

o Guyon, having lost his trustie guyde,
ate left beyond that Ydle lake, proceedes
'et on his way, of none accompanyde,
.nd evermore himselfe with comfort feedes
'f his own virtues and praise-worthie deedes.
o long he yode, yet no adventure found,
'hich Fame of her shrill trompet worthy reedes;
or still he traveild through wide wastfull ground,
at nought but desert wildernesse shewd all
around,

III.

At last he came unto a gloomy glade,
Cover'd with boughes and shrubs from
Whereas he sitting found in secret shade
An uncouth, salvage, and uncivile wight,
Of griesly hew and fowle ill-favour'd sight
His face with smoke was tand, and eies were
His head and beard with sout were ill bedig
His cole-blacke handes did seeme to have be
In smythes fire-spitting forge, and nayles like

IV.

His yron cote, all overgrowne with rust, [app
Was underneath enveloped with gold,
Whose glistring glosse, darkned with filthy d
Well yet appeared to have beene of old
A worke of rich entayle and curious mould,
Woven with antickes and wyld ymagery;
And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,
And turned upside downe, to feede his eye
And covetous desire with his huge threasury:

V.

And round about him lay on every side
Great heapes of gold that never could be spen
Of which some were rude owre, not purifide
Of Mulciber's devouring element;
Some others were new driven and distent
Into great ingowes and to wedges square;
Some in round plates withouten moniment;
But most were stampt, and in their metal bare
The antique shapes of kings and Kesars stra

VI.

Soone as he Guyon saw, in great affright
And haste he rose for to remove aside
Those pretious hils from straungers envious sight,
And downe them poured through an hole full wide
Into the hollow earth, them there to hide;
But Guyon lightly to him leaping, stayd
His hand, that trembled as one terrifyde;
And though himself were at the sight dismayd,
Yet him perforce restraynd, and to him doubtfull [sayd;

VII.

"What art thou, man! (if man at all thou art)
"That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,
"And these rich heapes of welth doest hide apart
"From the worldes eye, and from her right usaunce?"
Thereat with staring eyes fixed askaunce
In great disdaine he answerd, "Hardy Elfe,
"That darest view my direful countenaunce,
"I read thee rash and heedlesse of thyselfe, [pelfe.
"To trouble my still seate and heapes of pretious

VIII.

"God of the world and worldlings I me call,
"Great Mammon, greatest god below the skye,
"That of my plenty poure out unto all,
"And unto none my graces do envye:
"Riches, renowme, and principality,
"Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,
"For which men swinck and sweat incessantly,
"Fro me do flow into an ample flood,
"*And in the hollow* earth have their eternall brood.

" Wherefore if me thou de
" At thy commaund lo all
" Or if to thy great mind c
" All these may not suffise,
" Ten times so much be no
" Mammon," said he, "
" And idle offers of thy g
" To them that covet such
" Proffer thy giftes, and fi

X.

" Me ill befits, that in der
" And honours suit my vo
" Unto thy bounteous bayt
" With which weake men t
" Regard of worldly muck
" And low abase the high h
" That ioyes for crownes an
" Faire shields, gay steede
delight ;
" Those be the riches fit for

XI.

XII.

" All otherwise," saide he, " I riches read,
" And deeme them root of all disquietnesse,
" First got with guile, and then preserv'd with dread,
" And after spent with pride and lavishnesse,
" Leaving behind them griefe and heavinesse;
" Infinite mischiefes of them do arize,
" Strife and debate, bloodshed and bitternesse,
" Outrageous wrong and hellish covetize, [spize.
" That noble heart, as great dishonour, doth de-

XIII.

" Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the scepters thine,
" But realmes and rulers thou doest both confound,
" And loyall truth to treason doest incline;
" Witnesse the guiltlesse blood pourd oft on ground,
" The crowned often slaine, the slayer cround,
" The sacred diademe in peeces rent,
" And purple robe gored with many a wound,
" Castles surprizd, great cities sackt and brent;
" So mak'st thou kings, and gaynest wrongfull go-

XIV. [vernment.

" Long were to tell the troublous stormes that tosse
" The private state, and make the life unsweet:
" Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth crosse,
" And in frayle wood on Adrian gulf doth fleet,
" Doth not, I weene, so many evils meet."
Then Mammon wexing wroth, "And why then," sayd,
" Are mortall men so fond and undiscreet
" *So evill thing* to seeke unto their ayd,
" *And having* not complaine, and having it upbrayd?

XV.

" Indeed," quoth he, " through fowle intemperat
" Frayle men are oft captiv'd to covetise;
" But would they thinke with how small allowa
" Untroubled Nature doth herselfe suffise,
" Such superfluities they would despise,
" Which with sad cares empeach our native io
" At the well-head the purest streames arise;
" But mucky filth his braunching armes annoy
" And with uncomely weedes the gentle wave

XVI.

" The antique World in his first flowring youth [cloy
" Fownd no defect in his Creator's grace,
" But with glad thankes and unreproved truth,
" The guifts of soveraine bounty did embrace
" Like angels life was then mens happy cace;
" But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,
" Abusd her plenty and fat-swolne encreace
" To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
" The measure of her meane and naturall first n

XVII.

" Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe
" Of his great grandmother with steele to wou
" And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe
" With sacriledge to dig; therein he fownd
" Fountaines of gold and silver to abownd,
" Of which the matter of his huge desire
" And pompous pride eftsoones he did compow
" Then Avarice gan through his veines inspire
" His greedy flames, and kindled life-devouring

XVIII.

Sonne," said he then, "lett be thy bitter scorne,
And leave the rudenesse of that antique age
To them that liv'd therein in state forlorne:
Thou that doest live in later times must wage
Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold engage:
If then thee list my offred grace to use,
Take what thou please of all this surplusage;
If thee list not, leave have thou to refuse;
But thing refused doe not afterward accuse."

XIX.

Me list not," said the Elfin Knight, "receave
Thing offred, till I know it well be gott;
Ne wote I but thou didst these goods bereave
From rightful owner by unrighteous lott,
Or that blood-guiltinesse, or guile them blott."
Perdy," quoth he, "yet never eie did vew,
Ne tong did tell, ne hand these handled not;
But safe I have them kept in secret mew,
From Heven's sight, and powre of al which them [poursew."

XX.

What secret place," quoth he, "can safely hold
So huge a mass, and hide from Heven's eie?
Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much gold
Thou canst preserve from wrong and robbery?"
Come thou," quoth he, "and see." So by and by
'hrough that thick coyert he him led, and fownd
. darksome way, which no man could descry,
hat *deep descended* through the hollow ground,
nd was with dread and horror compassed arownd.

XXI.

At length they came into a larger space,
That stretcht itselfe into an ample playne,
Through which a beaten broad high way did
That streight did lead to Plutoes griesly rayn
By that wayes side there sate infernall Payne,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife;
The one in hand an yron whip did strayne,
The other brandished a bloody knife,
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did th

XXII.

On th' other side in one consort there sate
Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate;
But gnawing Gealosy, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight;
And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
And found no place wher safe he shroud him m
Lamenting Sorrow did in darknes lye,
And shame his ugly face did hide from living

XXIII.

And over them sad Horror with grim hew
Did alwaies sore, beating his yron wings,
And after him owles and night-ravens flew,
The hatefull messengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolor telling sad tidings;
Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a clifte,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That hart of flint asonder could have rifte,
Which having ended, after him she flyeth

XXIV.

ll these before the gates of Pluto lay,
y whom they passing spake unto them nought;
ut th' Elfin Knight, with wonder all the way,
id feed his eyes, and fild his inner thought.
t last him to a litle dore he brought,
hat to the gate of hell, which gaped wide,
as next adioyning, ne them parted ought;
etwixt them both but was a little stride, [divide.
hat did the house of Richesse from hell-mouth

XXV.

efore the dore sat selfe-consuming Care,
ay and night keeping wary watch and ward,
or feare least Force or Fraud should unaware
reake in, and spoil the treasure there in gard;
e would he suffer Sleepe once thether-ward
pproch, albe his drowsy den were next;
or next to Death is Sleepe to be compard,
herefore his house is unto his annext; [betwext.
ere Sleep, ther Richesse, and hel-gate them both

XXVI.

o soon as Mammon there arrivd, the dore
o him did open, and affoorded way;
im followed eke Sir Guyon evermore,
e darknesse him ne daunger might dismay.
oone as he entred was, the dore streightway
id shutt, and from behind it forth there lept
n ugly feend more fowle then dismall Day,
he which with monstrous stalke behind him stept,
nd ever as he went dew watch upon him kept.

XXVII.

Well hoped hee, ere long that hardy guest,
If ever covetous hand or lustfull eye,
Or lips he layd on things that likt him best,
Or ever sleepe his eie-strings did untye,
Should be his pray; and therefore still on hye
He over him did hold his cruell clawes,
Threatning with greedy gripe to doe him dye,
And rend in peeces with his ravenous pawes,
If ever he transgrest the fatall Stygian lawes.

XXVIII.

That houses forme within was rude and strong,
Lyke an huge cave hewne out of rocky clifte,
From whose rough vaut the ragged breeches hong
Embost with massy gold of glorious guifte,
And with rich metall loaded every rifte,
That heavy ruine they did seem to threatt;
And over them Arachne high did lifte
Her cunning web, and spread her subtile nett,
Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds more blac[illegible]

XXIX.

Both roofe, and floore, and walls, were all of gold [then iett
But overgrowne with dust and old decay,
And hid in darknes, that none could behold
The hew thereof; for vew of cherefull day
Did never in that house itselfe display,
But a faint shadow of uncertein light,
Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away,
Or as the moone, cloathed with clowdy night,
Does shew to him that walkes in feare and affright.

XXX.

all that rowme was nothing to be seene
it huge great yron chests and coffers strong,
l bard with double bends, that none could weene
iem to inforce by violence or wrong;
i every side they placed were along:
it all the grownd with sculs was scattered
nd dead men's bones, which round about were flong,
hose lives, it seemed, whilome there were shed,
id their vile carcases now left unburied.

XXXI.

iey forward passe; ne Guyon yet spoke word,
ll that they came unto an yron dore,
hich to them opened of his owne accord,
id shewd of richesse such exceeding store,
i eie of man did never see before,
: ever could within one place be fownd,
iough all the wealth which is or was of yore
ould gatherd be through all the world arownd,
nd that above were added to that under grownd.

XXXII.

ie charge thereof unto a covetous spright
immaunded was, who thereby did attend,
id warily awaited day and night,
om other covetous feends it to defend,
ho it to rob and ransacke did intend:
ien Mammon, turning to that warriour, said,
Loe here the worldes blis, loe here the end
To which al men do ayme, rich to be made:
uch grace now to be happy is before thee laid.

XXXIX.

" Suffise it then, thou Money-god," quoth
" That all thine ydle offers I refuse:
" All that I need I have; what needeth mee
" To covet more then I have cause to use?
" With such vaine shewes thy worldlinges vyle
" But give me leave to follow mine emprise.
Mammon was much displeasd, yet no'te he
But beare the rigour of his bold mesprise,
And thence him forward ledd, him further to e

XL.

He brought him through a darksom narrow
To a broad gate all built of beaten gold;
The gate was open, but therein did wayt
A sturdie villein, stryding stiffe and bold,
As if that highest God defy he would;
In his right hand an yron club he held,
But he himselfe was all of golden mould,
Yet had both life and sence, and well could w
That cursed weapon when his cruell foes he

XLI.

Disdayne he called was, and did disdayne
To be so cald, and whoso did him call;
Sterne was his looke and full of stomacke va
His portaunce terrible, and stature tall,
For passing th' hight of men terrestriall,
Like an huge gyant of the Titans' race,
That made him scorne all creatures great and
And with his pride all others powre deface,
More fitt emongst black fiendes then men to

XLII.

Soone as those glitterand armes he did espye,
That with their brightnesse made that darknes light,
His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hye,
And threaten batteill to the Faery Knight;
Who likewise gan himselfe to batteill dight;
Till Mammon did his hasty hand withhold,
And counseld him abstaine from perilous fight;
For nothing might abash the villein bold,
Ne mortall steele emperce his miscreated mould.

XLIII.

So having him with reason pacifyde,
And the fiers carle commaunding to forbeare,
He brought him in: the rowme was large and wyde,
As it some gyeld or solemne temple weare;
Many great golden pillours did upbeare
The massy roofe, and riches huge sustayne;
And every pillour decked was full deare
With crownes and diademes, and titles vaine,
Which mortall princes wore whiles they on earth [did rayne.

XLIV.

A route of people there assembled were,
Of every sort and nation under skye,
Which with great uprore preaced to draw nere
To th' upper part, where was advaunced hye
A stately siege of soveraine maiestye:
And thereon satt a woman gorgeous gay,
And richly cladd in robes of royaltye,
That never earthly prince in such aray
His glory did enhaunce, and pompous pryde display.

XLV.

Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to bee,
That her broad beauties beam great brightnes thr
Through the dim shade, that all men might it see
Yet was not that same her owne native hew,
But wrought by art and counterfetted shew,
Thereby more lovers unto her to call;
Nath'lesse most hevenly faire in deed and vew
She by creation was, till she did fall, [witha
Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloke her cri

XLVI.

There, as in glistring glory she did sitt,
She held a great gold chaine ylincked well,
Whoss upper end to highest heven was knitt,
And lower part did reach to lowest hell;
And all that preace did rownd about her swell
To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
To climbe aloft, and others to excell;
That was ambition, rash desire to sty,
And every linck thereof a step of dignity.

XLVII.

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree
By riches and unrighteous reward;
Some by close shouldring, some by flatteree;
Others through friends, others for base regard;
And all by wrong waies for themselves prepard:
Those that were up themselves kept others low,
Those that were low themselves held others hard
Ne suffred them to ryse or greater grow,
But every one did strive his fellow downe to th

XLVIII.

Which whenas Guyon saw, he gan inquire,
What meant that preace about that ladies throne,
And what she was that did so high aspyre?
Him Mammon answered, " That goodly one,
" Whom all that folke with such contention
" Doe flock about, my deare, my daughter is;
" Honour and dignitie from her alone
" Derived are, and all this worldes blis, [mis.
" For which ye men doe strive; few gett, but many

XLIX.

" And fayre Philotime she rightly hight,
" The fairest wight that wonneth under skie,
" But that this darksom neather world her light
" Doth dim with horror and deformity,
" Worthie of heven and hye felicitie,
" From whence the gods have her for envy thrust;
" But sith thou hast found favour in mine eye,
" Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust,
" That she may thee advance for works and merits

L. iust."

" Gramercy, Mammon," said the gentle knight,
" For so great grace and offred high estate;
" But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,
" Unworthy match for such immortall mate
" Myselfe well wote, and mine unequall fate;
" And were I not, yet is my trouth yplight,
" And love avowd, to other lady late,
" That to remove the same I have no might:
' *To chaunge love causelesse is reproch to warlike knight.*

LI.

Mammon emmoved was with inward wrath
Yet forcing it to fayne him forth thence ledd
Through griesly shadowes by a beaten path,
Into a gardin goodly garnished
With hearbs and fruits, whose kinds mote
Not such as earth out of her fruitfull woomb
Throwes forth to men, sweet and well savor
But direfull deadly black both leafe and bloo
Fitt to adorne the dead, and deck the drery to

LII.

There mournfull cypresse grew in greatest s
And trees of bitter gall, and heben sad,
Dead sleeping poppy, and black hellebore,
Cold coloquintida, and tetra mad,
Mortall samnitis, and cicuta bad,
Which-with th' uniust Atheniens made to d
Wise Socrates, who thereof quaffing glad
Pour'd out his life, and last philosophy,
To the fayre Critias his dearest belamy.

LIII.

The gardin of Proserpina this hight,
And in the midst thereof a silver seat,
With a thick arber goodly over-dight,
In which she often usd from open heat
Herselfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With braunches broad dispredd and body gr
Clothed with leaves, that none the wood mo
And loaden all with fruit as thick as it mi

LIV.

'heir fruit were golden apples glistring bright,
'hat goodly was their glory to behold;
)n earth like never grew, ne living wight
.ike ever saw, but they from hence were sold;
'or those which Hercules with conquest bold
Got from great Atlas' daughters, hence began,
And planted there did bring forth fruit of gold;
And those with which th' Eubœan young man wan
wift Atalanta, when through craft he her out-ran.

LV.

Iere also sprong that goodly golden fruit
Vith which Acontius got his lover trew,
Vhom he had long time sought with fruitlesse suit;
Iere eke that famous golden apple grew,
'he which emongst the gods false Ate threw,
'or which th' Idæan ladies disagreed,
'ill partiall Paris dempt it Venus' dew,
And had of her fayre Helen for his meed, [bleed.
'hat many noble Greekes and Troians made to

LVI.

'he warlike elfe much wondred at this tree
o fayre and great, that shadowed all the ground,
And his broad braunches, laden with rich fee,
)id stretch themselves without the utmost bound
)f this great gardin, compast with a mound,
Vhich over-hanging, they themselves did steepe
n a blacke flood, which flow'd about it round,
'hat is the river of Cocytus deepe,
which full many soules do endlesse wayle and weepe.

And with their pitiouſe cryes an
They made the further ſhore re
Emongst the rest of those ſame
One cursed creature he by chau
That drenched lay full deepe un

LVIII.

Deepe was he drenched to the u
Yet gaped still as coveting to d
Of the cold liquor which he wa
And stretching forth his hand d
To reach the fruit which grew
But both the fruit from hand, an
Did fly abacke, and made him
The whiles he sterv'd with hung
He daily dyde, yet never throug

LIX.

LX.

" Nay, nay, thou greedy Tantalus," quoth he,
" Abide the fortune of thy present fate,
" And unto all that live in high degree,
" Ensample be of mind intemperate,
" To teach them how to use their present state."
Then gan the cursed wretch alowd to cry,
Accusing highest Iove and gods ingrate,
And eke blaspheming Heaven bitterly,
As author of uniustice, there to let him dye.

LXI.

He lookt a litle further, and espyde
Another wretch, whose carcas deepe was drent
Within the river, which the same did hyde;
But both his handes, most filthy feculent,
Above the water were on high extent,
And faynd to wash themselves incessantly,
Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
But rather fowler seemed to the eye;
So lost his labour vaine, and ydle industry.

LXII.

The knight him calling, asked who he was?
Who lifting up his head, him answerd thus;
" I Pilate am, the falsest iudge, alas!
" And most uniust, that by unrighteous
" And wicked doome, to Iewes despiteous,
" Delivered up the Lord of life to dye,
" And did acquite a murdrer felonous;
" The *whyles my* handes I washt in purity, [ty."
" *The whyles my* soule was soyld withfowle iniqui-

LXIII.

Infinite moe tormented in like paine
He there beheld, too long here to be told;
Ne Mammon would there let him long remayne,
For terrour of the tortures manifold,
In which the damned soules he did behold;
But roughly him bespake; "Thou fearefull foole,
"Why takest not of that same fruite of gold?
"Ne sittest downe on that same silver stoole
"To rest thy wearie person in the shadow coole?"

LXIV.

All which he did to do him deadly fall
In frayle intemperaunce through sinfull bayt,
To which, if he inclyned had at all,
That dreadfull feend, which did behinde him wayt;
Would him have rent in thousand peeces strayt;
But he was wary wise in all his way,
And well perceived his deceiptfull sleight,
Ne suffered lust his safety to betray;
So goodly did beguile the guyler of his pray.

LXV.

And now he was so long remained theare,
That vitall powres gan wexe both weake and wan,
For want of food and sleepe, which two upbeare,
Like mightie pillours, this frayle life of man,
That none without the same enduren can;
For now three dayes of men were full out-wrought,
Since he this hardy enterprize began;
For thy great Mammon fayrely he besought
Into the world to guyde him backe, as he him brought

LXVI.

The god, though loth, yet was constraynd t'obay;
For lenger time then that no living wight
Below the earth might suffred be to stay;
So backe againe him brought to living light:
But all so soone as his enfeebled spright
Gan sucke this vitall ayre into his brest,
As overcome with too exceeding might,
The life did flit away out of her nest,
And all his sences were with deadly fit opprest.

BOOK II. CAN

Sir Guyon, layd in swoun
Accrates sisters despoyld;
Whom Arthure soone hat
And paynim brethren foyl

I.

And is there care in heaven?
In heavenly spirits to these cr
That may compassion of thei
There is; else much more wr
Of men then beasts: but O
Of highest God! that loves l
And all his workes with merc
That blessed angels he sends
To serve to wicked man, to s

II.

How oft do they their silver b

III.

)uring the while that Guyon did abide
ı Mammon's house, the palmer, whom whyleare
'hat wanton mayd of passage had denide,
y further search had passage found elsewhere,
ınd being on his way, approached neare
Vhere Guyon lay in traunce; when suddeinly
le heard a voyce that called lowd and cleare,
Come hether, hether O come hastily!"
'hat all the fields resounded with the ruefull cry.

IV.

'he palmer lent his ear unto the noyce,
'o weet who called so importunely;
ıgaine he heard a more efforced voyce,
'hat bad him come in haste: he by and by
Iis feeble feet directed to the cry;
Vhich to that shady delve him brought at last,
Vhere Mammon earst did sunne his threasury;
'here the good Guyon he found slumbring fast
n senceles dreame, which sight at first him sore [aghast.

V.

Beside his head there satt a faire young man,
Of wondrous beauty and of freshest yeares,
Vhose tender bud to blossome new began,
And flourish faire above his equall peares;
His snowy front curled with golden heares,
Like Phœbus' face adornd with sunny rayes,
Divinely shone, and two sharpe winged sheares,
Decked with diverse plumes, like painted jayes,
Vere fixed at his backe to cut his ayery wayes.

And with his goodly sisters, (
The goddesse, pleased with hi
Suffers herselfe through sleepe
The whiles the other ladies min

VII.

Whom when the palmer saw,
Through fear and wonder, that
Till him the childe bespoke, "
" Hath bene thy faithfull aide i
" Whiles deadly fitt thy pupill
" Behold this heavy sight, tho
" But dread of death and dolor
" For life ere long shall to her h
" And he that breathlesse seem

VIII.

" The charge which God doth

IX.

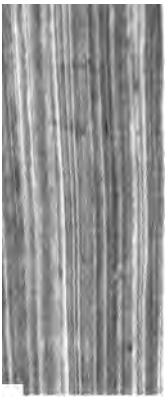
The palmer seeing his lefte empty place,
And his slow eies beguiled of their sight,
Woxe sore afraid, and standing still a space,
Gaz'd after him, as fowle escapt by flight:
At last, him turning to his charge behight,
With trembling hand his troubled pulse gan try,
Where finding life not yet dislodged quight,
He much reioyst, and courd it tenderly,
As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

X.

At last he spide where towards him did pace
Two paynim knights al armd as bright as skie,
And them beside an aged sire did trace,
And far before a light-foote page did slie,
That breathed strife and troublous enmitie.
Those were the two sonnes of Acrates old,
Who meeting earst with Archimago slie
Foreby that idle strond, of him were told [bold.
That he, which earst them combatted, was Guyon

XI.

Which to avenge on him they dearly vowd,
Where-ever that on ground they mote him find;
False Archimage provokt their corage prowd,
And stryfe-ful Atin in their stubborne mind
Coles of contention and whot vengeaunce tind.
Now bene they come whereas the palmer sate,
Keeping that slombred corse to him assind,
Well knew they both his person, sith of late
With him in bloody armes they rashly did debate.



" Made itselfe famous through
" And crownd his coward crest
" Loe where he now inglorious
" To proove he lived il, that di

XIII.

To whom the palmer fearelesse
" Certes, Sir Knight, ye bene
" Thus for to blott the honour
" And with fowle cowardize hi
" Whose living handes immort
" Vile is the vengeaunce on the
" And envy base to barke at sle
" Was never wight that treason
" Yourselfe his prowesse prov

XIV.

Then said Cymochles, " Palm

XV.

" Good or bad," gan his brother fiers reply,
" What do I recke, sith that he dide entire?
" Or what doth his bad death now satisfy
" The greedy hunger of revenging yre, [sire?
" Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her owne de-
" Yet since no way is lefte to wreake my spight,
" I will him reave of armes, the victor's hire,
" And of that shield, more worthy of good knight;
" For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour [bright?"

XVI.

" Fayr Sir!" said then the palmer suppliaunt,
" For Knighthood's love doe not so fowle a deed,
" Ne blame your honour with so shamefull vaunt
" Of vile revenge: to spoile the dead of weed
" Is sacrilege, and doth all sinnes exceed;
" But leave these relicks of his living might
" To decke his herce, and trap his tomb-blacke steede." [dight,
" What herce or steed," said he, " should he have
" But be entombed in the raven or the kight?"

XVII.

With that, rude hand upon his shield he laid,
And th' other brother gan his helme unlace,
Both fiercely bent to have him disaraid;
Till that they spyde where towards them did pace
An armed knight, of bold and bounteous grace,
Whose squire bore after him an heben launce,
And coverd shield: well kend him so far space
Th' enchaunter by his armes and amenaunce,
Then under him he saw his Lybian steed to prauncе

And to those brethren sayd,
" And unto batteil doe yours
" For yonder comes the prow
" Prince Arthur! flowre of
" That hath to paynim knig
tresse,
" And thousand Sar'zins fo
That word so deepe did in th
That both eftsoones upstarte
And gan themselves prepare

XIX.

But fiers Pyrochles, lacking
The want thereof now greatly
And Archimage besought hi
Which he had brought for B
" So would I," said th' encha
" Beteeme to you this sword,
" Or ought that eles your ho
" But that this weapon's pov
" To be contrary to the work

XX.

" For that same knight's own
" Which Merlin made by hi
" For that his noursling, whe
" Therewith to doen his foes
" The metall first he mixt wi
" That no enchauntment fro

XXI.

'he vertue is, that nether steel nor stone
'he stroke thereof from entraunce may defend,
'e ever may be used by his fone,
'e forst his rightful owner to offend,
'e ever will it breake, ne ever bend;
Vherefore Morddure it rightfully is hight.
ı vaine, therefore, Pyrochles, should I lend
'he same to thee, against his lord to fight;
or sure yt would deceive thy labor and thy
might."

XXII.

oolish old Man!" said then the pagan wroth,
hat weenest words or charms may force withstond;
oone shalt thou see, and then beleeve for troth,
'hat I can carve with this inchaunted brond
is lord's owne flesh." Therewith out of his hond
it vertuous steele he rudely snatcht away,
l Guyon's shield about his wrest he bond,
eady dight fierce battaile to assay,
l match his brother proud in battailous aray.

XXIII.

this, that straunger knight in presence came,
l goodly salved them; who nought againe
ı answered, as courtesie became;
with sterne looks and stomachous disdaine
'e signes of grudge and discontentment vaine;
:n turning to the palmer he gan spy
ere at his feet, with sorrowfull demayne
deadly hew, an armed corse did lye,
ose dead face he redd great magnanimity.

XXX.

Pyrochles gan reply the second tyme,
And to him said, "Now, Felon, sure I read
"How that thou art partaker of his cryme;
"Therefore, by Termagaunt, thou shalt be dead
With that his band, more sad than lomp of lead
Uplifting high, he weened with Morddure
(His owne good sword Morddure) to cleave his hea
The faithfull steele such treason no'uld endure,
But swarving from the marke, his lordes life d
[assur

XXXI.

Yet was the force so furious and so fell,
That horse and man it made to reele asyde:
Nath'lesse the prince would not forsake his sell,
(For well of yore he learned had to ryde)
But full of anger fiersly to him cryde;
"False Traitour, Miscreaunt! thou broken hast
"The law of armes, to strike foe undefide;
"But thou thy treason's fruit, I hope, shalt ta
"Right sowre, and feele the law, the which th
[hast defas

XXXII.

With that his balefull speare he fiercely bent
Against the pagan's brest, and therewith though
His cursed life out of her lodg have rent;
But ere the point arrived where it ought, [broug
That seven-fold shield, which he from Gu
He cast between to ward the bitter stownd:
Through all those foldes the steele-head pass
wrought, [gr
And through his shoulder perst; wherew
He groveling fell, all gored in his gushing

XXXIII.

Which when his brother saw, fraught with great [griefe
And wrath, he to him leaped furiously,
And fowly saide, "By Mahoune, cursed Thiefe!
"That direfull stroke thou dearely shalt aby."
Then hurling up his harmefull blade on hy,
Smote him so hugely on his haughtie crest,
That from his saddle forced him to fly;
Els mote it needes downe to his manly brest
Have cleft his head in twaine, and life thence dispossest.

XXXIV.

Now was the prince in daungerous distresse,
Wanting his sword, when he on foot should fight:
His single speare could doe him small redresse
Against two foes of so exceeding might,
The least of which was match for any knight;
And now the other, whom he earst did daunt,
Had reard himselfe againe to cruel fight,
Three times more furious and more puissaunt,
Unmindfull of his wound, of his fate ignoraunt.

XXXV.

So both attonce him charge on either syde
With hideous strokes and importable powre,
That forced him to his ground to traverse wyde,
And wisely watch to ward that deadly stowre:
For on his shield, as thicke as stormie showre,
Their strokes did raine, yet did he never quaile,
Ne backward shrinke; but as a stedfast towre,
Whom foe with double battry doth assaile, [availe.
Them on her bulwarke beares, and bids them nough

XXXVI.

So stoutly he withstood their strong assay,
Till that at last, when he advantage spyde,
His poynant speare he thrust with puissant sway
At proud Cymochles, whiles his shield was wyde,
That through his thigh the mortall steele did gryde:
He, swarving with the force, within his flesh
Did breake the launce, and let the head abyde:
Out of the wound the red blood flowed fresh,
That underneath his feet soone made a purple plesh.

XXXVII.

Horribly then he gan to rage and rayle,
Cursing his gods, and himselfe damning deepe;
Als when his brother saw the red blood rayle
Adowne so fast, and all his armour steepe,
For very felnesse lowd he gan to weepe,
And said, "Caytive! cursse on thy cruell hond,
"That twise hath spedd; yet shall it not thee keepe
"From the third brunt of this my fatall brond:
"Lo where the dreadfull death behynd thy backe [doth stond."

XXXVIII.

With that he strooke, and th' other srooke withall,
That nothing seemd mote beare so monstrous might:
The one upon his covered shield did fall,
And glancing downe would not his owner byte;
But th' other did upon his troncheon smyte,
Which hewing quite asunder, further way
It made, and on his hacqueton did lyte,
The which dividing with importune sway,
It seizd in his right side, and there the dint did stay

XXXIX.

Wyde was the wound, and a large lukewarme flood,
Red as the rose, thence gushed grievously,
That when the paynym spyde the streaming blood,
Gave him great heart and hope of victory.
On th' other side in huge perplexity
The prince now stood, having his weapon broke;
Nought could he hurt, but still at warde did ly;
Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke
Cymochles twise, that twise him forst his foot revoke.

XL.

Whom when the palmer saw in such distresse,
Sir Guyon's sword, he lightly to him raught,
And said, "Fayre Sonne! great God thy right hand
"To use that sword so well as he it aught." [blesse
Glad was the knight, and with fresh courage fraught,
Whenas againe he armed felt his hond;
Then like a lyon, which had long time saught
His robbed whelpes, and at the last them fond
Emongst the shepheard swaynes, then wexeth wood
XLI. [and yond;
So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes
On either side, that neither mayle could hold,
Ne shield defend the thunder of his throwes:
Now to Pyrochles many strokes he told;
Eft to Cymochles twise so many fold;
Then back againe turning his busie hond,
Them both attonce compeld with courage bold
To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond;
And though they both stood stiffe, yet could ne

XLV.

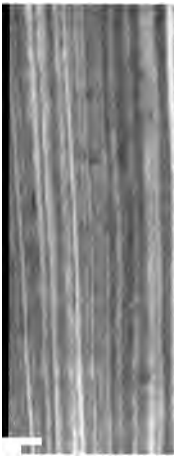
Cat renfierst with wrath and sharp regret,
so hugely with his borrowd blade,
empierst the pagan's burganet,
ing the hard steele, did deepe invade
[grou
eat, and cruell passage made
through his brayne: he tombling down
out his ghost, which to th' infernall s
, there eternall torment found,
sinnes wherewith his lewd-life did abo

XLVI.

when his german saw, the stony fear
hart, and all his sence dismayd;
forth life ne corage did appeare,
man, whom hellish feendes have fr
bling still he stoode: at last thus
! what hast thou doen? how eve
sed hand so cruelly have swayd
that knight? harrow and well
wicked deede why liv'st thou leng

XLVII.

all desperate, as loathing light
revenge desyring soone to dye
all his force and utmost mi
owne sword he fierce at him di
, and foynd, and lasht outr
reason or regard. Well kn
with pacience and sufferau
eat soone cooled to subdev
this breathlesse woxe, th



Or mings aloft, or treades dow
Breathing out wrath, and belic
That all the forest quakes to l
So rag'd Prince Arthur twixt l
That neither could his mighty

XLIII.

But ever at Pyrochles when he
(Who Guyon's shield cast ev
Whereon the Faery Queenes p
His hand relented, and the stro
And his deare hart the picture
Which oft the paynim sav'd fr
But him henceforth the same c
For now arrived is his fatall ho
That no'te avoyded be by earth

XLIV.

For when Cymochles saw the f
Which them appeached, prickt

XLV.

at renfierst with wrath and sharp regret,
ke so hugely with his borrowd blade,
: empierst the pagan's burganet,
eaving the hard steele, did deepe invade
s head, and cruell passage made [ground,
hrough his brayne: he tombling downe on
'd out his ghost, which to th' infernall shade
ring, there eternall torment found,
the sinnes wherewith his lewd-life did abound.

XLVI.

when his german saw, the stony feare
his hart, and all his sence dismayd;
nceforth life ne corage did appeare,
a man, whom hellish feendes have frayd,
trembling still he stoode: at last thus sayd,
ytour! what hast thou doen? how ever may
cursed hand so cruelly have swayd
inst that knight? harrow and well away!
r so wicked deede why liv'st thou lenger day?"

XLVII.

that all desperate, as loathing light,
vith revenge desyring soone to dye,
ıbling all his force and utmost might,
his owne swerd he fierce at him did flye,
trooke, and foynd, and lasht outrageously,
ıuten reason or regard. Well knew
rince with pacience and sufferaunce sly
sty heat soone cooled to subdew; [new.
hen this breathlesse woxe, that battell gan re-

XLVIII.

As when a windy tempest bloweth hye,
That nothing may withstand his stormy stowre
The clowdes, as things afrayd, before him flye;
But all so soone as his outrageous powre
Is layd, they fiercely then begin to showre,
And as in scorne of his spent stormy spight,
Now all attonce their malice forth do poure;
So did Prince Arthur beare himselfe in fight,
And suffred rash Pyrochles waste his ydle might.

XLIX.

At last whenas the Sarazin perceiv'd
How that straunge sword refusd to serve his neede,
But when he stroke most strong, the dint deceiv'd,
He flong it from him, and, devoyd of dreed,
Upon him lightly leaping without heed,
Twixt his two mighty armes engrasped fast,
Thinking to overthrowe and downe him tred;
But him in strength and skill the prince surpast,
And through his nimble sleight did under him down-[cast.

L.

Nought booted it the paynim then to strive;
For as a bittur in the eagle's clawe,
That may not hope by flight to scape alive,
Still waytes for death with dread and trembling aw;
So he now subiect to the victour's law
Did not once move, nor upward cast his eye,
For vile disdaine and rancour, which did gnaw
His hart in twaine with sad melancholy,
As one that loathed life, and yet despysd to dye.

LI.

But full of princely bounty and great mind,
The conqueror nought cared him to slay;
But casting wronges and all revenge behind,
More glory thought to give life then decay,
And said, "Paynim! this is thy dismall day;
"Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreaunce,
"And my trew liegeman yield thyselfe for ay,
"Life will I grant thee for thy valiaunce,
"And all thy wronges will wipe out of my sove-
[naunce."

LII.

"Foole!" sayd the Pagan, "I thy gift defye;
"But use thy fortune as it doth befall;
"And say, that I not overcome doe dye,
"But in dispight of life for death doe call."
Wroth was the prince, and sory yet withall,
That he so wilfully refuced grace;
Yet sith his fate so cruelly did fall,
His shining helmet he gan soone unlace,
And left his headlesse body bleeding all the place.

LIII.

By this Sir Guyon from his traunce awakt,
(Life having maystered her sencelesse foe)
And looking up, whenas his shield he lakt,
And sword saw not, he wexed wondrous woe;
But when the palmer, whom he long ygoe
Had lost, he by him spyde, right glad he grew,
And said, "Deare Sir! whom wandring to and fro
"I *long have* lackt, I ioy thy face to vew; (drew.
"*Firme is thy* faith, whom daunger never fro me

LIV.

" But read what wicked hand hath robbed mee
" Of my good sword and shield?" The palmer, gla
With so fresh hew uprysing him to see,
Him answered, " Fayre Sonne! be no whit sad
" For want of weapons; they shall soone be had."
So gan he to discourse the whole debate,
Which that straunge knight for him sustained had,
And those two Sarazins confounded late,
Whose carcases on ground were horribly prostrate.

LV.

Which when he heard, and saw the tokens trew,
His hart with great affection was embayd,
And to the prince bowing with reverence dew,
As to the patrone of his life, thus sayd;
" My Lord, my Liege, by whose most gratious ay
" I live this day, and see my foes subdewd,
" What may suffice to be for meede repayd
" Of so great graces as ye have me shewd,
" But to be ever bound?"

LVI.

To whom the infant thus, " Fayre Sir! what neec
" Good turnes be counted, as a servile bond,
" To bind their dooers to receive their meed?
" Are not all knightes by oath bound to withstor
" Oppressours powre by armes and puissant hon
" Suffise that I have done my dew in place."
So goodly purpose they together fond
Of kindnesse and of courteous aggrace,
The whiles false Archimage and Atin fled apa

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO IX.

The house of Temperance, in which
Doth sober Alma dwell,
Besiegd of many foes, whom straunger knightes to flight compell.

I

' all God's workes, which doe this worlde adorne,
ere is no one more faire and excellent
en is man's body both for powre and forme,
iiles it is kept in sober government;
: none then it more fowle and indecent,
tempred through misrule and passions bace;
rows a monster, and incontinent
:h lose his dignity and native grace.
iold, who list, both one and other in this place.

II.

er the paynim brethren conquer'd were,
: Briton prince recov'ring his stoln sword,
d Guyon his lost shield, they both yfere
th passed on their way in fayre accord,
l him the prince with gentle court did bord;
ir Knight I mote I of you this court'sy read,
'o weet why on your shield, so goodly scord,
eare ye the picture of that ladies head? (dead."
ll lively is the semblaunt, though the substance

III.

" Fayre sir!" sayd he, " if in that picture dead
" Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew,
" What mote ye weene, if the trew livelyhead
" Of that most glorious visage ye did vew?
" But yf the beauty of her mind ye knew,
" (That is her bounty and imperiall powre,
" Thousand times fairer then her mortall hew)
" O how great wonder would your thoughts devoure,
" And infinite desire into your spirite poure!

IV.

" She is the mighty Queene of Faery,
" Whose fayre retraitt I in my shield doe beare;
" Shee is the flowre of grace and chastity,
" Throughout the world renowmed far and neare,
" My life, my liege, my soveraine, my deare,
" Whose glory shineth as the morning starre,
" And with her light the earth enlumines cleare;
" Far reach her mercies, and her praises farre,
" As well in state of peace, as puissaunce in warre."

V.

" Thrise happy man!" said then the Briton knight,
" Whom gracious lot and thy great valiaunce
" Have made thee soldier of that princesse bright,
" Which with her bounty and glad countenuance
" Doth blesse her servaunts, and them high advaunce;
" How many straunge knight hope ever to aspire
" By faithfull service and meete amenaunce,
" Unto such blisse? sufficient were that hire
" For losse of thousand lives, to die at her di

VI.

Guyon, "Noble Lord, what meed so great,
"grace of earthly prince so soveraine,
But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat
Ye well may hope, and easely attaine?
"But were your will her sold to entertaine,
"And numbred be mongst knights of Maydenhed,
"Great guerdon, well I wote, should you remaine,
"And in her favor high bee reckoned,
"As Arthegall and Sophy now beene honored."

VII.

"Certes," then said the prince, "I God avow,
"That sith I armes and knighthood first did plight,
"My whole desire hath beene, and yet is now,
"To serve that queene with al my powre and might.
"Now hath the sunne with his lamp-burning light
"Walkt round about the world, and I no lesse,
"Sith of that goddesse I have sought the sight,
"Yet no where can her find: such happinesse
"Heven doth to me envy and Fortune favourlesse."

VIII.

"Fortune, the foe of famous cheviseaunce,
"Seldom," said Guyon, "yields to vertue aide,
"But in her way throwes mischiefe and mischaunce,
"Whereby her course is stopt and passage staid.
"But you, fayre Sir! be not herewith dismaid,
"But constant keepe the way in which ye stand;
"Which were it not that I am els delaid
"*With* hard adventure, which I have in hand,
"*I* labour would to guide you through al Fary Land."

IX.

" Gramercy, Sir!" said he, " but mote I weete
" What straunge adventure doe ye now pursew,
" Perhaps my succour or advizement meete
" Mote stead you much your purpose to subdew."
Then gan Sir Guyon all the story shew
Of false Acrasia and her wicked wiles;
Which to avenge, the palmer him forth drew
From Faery Court. So talked they, the whiles
They wasted had much way, and measurd many [miles.

X.

And now faire Phœbus gan decline in haste
His weary wagon to the westerne vale,
Whenas they spyde a goodly castle, plaste
Foreby a river in a pleasaunt dale,
Which choosing for the evining's hospitale,
They thether marcht; but when they came in sight,
And from there sweaty coursers did avale,
They found the gates fast barred long ere night,
And every loup fast lockt, as fearing foes despight.

XI.

Which when they saw, they weened fowle reproch
Was to them doen, their entraunce to forstall,
Till that the squire gan nigher to approch,
And wind his horne under the castle wall,
That with the noise it shooke, as it would fall:
Eftsoones forth looked from the highest spire
The watch, and lowd unto the knights did call
To weete what they so rudely did require:
Who gently answered, they entraunce did desire

XII.

"Fly, fly, good Knights," said he; "fly fast away,
"If that your lives ye love, as meete ye should:
"Fly fast, and save yourselves from neare decay,
"Here may ye not have entraunce, though we would:
"We would and would againe, if that we could;
"But thousand enemies about us rave,
"And with long siege us in this castle hould;
"Seven yeares this wize they us besieged have,
"And many good knights slaine, that have us sought [to save."

XIII.

Thus as he spoke, loe with outragious cry,
A thousand villeins rownd about them swarmd
Out of the rockes and caves adioyning nye;
Vile caitive wretches, ragged, rude, deformd,
All threatning death, all in straunge manner armd;
Some with unweldy clubs, some with long speares,
Some rusty knives, some staves in fier warmd:
Sterne was their looke; like wild amazed steares,
Staring with hollow eies, and stiffe upstanding heares.

XIV.

Fiersly at first those knights they did assayle,
And drove them to recoile; but when againe
They gave fresh charge, their forces gan to fayle,
Unhable their encounter to sustaine;
For with such puissaunce and impetuous maine
Those champions broke on them, that forst them fly
Like scattered sheepe, whenas the shepherd's swaine
A lyon and a tigre doth espye,
With greedy pace, forth rushing from the forest nye.

XV.

Awhile they fled, but soone retourned againe
With greater fury then before was found;
And evermore their cruell captaine
Sought with his raskall routs t'enclose them round,
And overronne to tread them to the ground; [blade
But soone the knights with their bright-burning
Broke their rude troupes, and orders did confound,
Hewing and slashing at their idle shades;
For though they bodies seem, yet substance from [them fades.

XVI.

As when a swarme of gnats at eventide
Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise,
Their murmuring small trompetts sownden wide,
Whiles in the aire their clustring army flies,
That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies;
Ne man nor beast may rest or take repast
For their sharpe wounds and noyous iniuries,
Till the fierce northerne wind, with blustring blast,
Doth blow them quite away, and in the ocean cast.

XVII.

Thus when they had that troublous rout disperst,
Unto the castle-gate they come againe,
And entraunce crav'd, which was denied erst.
Now when report of that their perlous paine,
And combrous conflict which they did sustayne,
Came to the ladies eare which there did dwell,
Shee forth isswed with a goodly traine
Of squires and ladies equipaged well,
And entertained them right fairely, as befell.

XVIII.

Alma she called was, a virgin bright,
That had not yet felt Cupides wanton rage;
Yet was shee woo'd of many a gentle knight,
And many a lord of noble parentage,
That sought with her to lincke in marriage;
For shee was faire as faire mote ever bee,
And in the flowre now of her freshest age,
Yet full of grace and goodly modestee,
That even Heven reioyced her sweete face to see.

XIX.

In robe of lilly white she was arayd,
That from her shoulder to her heele downe raught,
The traine whereof loose far behind her strayd,
Braunched with gold and perle, most richly wrought,
And borne of two faire damsels, which were taught
That service well: her yellow golden heare
Was trimly woven and in treases wrought,
Ne other tire she on her head did weare,
But crowned with a garland of sweete rosiere.

XX.

Goodly she entertaind those noble knights,
And brought them up into her castle-hall,
Where gentle court and gracious delight
Shee to them made, with mildnesse virginall,
Shewing herselfe both wise and liberall.
There when they rested had a season dew,
They her besought, of favour speciall,
Of that faire castle to affoord them vew: [shew.
Shee graunted, and them leading foorth the same did

XXI.

First she them led up to the castle-wall,
That was so high as foe might not it clime,
And all so faire and fensible withall;
Not built of bricke, ne yet of stone and lime,
But of thing like to that Aegyptian slime,
Whereof King Nine whilome built Babell Towre
But O great pitty! that no lenger time
So goodly workmanship should not endure:
Soone it must turne to earth; no earthly thing is sure.

XXII.

The frame thereof seemd partly circulare,
And part triangulare; O worke divine!
Those two the first and last proportions are;
The one imperfect, mortall, foeminine,
Th' other immortall, perfect, masculine;
And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,
Proportiond equally by seven and nine;
Nine was the circle sett in heaven's place,
All which compacted made a godly diapase.

XXIII.

Therein two gates were placed seemly well;
The one before, by which all in did pas,
Did th'other far in workmanship excell;
For not of wood, nor of enduring bras,
But of more worthy substance fram'd it was;
Doubly disparted, it did locke and close,
That when it locked, none might thorough pas,
And when it opened no man might it close;
All opened to their friendes, and closed to their foes.

XXIV.

Of hewen stone the porch was fayrely wrought,
(Stone more of valew and more smooth and fine
Then iett or marble far from Ireland brought)
Over the which was cast a wandring vine,
Enchaced with a wanton yvie twine;
And over it a fayre portcullis hong,
Which to the gate directly did incline
With comely compasse and compacture strong,
Nether unseemly short, nor yet exceeding long.

XXV.

Within the barbican a porter sate,
Day and night duely keeping watch and ward;
Nor wight, nor word, mote passe out of the gate,
But in good order and with dew regard;
Utterers of secrets he from thence debard,
Bablers of folly, and blazers of cryme;
His larum-bell might lowd and wyde be hard
When cause requyrd, but never out of time;
Early and late it rong, at evening and at prime.

XXVI.

And rownd about the porch on every syde
Twise sixteene warders satt, all armed bright
In glistring steele, and strongly fortifyde;
Tall yeomen seemed they and of great might,
And were enraunged ready still for fight:
By them as Alma passed with her guestes,
They did obeysaunce, as beseemed right,
And then againe retourned to their restes:
The porter eke to her did lout with humble gestes.

XXVII.

Thence she them brought into a st
Wherein were many tables fayre di
And ready dight with drapets festi
Against the viaundes should be min
At th' upper end there sate, yclad in
Downe to the ground, a comely perso
That in his hand a white rod menage
He steward was, hight Diet, rype of a
And in demeanure sober, and in coun

XXVIII.

And through the hall there walked to a
A iolly yeoman, marshall of the same,
Whose name was Appetite; he did best
Both guestes and meate, whenever in th
And knew them how to order without b
As him the steward badd. They both a
Did dewty to their lady, as became;
Who passing by, forth led her guestes an
Into the kitchin rowme, ne spard for nicen

XXIX.

It was a vaut ybuilt for great dispence,
With many raunges reard along the wall,
And one great chimney, whose long tonnel
The smoke forth threw; and in the midst o
There placed was a caudron wide and tall
Upon a mightie fornace, burning whott,
More whott then Aetn', or flaming Mongib
For day and night it brent, ne ceased not,
So long as any thing it in the caudron gott

XXX.

But to delay the heat, least by mischaunce
It might breake out and set the whole on fyre,
There added was, by goodly ordinaunce,
An huge great payre of bellowes, which did styre
Continually, and cooling breath inspyre.
About the caudron many cookes accoyld
With hookes and ladles, as need did requyre;
The whiles the viaundes in the vessel boyld,
They did about their businesse sweat and sorely toyld.

XXXI.

The maister cooke was cald Concoction,
A carefull man, and full of comely guise;
The kitchin clerke, that hight Digestion,
Did order all th' achates in seemly wise,
And set them forth, as well he could devise.
The rest had severall offices assynd;
Some to remove the scum as it did rise,
Others to beare the same away did mynd,
And others it to use according to his kynd.

XXXII.

But all the liquour, which was fowle and waste,
Not good nor serviceable elles for ought,
They in another great rownd vessel plaste,
Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought;
And all the rest, that noyous was and nought,
By secret wayes, that none might it espy,
Was close convaid, and to the back-gate brought,
That cleped was Port Esquiline, whereby
It was avoided quite, and throwne out privily.

XXXIII.

Which goodly order and great workmans skill
Whenas those knightes beheld, with rare delight
And gazing wonder they their mindes did fill,
For never had they seene so straunge a sight.
Thence backe againe faire Alma led them right,
And soone into a goodly parlour brought,
That was with royall arras richly dight,
In which was nothing pourtrahed nor wrought,
Not wrought nor pourtrahed, but easie to be thought:

XXXIV.

And in the midst thereof, upon the floure,
A lovely bevy of faire ladies sate,
Courted of many a iolly paramoure,
The which them did in modest wise amate,
And eachone sought his lady to aggrate;
And eke emongst them litle Cupid playd
His wanton sportes, being retourned late
From his fierce warres, and having from him layd
His cruell bow, wherewith he thousands hath dismayd.

XXXV.

Diverse delights they fownd themselves to please;
Some song in sweet consort, some laught for ioy,
Some plaid with strawes, some ydly satt at ease;
But other some could not abide to toy,
All pleasaunce was to them griefe and annoy:
This fround, that faund, the third for shame did blush,
Another seemed envious or coy,
Another in her teeth did gnaw a rush;
But at these straungers presence every one did hush

XXXVI.

Soone as the gracious Alma came in place,
They all attonce out of their seates arose,
And to her homage made with humble grace;
Whom when the knights beheld, they gan dispose
Themselves to court, and each a damzell chose:
The prince by chaunce did on a lady light,
That was right faire and fresh as morning rose,
But somwhat sad and solemne eke in sight,
As if some pensive thought constraind her gentle spright.

XXXVII.

In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold
Was fretted all about, she was arayd,
And in her hand a poplar braunch did hold;
To whom the prince in courteous maner sayd,
" Gentle Madame! why beene ye thus dismayd,
" And your faire beautie doe with sadnes spill?
" Lives any that you hath thus ill apayd?
" Or doen your love, or doen you lack your will?
" Whatever bee the cause, it sure beseemes you ill."

XXXVIII.

" Fayre Sir!" said she, halfe in disdaineful wise,
" How is it that this word in me ye blame,
" And in yourselfe doe not the same advise?
" Him ill beseemes another's fault to name,
" That may unwares be blotted with the same:
" Pensive I yeeld I am, and sad in mind,
" Through great desire of glory and of fame;
" *Ne ought I weene* are ye therein behynd,
" *That have twelve months sought one, yet no where can her find.*"

XXXIX.

The prince was inly moved at her speach,
Well weeting trew what she had rashly told;
Yet with faire semblaunt sought to hide the breach,
Which chaunge of colour did perforce unfold,
Now seeming flaming whott, now stony cold:
Tho turning soft aside he did inquyre
What wight she was that poplar braunch did hold?
It answered was, her name was Prays-desire,
That by well doing sought to honour to aspyre.

XL.

The whiles the Faery Knight did entertaine
Another damsell of that gentle crew,
That was right fayre and modest of demayne,
But that too oft she chaung'd her native hew;
Straunge was her tyre, and all her garment blew,
Close rownd about her tuckt with many a plight;
Upon her fist the bird which shonneth vew,
And keepes in coverts close from living wight,
Did sitt, as yet ashamd how rude Pan did her dight.

XLI.

So long as Guyon with her communed,
Unto the grownd she cast her modest eye,
And ever and anone with rosy red
The bashfull blood her snowy cheekes did dye,
That her became, as polisht yvory,
Which cunning craftesman hand hath overlayd
With fayre vermilion or pure castory:
Great wonder had the knight to see the mayd
So straungely passioned, and to her gently said;

XLII.

" Fayre damzell! seemeth by your troubled cheare,
" That either me too bold ye weene, this wise
" You to molest, or other ill to feare,
" That in the secret of your hart close lyes,
" From whence it doth, as cloud from sea, aryse:
" If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
" But if ought else that I mote not devyse,
" I will, if please you it discure, assay
" To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may."

XLIII.

She answerd nought, but more abasht for shame
Held downe her head, the whiles her lovely face
The flashing blood with blushing did inflame,
And the strong passion mard her modest grace,
That Guyon mervayld at her uncouth cace,
Till Alma him bespake, " Why wonder yee,
" Fayre Sir! at that which ye so much embrace?
" She is the fountaine of your modestee;
" You shamefast are, but Shamefastnes itself is shee."

XLIV.

Thereat the elfe did blush in privitee,
And turnd his face away; but shee the same
Dissembled faire, and faynd to oversee.
Thus they awhile with court and goodly game
Themselves did solace each one with his dame,
Till that great lady thence away them sought
To vew her castle's other wondrous frame:
Up to a stately turret she them brought,
Ascending by ten steps of alabaster wrought.

XLV.

That turret's frame most admirable was,
Like highest heaven compassed around,
And lifted high above this earthly masse,
Which it survewd, as hils doen lower ground
But not on ground mote like to this be found
Not that which antique Cadmus whylome buil
In Thebes, which Alexander did confound;
Nor that proud Towre of Troy, though richly g
From which young Hector's blood by cruell Gr

XLVI.

The roofe he[illegible] was arched over head, [was
And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily;
Two goodly beacons, set in watches stead,
Therein gave light, and flamd continually;
For they of living fire most subtily
Were made, and set in silver sockets bright,
Cover'd with lids deviz'd of substance sly,
That readily they shut and open might.
O who can tell the prayses of that Maker's mi

XLVII.

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell
This part's great workemanship and wondrous po
That all this other worldes worke doth excell,
And likest is unto that heavenly towre
That God hath built for his owne blessed bow
Therein were divers rowmes, and divers stages,
But three the chiefest and of greatest powre,
In which there dwelt three honorable sages,
The wisest men, I weene, that lived in their

XLVIII.

whom Greece (the nourse of all good arts)
:bus' doome the wisest thought alive,
e compar'd to these by many parts;
t sage Pylian syre, which did survive
ges, such as mortall men contrive,
e advise old Priam's cittie fell,
ese in praise of pollicies mote strive.
ree in these three rowmes did sondry dwell,
nselled faire Alma how to governe well.

XLIX.

t of them could things to come aore-see:
:t could of thinges present best advize;
'd things past could keep in memoree:
o time nor reason could arize,
the same could one of these comprize.
he first did in the fore-part sit,
ught mote hinder his quicke preiudize;
sharpe foresight and working wit,
ver idle was, ne once would rest a whit.

L.

nber was dispainted all within
ndry colours, in the which were writ
shapes of thinges dispersed thin;
ch as in the world were never yit,
levized be of mortall wit;
ly seene and knowen by their names,
in idle fantasies do flit;
hags, centaurs, feendes, hippodames,
ns, aegles, owles, fooles, lovers, children,
[dames.

LI.

And all the chamber filled was with fly
Which buzzed all about, and made such
That they encombred all mens eares and
Like many swarmes of bees assembled r
After their hives with honny do abound.
All those were idle thoughtes and fantas
Devices, dreames, opinions unsound,
Shewes, visions, sooth-sayes, and prophe
And all that fained is, as leasings, tales,

LII.

Emongst them all sate he which wonned
That hight Phantastes by his nature trev
A man of yeares, yet fresh as mote apper
Of swarth complexion and of crabbed he
That him full of melancholy did shew;
Bent hollow beetle brows, sharpe staring
That mad or foolish seemd; one by his v
Mote deeme him borne with ill disposed s
When oblique Saturne sate in th' house of

LIII.

Whom Alma having shewed to her guest
Thencebrought them to thesecond rowme,
Were painted faire with memorable gestes
Of famous wisards, and with picturals
Of magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
Of commen wealthes, of states, of policy,
Of lawes, of iudgementes, and of decreta
All artes, all science, all philosophy,
And all that in the world was ay thoug

LIV.

Of those that rowme was full; and them among
There sate a man of ripe and perfect age,
Who did them meditate all his lifelong,
That through continuall practise and usage
He now was growne right wise and wondrous sage:
Great plesure had those straunger knightes to see
His goodly reason and grave personage,
That his disciples both desyrd to bee;
But Alma thence them led to th'hindmost rowme [of three.

LV.

That chamber seemed ruinous and old,
And therefore was removed far behind,
Yet were the wals, that did the same uphold,
Right firme and strong, though somwhat they de- [clind;
And therein sat an old man, halfe blind,
And all decreplt in his feeble corse,
Yet lively vigour rested in his mind,
And recompenst them with a better scorse:
Weake body well is chang'd for mind's redoubled [forse.

LVI.

This man of infinite remembraunce was,
And things foregone through many ages held,
Which he recorded still as they did pas,
Ne suffred them to perish through long eld,
As all things els the which this world doth weld;
But laid them up in his immortal scrine,
Where they for ever incorrupted dweld:
The warres he well remembred of King Nine,
Of old Assaracus and Inachus divine.

LVII.

The yeares of Nestor nothing were to his,
Ne yet Mathusalem, though longest liv'd;
For he remembred both their infancis:
Ne wonder then if that he were depriv'd
Of native strength, now that he them surviv'd:
His chamber all was hangd about with rolls,
And old records from auncient times deriv'd,
Some made in books, some in long parchment scrolls,
That were all worm-eaten and full of canker holes.

LVIII.

Amidst them all he in a chaire was sett,
Tossing and turning them withouten end;
But for he was unhable them to fett,
A little boy did on him still attend
To reach, whenever he for ought did send;
And oft when things were lost or laid amis,
That boy them sought, and unto him did lend;
Therefore he Anamnestes cleped is,
And that old man Eumnestes, by their propertis.

LIX.

The knightes there entring did him reverence dew,
And wondred at his endlesse exercise:
Then as they gan his library to vew,
And antique regesters for to avise,
There chaunced to the prince's hand to rize
An auncient booke hight Briton Moniments,
That of this land's first conquest did devize,
And old division into regiments,
Till it reduced was to one man's governements

LX.

Sir Guyon chaunst eke on another booke,
That hight Antiquitee of Faery Lond,
In which whenas he greedily did looke,
Th' ofspring of Elves and Faryes there he found,
As it delivered was from hond to hond:
Whereat they burning both with fervent fire,
Their countreys auncestry to understond,
Crav'd leave of Alma, and that aged sire,
To read those bookes, who gladly graunted their desire.